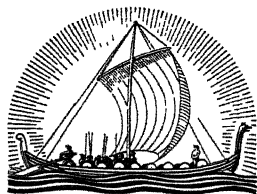


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*Edited by Stuart Gilbert*

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# LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE



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James Joyce with his wife, son and daughter, Paris 1924

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*frontispiece*

JAMES JOYCE'S HANDWRITING, 1928

Reduced facsimile of letter to Valery Larbaud

printed on page 263

*between pages 262 and 263*

JAMES JOYCE'S HANDWRITING, 1934

Reduced facsimile of letter to Giorgio and Helen Joyce

printed on pages 352 and 353

*between pages 352 and 353*

## INTRODUCTION

These Letters should be read in conjunction with an authoritative biography of James Joyce. At the time of writing this Introduction the only such biography is that by Herbert Gorman;<sup>1</sup> but I should call attention to two important books which we are promised, and which should shortly be forthcoming. The first is a full-length study of Joyce's life by Mr Richard Ellmann (author of *Yeats, the Man and the Masks* and *The Identity of Yeats*) who has spent a considerable time on research work in Ireland, Trieste, Zurich and elsewhere. The second is a memoir by Joyce's brother Stanislaus; this is unfinished, as Stanislaus Joyce died before he was able to complete it; but it will shed new light on James Joyce's family background and boyhood. Appearances notwithstanding, neither *Stephen Hero* nor *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* should be regarded as autobiographical in any strict sense; as the brief Memoir published by the late Stanislaus Joyce in *The Hudson Review* (Volume II, Number 2, Winter, 1950) made it clear, Joyce, like many modern portrait-painters, did not refrain from occasional 'distortions' when these furthered the artistic integrity of the composition as a whole. For Joyce's Zurich period (1915 to 1919) we have Mr Frank Budgen's reminiscences in his fascinating *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*, first published in 1933. On the technical side, so to speak, we have now the bibliography compiled by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, which, besides giving an exact, carefully documented account of Joyce's *oeuvre*, from the famous broadside *Et Tu, Healy* (no copy of which has so far been found) to the posthumous publication *Stephen Hero*, is full of interesting sidelights on his literary career.

This being so, I shall for the most part confine myself in this Introduction to recording, for what they may be worth, such personal impressions and reminiscences of the writer of the Letters as may help to throw light on their contents and on the singular personality of James Joyce; and also to some description of his relations with the various correspondents to whom these letters were addressed.

<sup>1</sup> *James Joyce* by Herbert Gorman (Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York, 1939; John Lane The Bodley Head, London, 1941).

## Introduction

My personal relations with Joyce began in 1927 and continued until as a result of the outbreak of war we lost contact—temporarily, as I then hoped. Even letters tended to go astray during the '*drôle de guerre*'; I had the macabre experience of receiving one from him in 1945, over four years after his death. French friends had taken delivery of it, and kindly kept it for me until my return from England. I had settled 'for the duration' as I then imagined, at the pleasant town of Dax in Les Landes, not far from the Atlantic coast and the Spanish frontier. I had hoped that Joyce and his family would join us there, but since his intention was, if things in France went badly, to migrate to Switzerland as he had done in 1915, he was reluctant to place so great a distance between himself and the promised land of refuge. In June 1940, on the conclusion of the Armistice, I sailed to England by the last boat—from Bayonne. Shortly before Christmas 1939, at the invitation of Mrs Eugene Jolas, Joyce had moved with his wife and son from Paris to Saint-Gérard-le-Puy, a village in the neighbourhood of Vichy to which Mrs Jolas had transferred her bilingual school (at which James Joyce's grandson, Stephen, was a pupil), hitherto located in Neuilly, a suburb of the capital. Mrs Jolas has given a vivid account of Joyce's last months in France, his adopted home since 1920, under the title *Joyce en 1939-1940*, in the *Mercure de France* of May 1950, which also contains interesting articles by Miss Sylvia Beach and Mlle Adrienne Monnier on the publication of *Ulysses* in France and its translation into French.

Joyce had moved from Trieste to Paris in 1920, largely at the suggestion of Mr Ezra Pound with whom he had been in correspondence for several years. In July of that year he met Miss Beach, whose bookshop 'Shakespeare and Company' had been opened in the rue Dupuytren some months previously. In her *Mercure* article, Miss Beach gives an account of that memorable encounter with Joyce, *chez André Spire*, which led to the first publication of *Ulysses* in book form, under the imprint of Shakespeare and Company, whose headquarters then was 12, rue de l'Odéon, that bookshop of happy memories for so many 'expatriates' and visitors to Paris in the 'twenties and 'thirties.

In October 1920, an action against *The Little Review* of New York, in which *Ulysses* was being serialized, had been brought by Mr John S. Sumner. Despite the efforts of the lawyer, Mr John Quinn on Joyce's behalf, the case was successful; the editors, Miss Margaret Anderson and Miss Jane Heap, were fined a hundred dollars, and the July-August issue of *The Little Review* (in which the 'Nausicaa' episode of *Ulysses* had appeared) was seized. Several letters from Joyce to Mr Quinn figure in this collection, together with a note on the part played by that famous



bibliophile, collector and patron of the arts in the defence of Joyce's work. It was obvious that there could be no question of publishing *Ulysses* in America or England; the time was not yet ripe. The 'moral British printer' of whom Mr Gorman writes so entertainingly (in the biography), like the eminent American publisher who declined to publish *Ulysses* unless certain alterations were made in the text, was voicing not only his reluctance to infringe the laws of his country but also the consensus of national public opinion, to which under a democratic régime deference is perforce due. *Maxima debetur reverentia pueris*, but such difficulties did not arise in France, a fully adult country where more latitude is given to creative art, the public is less easily shocked, proceedings against 'obscene' books are few and rarely successful and, when aesthetics clash with ethics, the former is quite likely to prevail. This undoubtedly was one of the reasons why, though Joyce had all the world before him when he left Trieste, he elected to live in France. Also he knew that in France writers are looked up to; when a young man at a party, asked what he does, replies à *La Bohème* 'I am a poet', he is regarded with interest and even some esteem! In this context I may cite a personal reminiscence, trivial but suggestive. Once when we were travelling with the Joyces and I was about to make my usual entry under 'occupation' in the hotel register, Joyce said to me 'Don't put *rentier*, it cuts no ice. Put *homme de lettres*. You'll find they look after you much better if they know you are a writer.' France, I imagine, is the only country where the man of letters, however inglorious, is cherished. (Whether this is good for him, *qua* artist, is another story.)

The name of Ezra Pound has already been mentioned and there is no question of the importance of the part played by Mr Pound—and by *The Egoist* magazine with which he was so closely and dynamically associated—in bringing Joyce to the notice of the more literate public. W. B. Yeats had drawn his attention to Joyce's poetry as being suitable for the *Des Imagistes* anthology and later Joyce sent Pound *A Portrait of the Artist* for serialization. As early as March 1914 in a letter to Miss Amy Lowell he spoke of Lawrence and Joyce as 'the two strongest prose writers among *les jeunes*'. For the account of *The Egoist* and its relations with Joyce which follows, I am largely indebted to the highly interesting notes compiled for her *James Joyce's World* by Patricia Hutchins, who had considerable help from Miss Harriet Weaver to whom so many of the letters of this volume were addressed.

*The Egoist* was the successor at one remove of *The Freewoman*, a magazine sponsoring the cause of women's suffrage and feminism in

## Introduction

general, which was launched in 1911 by Miss Dora Marsden. After its demise in 1912 it was succeeded, in June 1913, by *The New Freewoman*, a fortnightly of a less political, though vigorously rebellious order. 'The New Freewoman has no Cause. The nearest approach to a Cause it desires to attain is to destroy Causes.' A declaration which, if it met his eye, must have met with Joyce's entire approval. For a short time Miss Rebecca West, who had been assistant editor of *The Freewoman*, acted in the same capacity on *The New Freewoman*. It was through 'a suffragette heroine' that Mr Ezra Pound had got to know of the paper and become associated with it, continuing to give much help on its literary side throughout its entire career. In August 1913 Mr Richard Aldington succeeded Miss West and continued in that post until he joined the army in 1916, when his wife, the poet H. D., took over for some months, being succeeded in 1917 by Mr T. S. Eliot.

In a letter dated 13 August 1913, Mr Pound informed Miss Harriet Monroe<sup>1</sup> that he had 'taken charge of the literature dept.' of the magazine. In December of the same year he mentioned in a letter to Mr William Carlos Williams that *The New Freewoman* was now to appear as *The Egoist*. The 'official' change of title took place on 1 January 1914. In the course of the year Miss Marsden asked Miss Weaver to take charge of the editing of the magazine on the practical and business side, and thanks not a little to Miss Weaver's energy and enthusiasm *The Egoist* made literary history in that eventful period 1914 to 1919.

Many years later in a letter to Mr John Drummond (30 May 1934) Mr Pound emphasized the importance of the part played by Miss Weaver in the literary activities of the magazine. He wrote: 'H.W. deserves well of the nation and NEVER *turned away* anything good. [Mr Pound's capitals and italics.] Also the few articles she wrote were full of good sense. She amply deserves Eliot's dedication of whatever book it was.' (The book in question was *Selected Essays 1917-1932*, whose dedication runs: 'To Harriet Shaw Weaver in gratitude and in recognition of her services to English letters.')

The part played by Miss Weaver in Joyce's career from 1914 onwards was so considerable that a somewhat detailed account of it seems called for. She first came in contact with Joyce in the autumn of 1914 when she had occasion to write to him in Trieste, suggesting a way in which he could send to England, via Switzerland, the final chapters of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* which had been running as a serial in *The Egoist* from 2 February 1914 (an auspicious date, being

<sup>1</sup> Founder and editor of *Poetry*, Chicago, 1912-1936

that of Joyce's birthday, as it turned out), but had been held up when the First World War broke out.

On the conclusion of the publication of *A Portrait of the Artist* in serial form, in September 1915, Joyce's literary agent the late James B. Pinker, recommended to him by the late H. G. Wells who had read the story in *The Egoist* and been much impressed by it, failed to find a publisher willing to accept the text as it stood. Under these circumstances *The Egoist* itself, with Joyce's approval, ventured to embark on the publication of the unexpurgated text in book form, though hitherto this magazine had never sponsored the publication of any book. But again difficulties arose, for no printer could be found (in England) who was willing to print it, with the result that sheets had to be imported from the U.S.A. where Mr B. W. Huebsch (now of the Viking Press) had undertaken its publication. This naturally delayed the book's appearance in England and it did not come out till February 1917, whereas the American edition appeared in December 1916.

In March 1918 Joyce's new book, *Ulysses*, was to have started to run simultaneously in *The Egoist* and, through Mr Ezra Pound's initiative, in *The Little Review* of New York, but once more no English firm was willing to undertake the printing—except for a few isolated chapters. It did start, however, in *The Little Review* according to plan, the chapters being sent by Joyce through Mr Pound who was its foreign editor at the time, and ran successfully for more than a year, until publication was discontinued as a result of action taken by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the *corpus delicti*, as already mentioned, being the 'Nausicaa' episode published in summer 1920.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the printing difficulties the Egoist Press had encountered, a contract was drawn up by the late J. B. Pinker, Joyce's literary agent, and signed by Joyce on 24 May 1920, under which the Egoist Press undertook to publish an English edition of *Ulysses* at the fantastically low price on which Joyce insisted, six shillings, the normal price of the British novel in those days. Needless to say, this contract could not be put into operation—fortunately enough as it turned out, since in the following year Joyce was introduced to Miss Sylvia Beach who successfully published *Ulysses* at a price compatible with the size and importance of the book.

'Though I had a good deal of correspondence with Mr Joyce,' Miss Weaver writes in an account of the period 1914–23 which she has been kind enough to supply at my request and from which the facts set forth above are taken, 'I did not meet him till August 1922 when he and Mrs Joyce paid a visit to London after his convalescence from a very severe

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eye attack he had had in Paris towards the end of May. They had intended to go to some seaside place but could not do so because Mr Joyce's eyes threatened to become troublesome again, necessitating his attendance at an oculist's by way of recreation. After a month they returned to Paris and later went to Nice with the idea of spending the winter there; but soon Mr Joyce found it necessary to return to Paris again, as his letters explain. They paid several visits to England after that: in the summer of 1923 (London and Bognor); in September 1924 after a stay at St Malo; in the summers of 1929, 1930 and 1931—their last visit, because of their daughter's illness.'

Already as early as 1917 Miss Weaver had made her first benefaction, anonymous to begin with, to Joyce, who was then living in Zurich: five hundred Swiss francs to be paid to him monthly 'by an admirer'. This was followed, in 1924, by the transfer of a large sum of money (the bequest of an aunt) the interest on which, together with royalties and occasional sales of stock, provided an income on which Joyce and his family could live quite comfortably.

Another benefactress during the Zurich period was Mrs Harold McCormick, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, who in 1918 arranged for the payment to Joyce of a thousand Swiss francs monthly. These payments were discontinued when Joyce left Zurich for Trieste after the war was over. He was always conscious of the debt of gratitude he owed Miss Weaver, referring to it time and again in our conversations, and one of the ways in which he gave expression to it was keeping her constantly posted as to his plans, daily life and the vicissitudes of the protean work on which he was engaged for the last seventeen years of his life. Another token of his gratitude was the gift, throughout a number of years, of the rough drafts, fair copies, innumerable corrected typescripts, etc., of the 'Work in Progress' which later became *Finnegans Wake*. These are now in the British Museum and available to students of Joyce's work. Thus the letters to Miss Weaver are not only the most numerous in this collection, but by far the most informative, being indeed a sort of chronicle of his activities from day to day.

In these letters one feels Joyce's strong desire, natural enough under the circumstances, for Miss Weaver's understanding and appreciation of his work in progress. Though, regrettably, her letters to him are not available, it seems clear from the tone of his answers that, anyhow to start with, she had doubts about the merits of the new, disconcerting technique he had invented for the successor to *Ulysses*. Stanislaus Joyce, for one, quite frankly disapproved of it, and indeed many admirers of the earlier works deplored its inaccessibility to the common

reader. The 'experimental' technique could be explained, no doubt—many of us tried to do this, with varying success; passages could, usually with the author's aid, be elucidated, and when Joyce himself read extracts one had, or seemed to have, glimpses of the significance behind the lilting rhythms and devious word-play. But the question 'What purpose had Joyce in writing as he did?' was not so easy to answer, and it seemed to some that he was using his incomparable command of the English tongue merely to play havoc with it. There is nothing, however, in the Letters to suggest that Joyce had any such subversive purpose, nor in conversation with him, though we often had occasions to discuss linguistic problems and paradoxes, did I ever hear him voice a grudge against the language which provided the bricks and mortar of his verbal architecture.

After the failure of Miss Weaver's efforts for the publication of *Ulysses* in book form and in view of the impossibility of finding a British printer willing to undertake the printing of the book, Miss Sylvia Beach very gallantly stepped into the breach (in 1921). She gave the author generous terms: 25 per cent on sales in France and 90 per cent of the profits on a British edition, the sheets of which were to be supplied from Paris on the exhaustion of the first edition. The first edition of 1000 numbered copies was issued by Shakespeare & Co., Paris, on 2 February (Joyce's birthday) 1922.

Facing Miss Beach's 'Shakespeare' bookshop in the little rue de l'Odéon (to which she had migrated from the rue Dupuytren) was the famous Maison des Amis des Livres, directed by the late Mlle Adrienne Monnier. This was no ordinary bookshop but a rendezvous of the most eminent French men of letters of the day, amongst them Gide, Léon-Paul Fargue, M. Jules Romains and M. Valéry Larbaud. The last-named was one of Joyce's earliest admirers and most active champions; their first meeting, in January 1920, was the prelude to a lifelong friendship. (Some of Joyce's letters to M. Larbaud figure in this collection.) It was at the Maison des Amis des Livres that the project of a French translation of *Ulysses* was conceived, and by way of introducing Joyce's work to the French public a lecture, accompanied by readings of selected fragments translated into French, was given by M. Larbaud (December 1921). These first translations were made by Jacques Benoit-Méchin, with the collaboration of Joyce and Fargue. Benoit-Méchin, a very young man, was a student at the Schola Cantorum and, besides possessing a fine literary sense, was a talented composer. I was much impressed by a large-scale choral and orchestral work of his produced some eight years later in Paris and by some fragments he played to me

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of an opera he was composing. It had been hoped that M. Larbaud, who had already translated five volumes of Samuel Butler, would make the translation of *Ulysses*. However, realizing no doubt that as Mlle Monnier suggests (in *Le Mercure de France*) the vast labour entailed would have encroached unduly on his own creative work—it is hardly necessary to point out that Larbaud was one of the most distinguished French writers of the period—he felt obliged to abandon the project, though he agreed to co-operate in the final version and tuning-up of the French text. It was now decided by Mlle Monnier that the translation should be done by M. Auguste Morel, a very fine poet in his own right who had also made brilliant translations of Francis Thompson, Donne and Blake. Morel's command of the French language, especially of 'period' styles, his immense and varied vocabulary, resourcefulness and virtuosity greatly impressed me when, in the late 'twenties, we worked together.

The earliest French versions of fragments of *Ulysses* appeared in 1924, in the first issue of *Commerce*, that handsome review directed by Mlle Monnier which made literary history in the 'twenties. This number also included work by Valery, Fargue, St John Perse and Larbaud. It was not until 1927 that, at Joyce's suggestion, I joined forces with Morel. So much has been written about *Ulysses* during the last thirty years and its structure has been so meticulously analysed by various commentators that most of the mystery has departed and readers today can hardly realize how difficult it was for a translator twenty-nine years ago to feel sure that his interpretations were adequate. It was often not merely a question of finding the *mot juste* but—a far harder task, as all translators know to their cost—*la phrase juste* also. For this one had to be thoroughly familiar with the directive ideas, the ground-plan of each episode, the allusions, Homeric and other, and the cross-correspondences disseminated through the text. One had, indeed, to try to get into the mind of the author, surely one of the most intricate, not to say tortuous minds that have ever existed.

During the two years preceding the publication of *Ulysse* (February 1929) I was an almost daily visitor at the Joyces' pleasant apartment in Square Robiac, a by-street in the fashionable 'Invalides' district of Paris. Like, I suppose, most men having Milton's 'strong propensity of nature' for the creation of work 'so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die', that is to say like all who are single-minded in their quest of literary perfection, Joyce was not an easy person to become intimate with. There were a good many constant visitors to his apartment, people he knew moderately well, but with them all he maintained a formal address; with only a very few did he consent to

drop the formal 'Mr' in conversation, and he was 'Jim' only to his wife. When I was writing my *Study of 'Ulysses'* he particularly asked me to refer to him in the text as 'Mr Joyce', so far as possible.

During this period, the late 1920s, he was so deeply engrossed in thinking out his work in progress, *Finnegans Wake*-to-be, that, as was sometimes embarrassingly apparent in our conversations, it cost him an effort to cast his mind back to the earlier work. None the less he showed much patience in bearing with my enquiries as to the exact meaning of innumerable passages in *Ulysses*; he realized that if the French translation was to be a success, those engaged on it would need to know the exact significance of every word and phrase of the original, and he set much store on the good opinion of the French critics and public. In 1932 at his request I revised the text of *Ulysses* for publication in the 'Odyssey Press' (created *ad hoc* in association with the 'Albatross' series of reprints); there were a few misprints in the first edition but these were corrected in subsequent impressions. Joyce had his own ideas about orthography; he disliked hyphens almost as much as inverted commas, preferring French usage as regards the typographical layout of dialogue, and his punctuation, though logical, was often unconventional. I had occasion to consult him frequently on these matters and also regarding a number of words which seemed to have been misspelt in all earlier editions. Finally, in 1935, I supplied (again in consultation with the author) an introduction to the Limited Editions Club *Ulysses* with illustrations by Matisse, of which Messrs J. J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon write in their admirable *Bibliography of James Joyce* (Yale University Press, 1953) that it is the 'most accurate text of *Ulysses* that has been published in the United States'.

During these years we, my wife and I, and the Joyces saw much of each other, travelled and stayed together in the summer at Salzburg, Zurich, Havre, Torquay and other places. (A number of the Letters were written from these places, and refer to them.) Meanwhile Joyce was engrossed in collecting material for, and constructing, his new work, and filling up innumerable notebooks with words and phrases to be incorporated in the final text. His sight was a constant source of trouble, sometimes failing him almost completely—though happily these periods were rare—and a good many of the entries were almost illegible. I must have spent thousands of hours trying to decipher them with the aid of a magnifying glass. To some he had affixed cabalistic signs (which at the time I knew by rote) indicating their referents, but even when these were lacking, he never failed to indicate the exact place into which they were to fall. He could promptly conjure up, it seemed, the long, intricate

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text in its entirety, the exact pagination of the draft typescript, and even the position on the page of individual lines. Indeed I sometimes felt there was a hint of the uncanny in his facility of inner visualization, rather like that of the 'sensitive' who, under certain conditions, can evoke latent memories with a precision impossible to his normal self and occasionally displays clairvoyance. On more than one occasion Joyce told me that certain incidents in his writings (*A Painful Case* in *Dubliners* was one) had proved to be premonitions of incidents that subsequently took place. I remember too that when I was writing on the 'Aeolus' episode of *Ulysses* and the subject of the 'Akasic records' mentioned in it cropped up in conversation, he seemed inclined to give some credence to the theory, held by certain occultists, that essentially thoughts, like matter, are indestructible and persist in some 'repository' out of space and out of time, yet accessible in certain privileged moments to the 'subliminal self'.

In 1863 Cardinal Newman—whom Joyce regarded as the greatest nineteenth-century master of English prose and passages from whose work he had a habit of reciting to his friends in the mellow after-dinner hour at Les Trianons or Fouquet's (his favourite Parisian restaurants)—wrote to his sister:

'It has ever been a hobby of mine . . . that the true life of a man is in his letters. Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods, but contemporary letters are facts.'

In the case of James Joyce the Letters have all the more importance and interest for those who wish to arrive at the inside of things as regards a singular and sometimes baffling personality because in his published writing he practised a deliberate detachment, in keeping with the conception of the artist set forth in *A Portrait*. 'The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, paring his fingernails.' André Malraux has observed that the truly modern artist, though no longer subservient to traditional, religious or even revolutionary values, has a religion or, rather, a faith and an absolute of his own, and that this faith or absolute is Art. That was Joyce's view; the servitudes of a *littérature engagée*, conscripted writing, were distasteful to him. His watchword *non serviam* held good not only as regards the Church and Nationalism, but also as regards the idol of his generation (and of ours),



'hydraheaded Demos'. For him Art was a jealous god, like the Jehovah of the Ten Commandments, and as her priest he, like Modigliani, demanded for himself special rights and privileges.

This will, indeed, be evident to those who read between the lines of the Letters. He claimed assistance and allegiance from his friends, publishers, agents and fellow-artists as a right, and in the majority of cases they endorsed the claim. It must not be thought, however, that Joyce was in any sense a megalomaniac or a solipsist; on the contrary, he studied the foibles of those with whom he came in contact with a sympathetic if slightly ironical eye, and thus could enter into their feelings and foresee their responses. There was little of young Stephen Dedalus, arrogant and introverted, in the Joyce I knew—the artist as a mature man. Time and again I was struck by his shrewd estimates of the reactions of others, his social tact, his diplomatic handling of prickly situations. The Jesuits were well advised when they tried to enlist him in their Order; had he applied his genius to the service of the Catholic Church, he would certainly have won a high place in its hierarchy.

An interesting feature of *Ulysses* is the way in which, episode by episode, the style changes in harmony with the theme; one might almost say that the eighteen episodes give the impression of having been written by eighteen different people. Though the handling of verbal rhythms and patterns is fundamentally Joycian throughout and in any case the recurrence of certain leitmotifs gives the text a certain, perhaps slightly artificial unity—the same is true of the *Odyssey*, which may have been the work of different rhapsodes—there is no question that as a stylist Joyce was capable of chameleon-like changes and one would be hard put to it to decide which style was 'naturally' Joyce's. We find much the same thing in the Letters; the writer's skill in adjusting their tone, not merely their content, to the personality of his correspondents is quite remarkable. Of course we all of us vary the style of our letters according to the person to whom we are writing; a man's letters to a friend, to his wife, to an official superior or to a maiden aunt are very differently phrased. But many of Joyce's letters are masterpieces of epistolary psychology; he was never at a loss for 'the right thing to say' and the just nuance to impart to it. Even the early letters to the publisher Grant Richards, with their rather stilted phrasing, skilfully combine an obvious desire to work on the feelings of a rather hesitant publisher with not a little dignity and much insistence on the privilege of the artist. The cheerful, colloquial letters to his friend Mr Frank Budgen and the informative, whimsical, amiably deferent letters to Miss Weaver make an entertaining contrast.

Dr Johnson's remark (in a letter to Mrs Thrale) that 'in a man's letters his soul lies naked, his letters are the mirrors of his heart' hardly applies to Joyce. Or it might be said that his heart had many facets—and this is one of the reasons why readers of these letters will doubtless come to very different estimates of their writer's personality. Two 'constants' can, however, be observed: an over-riding interest in the work in progress of the moment, and, in the later letters, his strong family feeling, evident especially in the numerous letters relating to his daughter Lucia and his anxieties about her health. Those who, partly on the strength of the ideas put forward in *A Portrait* and partly on account of the aloofness of manner he affected in public and his indifference to the social problems which obsessed the younger generation, may have formed the opinion that he was heartless like the 'god of creation' to whom in his early work he likened the artist, will find in many of these letters a refutation of this view. Joyce *had* a heart, though he did not wear it on his sleeve, indeed I have never met anyone else with such a strong sense of the family tie and its obligations. His family affections like those of the Jews (*vide* the 'Scylla and Charybdis' episode of *Ulysses*) were 'bound with hoops of steel'.

It has been a difficult task deciding which of the more intimate letters should be published. Undoubtedly there is something slightly repellent in the modern habit of probing into the private lives of great creative artists and interpreting the facts unearthed in terms of the now fashionable psychology. 'The small, pathetic secrets of those few men who have proclaimed and made good the honour of being Man are exhumed with gloating satisfaction—like mummies from a pyramid!' In thus writing, André Malraux had in mind the alleged discovery of an obsession of Leonardo with a vulture, whose presence can supposedly be traced in, for example, *The Virgin of the Rocks*. 'We may scrape away ruthlessly at a fresco,' he adds, 'till finally we get down to bare plaster, and much we shall be the wiser for our pains! Biography does no more than circumscribe genius; as for personal secrets, they count for nothing where art begins—once we are concerned with *quality*.'

I have particularly in mind the letters (and they are many) of the last eight years of Joyce's life, relating to the mental breakdown of his daughter. And, having decided to make public several of these letters, I feel that some description of their background is called for here.

Lucia Joyce was twenty-one when I first met her in Joyce's apartment in the Square Robiac, Paris. At the time she was much interested

in ballet dancing, belonged to a group of young people who occasionally gave public shows, and I remember seeing her perform in a 'dance competition' in which she would certainly have been given a high place, but for the great vogue of negroid dancing at the time. Gracefully built, with all her father's liteness (Joyce's *pas seuls* at the end of a festive evening, a diverting blend of eccentricity and elegance, were the delight of all his friends), she could certainly have made a name for herself in one of the ballet companies formed after the death of Diaghileff and the end of the Golden Age of ballet. Unfortunately, since the necessity of constant practice imposed too great a strain on her rather delicate physique, it was decided by her parents (with her approval) that she should abandon dancing, anyhow for the time.

Later on, with the object of giving her a new interest, Joyce encouraged his daughter to take up the art of the decorative initial letters — *lettrines* — to which mediaeval illuminated manuscripts owe so much of their peculiar beauty. Three examples of her work in this field are extant: an edition de luxe of *Pomes Penyeach* (1932), the text in facsimile of Joyce's handwriting and an illuminated initial at the beginning of each poem; *The Mime of Mick Nick and the Maggies* (1934) with the cover, initial letter and tailpiece designed by her; and, finally, *A Chaucer A B C*, decorated by her with large polychrome initials. In the last-named work Lucia showed an increased mastery of her means and surer draughtsmanship. But even her earliest illuminations evince an exceptional feeling for colour and a singular imagination. Their kinship with the decorations in the famous *Book of Kells* (made by Irish monks in the monastery of that name, ca. 700) is all the more remarkable since Joyce assured me that his daughter had never seen a copy of this work when she designed her initials. (The similarity between the graphic fantasies of the Irish monks and the verbal pyrotechnics of the *Wake* has often been remarked on.)

Lucia always seemed a little out of place in the *milieu* centring on her father, which largely consisted of intellectuals and earnest admirers of the Master, would-be publishers of his work and *littérateurs* of many nationalities. The atmosphere must have been rather uncongenial to a young, vivacious girl and, though devoted to her parents, she welcomed occasions of escaping from it. Several times, when I had persuaded her to come with me to the nearby bar *Chez Francis* (in the Place de l'Alma) for a cocktail, I was struck by the change in her manner when I switched the conversation over to ordinary topics and encouraged her to talk about herself. Her ambition was to strike out on her own. Devoted though she was to her father, she realized, I think, that a youth spent

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in the shadow of a great reputation is apt to be warped, inhibited. 'I want to *do* something,' she would say, and though I could understand her feelings and sympathize with them, there were no openings I could think of for a young girl who at the age of twenty-five had still the inexperience of half that age.

When in congenial company she often came out with quite original and amusing remarks. On one occasion when we were at a cocktail party and my wife observed that it was the 'usual crowd'—artists and intellectuals—Lucia protested. 'Oh no, there are some gentlemen too!' (There was nothing snobbish behind the remark, it was simply what the French call a *constatation*.) In some of the letters Joyce comments not only on the acuteness of his daughter's judgment but also on her curious gift of clairvoyance. This developed, I think, after her mental breakdown, and in fact clairvoyance sometimes, though not necessarily, accompanies psychic instability.

One of the most touching aspects of this phase was her devotion to her father, indeed he became to her a sort of god. Lucia's trip to Ireland in 1935, to which reference is made in several of the letters, was regarded by her as a mission. She had so often heard her father complaining of his fellow-countrymen's lack of appreciation, and she saw herself preparing the way for the great expatriate's return. Joyce spared no pains and spent large sums in attempts to have his daughter cured, but unavailingly, and the last years of his life were clouded by this grief. The letters on this subject published in the present volume represent only a tithe of those in which, writing to members of his family or trusted friends, he records his hopes and fears. Nevertheless he produced during this same period the gayest, most exuberant work of his career, and even in his gloomiest letters (as in his conversation) the sudden glory of laughter was always breaking in.

After the German invasion of France the situation became still more tragic. The clinic where Lucia had been leading a relatively contented life had to be shifted from the suburbs of Paris to a seaside resort on the Atlantic coast. Joyce stayed there for some time before moving to the neighbourhood of Vichy at the suggestion of Mrs Eugene Jolas, who had transferred her bilingual school from the Neuilly district of Paris to a small town in the Allier 'Département'. His aim was to migrate with his family to Switzerland (as he had done during the First World War), and there was obviously more chance of getting the necessary permits were he near Vichy, then headquarters of the French Government, than if he were living in a small town on the west coast. From the letters of 1939–40 we can see the indomitable persistence with which

he sought to break down the *vis inertiae* of the authorities, *débordées*, as they truly said, *par les événements*. It was easy enough to get permits for himself and Mrs Joyce, but owing to the slowness of communications between occupied and unoccupied France and the administrative difficulties arising from the occupation, his plans for bringing his daughter with him to Switzerland fell through. Finally he decided it was best to cross the frontier and continue his efforts from Zurich. But with his death on 13 January 1941, nothing more could be done, and Lucia Joyce remained in France. As far as can be ascertained she was well cared for and suffered no real hardships. Some years ago she was taken to England and she is, at the time of writing, in a mental hospital at Northampton, England, where she is periodically visited by Miss Weaver and her welfare is assured.

No letters from Joyce to his wife are extant, so far as I can discover, and this is not surprising. The two were literally inseparable; during all the years I knew him, Joyce never spent a night or even a full day away from his wife. There was the happiest understanding between them; though Nora Joyce's admiration of her husband and loyalty towards him were boundless, she had a strong personality and knew how to preserve her independence. Sometimes when they were giving a tea-party—and Mrs Joyce's tea was famous, brewed and served with an artistry that would have delighted Dr Johnson—Nora would tease her husband, blame him for his clumsiness in passing round the cakes, or remark how frightful it was having to live with 'that man'! Outsiders were apt to be a little shocked and to form quite wrong opinions of the ménage. I soon discovered that this was a little comedy the two of them played together, and when Mrs Joyce made such remarks there was a twinkle in her eye. For she had a lively sense of humour, and observed with affectionate irony the 'Stephen Dedalus' mannerisms and *fin de siècle* 'weariness' her husband sometimes affected in public. Nora Joyce had what the Victorians called a fine presence and I have met few women who combined such natural dignity with as much good-heartedness and bonhomie. It is curious to read in Stanislaus Joyce's Memoir of his brother that G. W. Russell (AE) seems to have assumed that Joyce would soon abandon 'the poor girl' with whom he had left Ireland for the more congenial atmosphere of the Continent; probably he drew this conclusion from the fact that there was then no question of a marriage. (The marriage did not take place till 1931, at a Registrar's office in England.) Joyce's reason for not legalizing the union at the time was doubtless that he was still in his romantic period and 'free love', like 'free verse' and other naïve freedoms, is dear to the romantic soul: also

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that he was in revolt against the Church and the thought of a religious ceremony was distasteful. And his Catholic upbringing led him to regard a purely civil marriage much as he regarded Protestantism, as an unseemly makeshift, on a par with the serial polygamy encouraged by modern facilities for divorce.

Mrs Joyce died on 9 April 1951, at Zurich, after a long and painful illness. At the funeral, which I attended, the only other representative of the Joyces' Paris friends was Mrs Eugene Jolas. Nora Joyce had made her confession and been given the Last Sacrament, and the service at the grave (in German) was according to the Catholic rite. Her son Mr George Joyce, who had settled in Zurich to be with his mother, was the only member of the family present. Her grave in the Friedhof Allmend Fluntern, Zurich, is in close proximity to her husband's.

The letters from Joyce to his son George ('Giorgio' to his father and his friends) and daughter-in-law Helen when they were staying in the United States are particularly interesting; since many of them relate to private matters there could be no question of publishing them *in extenso*, and I much appreciate the confidence in me shown by the recipients, who have permitted me to inspect them and publish those letters or portions of letters which throw light on the personality of their writer or illustrate his gift for pleasantly familiar writing. They contain many richly entertaining passages; though his daughter's health was giving Joyce profound anxiety during the period when they were written and there are many references to her, he made a point—had one might almost say a *parti pris*—of interspersing them with humorous anecdotes and flashes of typically Joycian wit. In the letters to that highly gifted singer, his son, he gives much practical advice on musical matters, always from the singer's point of view. 'Pure' music, as one might call it, had little interest for him, he vastly preferred operas to symphonies and I was often struck by his indifference to, indeed ignorance of, modern instrumental music. The informality, not to say homeliness, of these letters will come as a surprise to those who picture Joyce as an addict of abstraction and obscurity.

The same is true in some ways of the letters to Mr Frank Budgen who, like some of the Pre-Raphaelites, is as skilful with his pen as with his brush, and to whom we owe not only that unique account of Joyce in his Zurich period, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*, but remarkable portraits of James and Nora Joyce. These letters throw light on an aspect of Joyce's personality that rarely comes to view elsewhere and might be called his 'Bloom personality'. Indeed their Rabelaisian verve tends to show that Joyce was emotionally affected by

his material and entered into the lives of the characters who filled his thoughts during the Zurich period: not only Bloom but 'the Citizen', 'Skin-the-goat', the unnamed narrator of the Cyclops episode and that, to my mind, singularly attractive old spendthrift Simon Dedalus. This is a far cry from the godlike detachment of the artist preconized by the young aesthete of *A Portrait*.

Yet another facet of his many-sided personality is revealed in the letters to publishers and his literary agent. Several of those addressed to Grant Richards have been published in Mr Gorman's biography. Adventurous young publisher though he was, and great as may have been his personal appreciation of the tales in *Dubliners*, Richards was obviously dubious about their financial success. When at last the book appeared (15 June 1914) his fears were justified. In December 1915 Joyce wrote to Miss Weaver saying that only 26 copies had been sold in the past six months, and in a subsequent letter he reported that during the first half year of 1916 only seven copies were sold. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Joyce's letters to Grant Richards is the stylized dignity of their diction. He is prepared to make concessions, if reluctantly, to what he regards as faintheartedness or prudery, but he insists on the writer's prerogative and the publisher's duty to his author. His refusal to allow his texts to be bowdlerized (in particular, the stand he made for the integral publication of *Ulysses*) was not merely an assertion of the freedom of the creative writer; Joyce had, as I often noticed, a remarkable gift of foresight, due not so much to intuition as to an almost arachnean sensitiveness to the faintest stirrings of contemporary taste:

| *The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!*  
| *Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.*

He had his eyes on the future; and the mild audacities of *Dubliners* and *A Portrait* were preliminary ventures in the direction of the larger freedom of *Ulysses* and the ribaldry of the *Wake*, which as his *alter ego* G. V. L. Slingsby mischievously suggested in a Letter of Protest (printed in *Our Exagmination round his Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress*) was 'making obscenity safe for literature'.

That famous literary agent, J. B. Pinker, whose enlightened patronage meant so much to many great writers of the first two decades of the century, must have been staggered by the constant stream of letters and postcards from the young author recommended to him by H. G. Wells—letters which evidenced not only a singular tenacity of purpose but much business acumen. Joyce preferred dealing with publishers

## Introduction

through intermediaries, whom he briefed meticulously at every stage of the negotiations. I was often amused to see how he employed similar tactics of indirect approach on almost every occasion when he wanted someone to do him a service, and how skilfully he directed operations. Much stress has been, rightly, laid on his memory, but (as several of the letters show and all his friends were aware) his gift of organization was no less remarkable. A full-length book could be compiled on his dealings with publishers, reluctant, timid or enthusiastic, and it would be well worth writing for the light it would throw on the *petite histoire* of modern literature. The relations between Joyce and his first publisher in the United States, Mr B. W. Huebsch, were of the happiest. Though he was disappointed by Mr Huebsch's refusal (in 1921) to transgress the laws of his country—the time was not yet ripe—by publishing *Ulysses*, unless some alterations were made to bring it into conformity both with the law and what was then the consensus of mature public opinion, he did not take umbrage and, as I gathered from conversations with him on the subject, came to realize that Mr Huebsch's determination not to publish *Ulysses* in 1921 not only showed a wise discretion but, in the long run, served its author's interests. Proof of this may be found in the agreement he made in 1931 with the Viking Press regarding 'Work in Progress' (i.e. *Finnegans Wake*). When, in London, Mr Pinker handed Mr Huebsch the agreement, the latter was amazed to find in it a proviso, obviously inserted under the express direction of Joyce, who was then in Paris. (Joyce's earlier work, it should be remembered, had been published by Mr Huebsch under his own imprint, before the Viking Press was in business.) This clause, with its unusual stipulation, is at once a pleasant reminder that the personal relations between an author and his publisher are quite often (despite the 'Barabbas' witticism) of the happiest, and also that Joyce's confidence in, and regard for, his first publisher in the States remained unshaken, despite any brief vexation due to the *Ulysses* deadlock. The clause runs as follows: 13. 'If at any time during the continuance of this agreement Mr B. W. Huebsch should sever his connection with the said Viking Press and either set up publishing on his own account or acquire interest in another firm of publishers than the Viking Press, then the said Author shall have the option of transferring the benefits of this contract to such new firm.' Such a demonstration of loyalty should establish the fact that James Joyce, though characteristically intransigent in matters of typography, was reasonable, appreciative and courteous in his relations with his publishers.



## A NOTE ON THE EDITING

Omissions are indicated by dots, thus . . . Since Joyce had the same aversion for the use of dots as he had for inverted commas in dialogue (see his letter of 4 March 1914, to Grant Richards), there is no risk of confusion. Some of these omissions have been made at the request, always for valid reasons, of those to whom the letters were addressed. Others have been made by the editor; for the most part these affect passages relating to personal and private matters, of no general interest.

The legibility of Joyce's writing varied greatly, according to his state of health, especially that of his eyesight, and the conditions under which he wrote; also, as with most of us, it tended to deteriorate as he grew older. When he took pains—as in the autograph copy of *Chamber Music* which he presented to his wife and the facsimile edition of *Pomes Penyeach* with illuminations by his daughter—the calligraphy was perfect; but in the letters, often hastily written, to his friends, one comes here and there on words which even those most familiar with his handwriting (for example, his lifelong friend Mr C. P. Curran, Miss Weaver, Mr Frank Budgen and, I may add, myself) are unable to decipher. Such words are indicated thus: [Illegible].

Footnotes have been added sparingly but, it is hoped, adequately. The modern dislike for footnotes is justified in the case of fully developed literary works; it is annoying to have one's eye distracted and interest diverted by annotations at the foot of the pages. But this does not hold good, I think, in the case of a series of usually brief letters arranged chronologically, not by subjects, when the notes can be conveniently referred to after the whole letter has been read.

Grammatical slips (such as that in the last letter of the collection) and occasional misspellings have been left untouched; in short, the editor has refrained from tampering with the original text, though exceptionally, when some small, unimportant word has been inadvertently omitted, it is inserted, within square brackets.

It has proved impracticable to indicate the addresses of the recipients of the letters; nearly all of them were received by me without the original envelope, which has presumably been lost in most cases. More-

### *A Note on the Editing*

over as the text of a good many letters makes it plain that the recipient was away from home (this applies, for example, to the writer of these lines), it is unlikely that he would remember after all these years his exact address at the time the letter reached him.

In the forefront of my acknowledgments I would place the name of Professor Richard Ellmann who has very kindly supplied a concise and accurate chronology of Joyce's life, which will facilitate understanding of the letters and their context. My gratitude is also due to Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, Mr C. P. Curran, Mr Frank Budgen and the late Stanislaus Joyce for providing the *data* of many of the footnotes. In the early stages of this work, the location and collection of the letters, Mr John J. Slocum's kind assistance and expert advice were most helpful. I have also received invaluable aid from Patricia Hutchins who not only put at my disposal her wide knowledge of the Joycean background, the result of many years' research-work, but has given practical assistance in the arrangement of the letters.

For the translations of Joyce's letters to Italian friends and (in Italian) to his daughter (Italian was the language usually spoken by the Joyce family amongst themselves)—all of them in his own handwriting, often hastily written and in places almost illegible, so that the deciphering of them presented much difficulty—I am indebted to the expert assistance of Professor A. P. d'Entrèves, Professor of Italian at the University of Oxford, who very kindly went through the original letters and corrected errors in the transcriptions of the Italian and in the translations. These translations (as seemed desirable under the circumstances) are literal. Some of the first drafts (made by Miss Weaver and a friend) had been submitted initially to Mr Robert Forrer, an accomplished Italian scholar, to whom also I would express my gratitude for his help in this difficult task. For the letters to Lucia Joyce, especially, are written in an allusive, familiar, often playful style; there was in fact a sort of 'little language' (in the Swiftian sense) which Lucia and her father used between themselves. For the translations of the letters written in Italian to Mr and Mrs George Joyce when they were in New York I am indebted to Miss Weaver and two collaborators; it was a 'three-powered translation' as she describes it. The translation, from the German, of the last letter in this book (to the Mayor of Zurich) has been kindly supplied by Mr James Emmons.

The publishers' thanks are due to the following individuals and institutions for permission to use letters in their possession and/or the supply of information embodied in the footnotes: Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, Mr Constantine P. Curran, Mrs Helen Joyce, Mr Giorgio

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Joyce, Mr Stephen Joyce, Mr George Antheil, Miss Sylvia Beach, Miss Kay Boyle, Dr Daniel Brody, Mr Frank Budgen, Mrs Frederick R. Childs, Mrs Mary Colum, Mr Padraic Colum, Dr H. K. Croessmann, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Madame Carola Giedion-Welcker, Madame Louis Gillet, Dr Georg Goyert, Mrs Kathleen Griffin, Mr G. E. Hetherington, Mr B. W. Huebsch, Miss Patricia Hutchins, Mrs Maria Jolas, Mr Paul Jordan-Smith, Mr Robert Kastor, Mr Thomas Keohler, the late Valery Larbaud, Madame Lucie Léon, Signor Carlo Linati, Mr Robert McAlmon, Mrs John R. McCormack, Mr W. K. Magee, Mr H. L. Mencken, the late Adrienne Monnier, Mrs Sturge Moore, Mr F. L. Monro, Mr George D. Painter, Mr G. Molyneux Palmer, Mr William S. Picher, Mr Ezra Pound, Dr Kenneth Reddin, Mrs George Roberts, Mr Derek Rogers, Mr Paul Ruggiero, Mrs E. Schaurek, Mr John J. Slocum, Miss Frances Steloff, Signora Livia Svevo, Mr J. J. Sweeney, Mr Claud W. Sykes, Mrs Marjorie Wells, Mr Edmund Wilson, Mrs W. B. Yeats, the Mayor of Zurich; Dr Richard Hayes and Mr Patrick Hinchy of the National Library of Ireland; Mr William O'Sullivan, Trinity College Dublin; the Librarian, Lockwood Memorial Library; the University of Buffalo; Madame Vignerón and the Municipal Library of Vichy; the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of the New York Public Library; the Viking Press; Harvard College Library (The Houghton Library). (The editor tenders his apologies to any persons whose names have been, inadvertently, omitted.)

Also to all those who kindly placed at the editor's disposal letters which, owing to lack of space, could not be included here. There must certainly be in existence other letters which have not come to the notice of the editor and the publishers: it is to be hoped that owners of such letters will communicate with the publishers, with a view to a second edition of this book or, if enough material comes to light, a second volume.



# A CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF JAMES JOYCE

by RICHARD ELLMANN

- 1882        On 2 February James Joyce was born at 41 Brighton Square, Rathgar, Dublin. He was the eldest son of John Stanislaus Joyce, rate collector, and Mary Jane Joyce (*née* Murray). Of the fifteen children in the family, only ten survived infancy; among these Joyce had the closest relationship with his brother Stanislaus, born 17 December 1885.
- 1888        The Joyce family had moved to Bray, and in September Joyce was sent to Clongowes Wood College (Jesuit), where he remained until June 1891, returning home only for holidays.
- 1891        Late in 1891 Joyce, fired by the death of Parnell on 6 October, wrote a verse broadside, his first printed work, with the title of *Et Tu, Healy*. It celebrated the dead hero and attacked his chief political enemy. No copy survives.
- 1893-98     Joyce, withdrawn from Clongowes when the family fortunes began to decline, was sent to Belvedere College, also a Jesuit school, from April 1893. He made a brilliant record, winning several prizes in the intermediate examinations.
- 1899-1902   Joyce's career at University College, Dublin, was marked by his break with his Catholic background and his emergence as a writer. In May 1899, he refused to join a protest against the heresy of Yeats's *Countess Cathleen*. On 20 January 1900 he read a paper on 'Drama and Life' before the Literary and Historical Society; his essay on 'Ibsen's New Drama' (*When We Dead Awaken*) was published in the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1900; a pamphlet, 'The Day of the Rabblement', attacking the parochialism of the Irish Literary Theatre, was written on 15 October 1901; an essay on 'James Clarence Mangan' was published in May 1902. During this period, also, he wrote a play entitled *A Brilliant Career* and translated two plays of Hauptmann.

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After receiving his degree on 31 October 1902, Joyce considered attending medical school in Dublin, but decided to study in Paris instead. He planned to be both doctor and writer. Leaving Dublin in late November, he stopped briefly in London to see W. B. Yeats, Arthur Symonds, and various editors, then proceeded to Paris. There he quickly abandoned his medical studies, but lived the life of a Bohemian student, fascinated by the scene and usually its hungriest observer. Twenty-three book reviews by him appeared in a Dublin newspaper from 11 December 1902 to 19 November 1903.

1903 In April his mother's last illness began; on receipt of an urgent telegram from his father, Joyce returned to Dublin. Mary Jane Joyce died on 13 August.

1904 7 January is the date of the first draft of *Stephen Hero*, a later version of which was published (posthumously) in 1944.

About March Joyce obtained a position as teacher at the Clifton School, Dalkey, where he remained until the end of June. On 16 May he sang at the Feis Ceoil, a music festival, but failed to win because he could not read music at sight. About 10 June he met Nora Barnacle, and shortly thereafter, perhaps on 16 June (the day he later chose as the date for *Ulysses*), fell in love with her. Opposed to marriage and unable to live openly with her in Dublin, he decided to return to the Continent. Before leaving he wrote the satirical broadside, 'The Holy Office', distributed not long after his departure on 8 October.

Upon arriving with Nora in Zurich he found that his expected position as teacher at the Berlitz School was not available, and proceeded to Pola (now in Yugoslavia) to teach English at the Berlitz School there.

During 1904 his first published poems and stories appeared.

1905 In March Joyce was transferred to the Berlitz School in Trieste.

On 27 July his son Giorgio was born.

In September his difficulties with publishers began with the rejection by Grant Richards of *Chamber Music*.

In October Stanislaus Joyce, at his brother's urging, came to live in Trieste.

At the end of November the submission of the manuscript

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of *Dubliners* to Grant Richards started a contentious correspondence over the book.

1906 In July Joyce, bored with Trieste, took his wife and son to Rome, where a position in a bank awaited him.

1907 On 17 January 1907 he contracted with Elkin Mathews for the publication of *Chamber Music*.

In March, Rome having proved unsatisfactory, Joyce returned to Trieste, where after a brief spell of teaching at the Berlitz School he found private lessons more profitable.

Early in May *Chamber Music* was published.

On 26 July, St Anne's Day, his daughter Lucia Anna was born.

1909 On 1 August Joyce returned to Ireland for a visit. At the beginning of September, he signed a contract for the publication of *Dubliners* by Maunsel & Co. in Dublin. On 9 September he returned to Trieste, and interested some businessmen there in starting up cinemas in Ireland. With their backing he returned to Dublin on 21 October and opened the Cinematograph Volta on 20 December.

1910 Unwilling to remain as manager, Joyce returned to Trieste in January, and the Volta was soon after sold. In July Maunsel & Co., suddenly fearful because of the candour of *Dubliners*, postponed publication of the book.

1912 From July to September Joyce made his last trip to Ireland, going to Galway as well as Dublin. He was unable to persuade Maunsel & Co. to publish *Dubliners* and the printer broke up the type. Joyce's impressions of Dublin were summarized in the broadside, 'Gas from a Burner', written on his return journey.

1913 Through Yeats's intercession Joyce was brought into communication with Ezra Pound, who interested Miss Dora Marsden, the editor of the *Egoist*, in his work.

1914 A lucky year: in January Grant Richards agreed to publish *Dubliners*, and did so on 15 June. From 2 February 1914 to 1 September 1915 *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was published (thanks to Miss Dora Marsden and subsequently to Miss Weaver, who was to become his patron) in the *Egoist* (London) in serial form. In March Joyce began work on *Ulysses*, but put it aside for a time to write *Exiles*, finished in 1915.

1915 Although his brother was interned because of the war at

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the beginning of 1915, Joyce was left undisturbed in Trieste by the Austrian authorities. At the end of June he was permitted to depart for Switzerland on his word of honour to remain neutral. In August, through the intercession of Pound, Edmund Gosse, and Yeats, he received a gift of money from the Royal Literary Fund.

1916 In September he received a grant from the British Treasury Fund.

On 29 December the *Portrait* was published in New York.

1917 On 12 February the *Portrait* was published in London.

Later this year Joyce received a first gift from Miss Weaver.

During this year Joyce's eye troubles grew worse and made necessary his first eye operation late in the summer. On 12 October he went to Locarno to recover in the milder climate.

1918 In January Joyce returned to Zurich. Here Mrs Harold McCormick gave him a monthly stipend to enable him to write. Temporarily in funds, he organized, with Claud W. Sykes, the English Players, whose first production, Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest*, took place on 29 April. A quarrel with the leading actor over salary brought about two inconclusive lawsuits, the first in October 1918, the second in February 1919.

In March the *Little Review* (New York) began to publish *Ulysses* in serial form, completing half the book by the end of 1920.

On 25 May *Exiles* was published in England and the United States.

1919 Early in the autumn Mrs McCormick withdrew her subsidy, and in October Joyce returned with his family to Trieste. There he taught English at a commercial school and worked hard at *Ulysses*.

1920 In June Joyce went with his son to Desenzano, Italy, to meet Ezra Pound, who persuaded him to come to live in Paris so as to promote the publication of his work. The same month the Joyce family moved to Paris.

In October the Society for the Suppression of Vice lodged a complaint against the *Little Review* in New York for publishing certain passages of *Ulysses*.

1921 The final stages of preparing *Ulysses* for the public: in



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April Joyce agreed to have Sylvia Beach publish it in Paris. On 7 December Valéry Larbaud, who had read the manuscript, delivered a eulogistic lecture on *Ulysses*, which, published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in April 1922, set the key for the critical reception.

1922 On 2 February, Joyce's birthday, *Ulysses* was published.

On 1 April Nora Joyce took the two children to Ireland to visit her mother, but was obliged to leave at once because of the Irish civil war. In May Joyce planned a trip to London but gave it up because of eye trouble. He went there, however, in August, returning to Paris in late September, then in mid-October went to Nice, intending to winter there. Because of pressure of affairs he returned to Paris.

1923 On 10 March Joyce wrote a first sketch for a character in *Finnegans Wake*.

From late June to mid-August, he and his family went to London, Bognor (on the Sussex coast), and London again.

1924 Another year of severe eye trouble.

In April 1924 the first fragment of *Finnegans Wake* was published in the *Transatlantic Review* (Paris).

From July to mid-August the Joyces were at St Malo and Quimper in Brittany: they returned to Paris at the beginning of September and late in the month went to London for about three weeks.

1925 In July the *Criterion* (London) published a second fragment from *Finnegans Wake*.

Late in July Joyce was at Fécamp; in August at Archachon, returning to Paris early in September.

On 1 October the *Navire d'Argent* (Paris) published *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

1926 From late July to September at Ostend and Brussels.

1927 During 1927 Joyce, in a fit of depression over *Finnegans Wake* and his friends' comments on it, considered abandoning the book.

On 2 February an international protest against the piracy of *Ulysses* in the United States was promulgated.

From April 1927 to May 1938 sections of *Finnegans Wake* were published in *transition* (Paris) by Eugene Jolas.

In April Joyce went to London to be guest of honour at a dinner of the P.E.N. Club. He spent May and June at The Hague and Amsterdam.

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- On 5 July *Pomes Penyeach* was published.
- 1928 In March Joyce went to Dieppe and Rouen; at the end of April he was in Toulon, returning in May. From July to mid-September he was at Salzburg.
- On 20 October *Anna Livia Plurabelle* was published in book form. Mrs Joyce had a serious but successful operation in November, after their return to Paris.
- 1929 The French translation of *Ulysses* was published in February.
- During July and August Joyce spent a few days in London, a month in Torquay, a few days in Bristol.
- In August *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* was published.
- 1930 In January Joyce began his efforts, which would last into 1934, to promote the career of John Sullivan, Irish-French tenor.
- In May and June Dr Alfred Vogt began a series of eye operations on Joyce in Zurich.
- In June *Haveth Childers Everywhere* was published.
- During July and August Joyce was in London, then for a few days in Oxford, and then in Llandudno (Wales). In September he was briefly at Étretat, where he was involved in a motor accident.
- On 10 December Giorgio Joyce and Helen Kastor Fleischmann were married.
- 1931 In April Joyce spent a few days at Wiesbaden; at the end of the month he gave up his Paris flat, and in May went to London. He took a flat in Kensington and furnished it, intending to set up an English domicile. On 4 July he and Nora Joyce were married at a registry office in London 'for testamentary reasons'. In September they let their London flat and returned to Paris, where they took a furnished flat for the winter.
- On 29 December Joyce's father, John Stanislaus Joyce, died in Dublin at the age of 82.
- 1932 On 15 February a grandson, Stephen James Joyce, was born.
- In March Lucia Joyce suffered a mental breakdown, the first serious indication of her schizophrenia. The Joyces had planned to go to London in April, but her violent protests broke off the trip. From July to September they were at Zurich, and made a short visit to see Lucia at Feld-

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kirch (Austria), where she was staying with Mrs Eugene Jolas. They then returned to Zurich and after the middle of September went on to Nice, where Lucia joined them.

During this year Paul Léon became Joyce's principal helper.

1933 In May the Joyces went to Zurich. They spent the summer at Evian (on the Lake of Geneva) to take the waters and be near Lucia who was in an institution in the neighbourhood.

On 6 December Judge John M. Woolsey issued his famous decision on *Ulysses*, ruling that it was not pornographic and making possible its American publication.

1934 In February *Ulysses* was published in New York.

During March Joyce went on a motor tour with friends to Grenoble, Zurich, and Monte Carlo. In April he went to consult Dr Vogt in Zurich.

In May 1934 Giorgio Joyce and his family went to the United States, where they remained until November 1935.

In June *The Mime of Mick Nick and the Maggies* was published.

At the end of July Joyce went to Spa, Belgium; in September he travelled to Zurich and Geneva, remaining in Zurich until the end of the year so as to be near Lucia.

1935 At the end of January Joyce returned to Paris from Zurich. In February Lucia went to London, and she spent March to July in Dublin, her mind showing increasing signs of strain. From August to December she stayed with Miss Weaver.

In September Joyce spent some days at Fontainebleau.

1936 On 26 July *A Chaucer A B C*, with initial letters by Lucia Joyce, was published as part of her father's frantic efforts to make her well.

During August and September the Joyces were in Denmark, and also visited Bonn en route.

In December *Collected Poems* was published.

1937 In August the Joyces were in Zurich, in September at Dieppe.

In October *Storiella as She Is Syung*, the last fragment of *Finnegans Wake* to appear separately in book form, was published.

1938 From August to September the Joyces were in Zurich and Lausanne.

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1939        On 2 February Joyce exhibited a first bound copy of *Finnegans Wake*, although the book was not officially published in England and America until 4 May.

             In July the Joyces were at Étretat, in August at Berne; when war was declared they were in Zurich. Returning to France they stayed at La Baule, to be near Lucia's *maison de santé*, from September to December. In December they went to St Gérard-le-Puy, near Vichy.

1940        On 14 December the Joyces left St Gérard-le-Puy for Zurich, after elaborate negotiations for themselves and prolonged but unsuccessful efforts to enable Lucia, whose *permis de sortir* had expired meanwhile, to accompany them.

1941        Joyce died 13 January, at 2 a.m., in the Schwesterhaus vom Roten Kreuz in Zurich, as a result of a perforated ulcer.

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# 1901

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TO HENRIK IBSEN

March 1901

8 Royal Terrace, Fairfield, Dublin

Honoured Sir: I write to you to give you greeting on your seventy-third birthday and to join my voice to those of your well-wishers in all lands. You may remember that shortly after the publication of your latest play, *When We Dead Awaken*, an appreciation of it appeared in one of the English reviews—*The Fortnightly Review*—over my name. I know that you have seen it because some short time afterwards Mr William Archer wrote to me and told me that in a letter he had had from you some days before, you had written, 'I have read or rather spelled out a review in *The Fortnightly Review* by Mr James Joyce which is very benevolent and for which I should greatly like to thank the author if only I had sufficient knowledge of the language.' (My own knowledge of your language is not, as you see, great but I trust you will be able to decipher my meaning.<sup>1</sup>) I can hardly tell you how moved I was by your message. I am a young, a very young man, and perhaps the telling of such tricks of the nerves will make you smile. But I am sure if you go back along your own life to the time when you were an undergraduate at the University as I am, and if you think what it would have meant to you to have earned a word from one who held as high a place in your esteem as you hold in mine, you will understand my feeling. One thing only I regret, namely, that an immature and hasty article should have met your eye rather than something better and worthier of your praise. There may not have been any wilful stupidity in it, but truly I can say no more. It may annoy you to have your works at the mercy of striplings but I am sure you would prefer hotheadedness to nerveless and 'cultured' paradoxes.

What shall I say more? I have sounded your name defiantly through the college where it was either unknown or known faintly and darkly. I have claimed for you your rightful place in the history of the drama. I have shown what, as it seemed to me, was your highest excellence—

<sup>1</sup> Gorman in his biography states that Joyce wrote the letter first in English and then turned it into Norwegian.

your lofty impersonal power. Your minor claims—your satire, your technique and orchestral harmony—these, too, I advanced. Do not think me a hero-worshipper—I am not so. And when I spoke of you in debating societies and so forth, I enforced attention by no futile ranting.

But we always keep the dearest things to ourselves. I did not tell them what bound me closest to you. I did not say how what I could discern dimly of your life was my pride to see, how your battles inspired me—not the obvious material battles but those that were fought and won behind your forehead, how your wilful resolution to wrest the secret from life gave me heart and how in your absolute indifference to public canons of art, friends and shibboleths you walked in the light of your inward heroism. And this is what I write to you of now. Your work on earth draws to a close and you are near the silence. It is growing dark for you. Many write of such things, but they do not know. You have only opened the way—though you have gone as far as you could upon it—to the end of ‘John Gabriel Borkman’ and its spiritual truth—but your last play stands, I take it, apart. But I am sure that higher and holier enlightenment lies—onward.

As one of the young generation for whom you have spoken I give you greeting—not humbly, because I am obscure and you in the glare, not sadly, because you are an old man and I am a young man, not presumptuously nor sentimentally—but joyfully, with hope and with love, I give you greeting.

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# 1902

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TO LADY GREGORY<sup>1</sup>

N.D. [November 1902]

*7 St Peter's Terrace, Cabra, Dublin*

Dear Lady Gregory: I have broken off my medical studies here and am going to trouble you with a history. I have a degree of B.A. from the Royal University, and I had made plans to study medicine here. But the college authorities are determined I shall not do so, wishing I dare say to prevent me from securing any position of ease from which I might speak out my heart. To be quite frank I am without means to pay my medical fees and they refuse to get me any grinding or tuitions or examining—alleging inability—although they have done and are doing so for men who were stuck in the exams I passed. I want to get a degree in medicine, for then I can build up my work securely. I want to achieve myself—little or great as I may be—for I know that there is no heresy or no philosophy which is so abhorrent to my church as a human being, and accordingly I am going to Paris. I intend to study medicine at the University of Paris supporting myself there by teaching English. I am going alone and friendless—I know of a man who used to live somewhere near Montmartre but I have never met him—into another country, and I am writing to you to know can you help me in any way. I do not know what will happen to me in Paris but my case can hardly be worse than it is here. I am leaving Dublin by the night boat on Monday 1st December and my train leaves Victoria Station for Newhaven the same night. I am not despondent however because I know that even if I fail to make my way such failure proves very little. I shall try myself against the powers of the world. All things are inconstant except the faith of the soul, which changes all things and fills their inconstancy with light. And though I seem to have been driven out of my country here as a misbeliever I have found no man yet with a faith like mine.

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter has not been traced. A typewritten copy made by Lady Gregory was found amongst the papers of the late W. B. Yeats. It has an inscription on the back in W. B. Yeats's handwriting and there is of course no question of its authenticity.

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# 1904

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TO OLIVER ST JOHN GOGARTY

3 June 1904

60 Shelbourne Road, Dublin

Dear Gogarty:<sup>1</sup> I sent you back the budget. I am still alive. Here is a more reasonable request. I am singing at a garden fête on Friday and if you have a decent suit to spare or a cricket shirt send it or them. I am trying to get an engagement in the Kingstown Pavilion. Do you know anyone there? My idea for July and August is this—to get Dolmetsch to make me a lute and to coast the south of England from Falmouth to Margate singing old English songs. When are you leaving Oxford? I wish I could see it. I don't understand your allusion. *Chamber Music* is the title for the suite. I suppose Jenny<sup>2</sup> is leaving in a day or so. I shall call to say farewell and adieu. Her letter did not annoy me. The others did. I enclose one lest you should plume yourself. Ellwood<sup>3</sup> is nearly cured. I have a rendezvous with Annie Langton. But you forget her? I have no news to report. Their Intensities and Their Bullockships<sup>4</sup> continue to flourish. His Particular Intensity<sup>5</sup> walks now unencumbered. Headley [?] is going for Greenwood Pim's<sup>6</sup> job in C P I—desires to be remembered to you. You will not have me faithfully. Adieu then, Inconsequent.

Stephen Daedalus

<sup>1</sup> Oliver St John Gogarty, poet, wit, author and physician, was a member of the Irish Senate from 1922 to 1934.

<sup>2</sup> For a highly entertaining account of Jenny, an acrobat and a young lady with a taste for esoteric lingerie, see Oliver St John Gogarty's *Mourning Became Mrs Spendlove* (New York, 1948).

<sup>3</sup> 'Temple' in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

<sup>4</sup> Their Intensities: earnest Sinn Feiners. Their Bullockships: countrified louts or, perhaps, as Stanislaus Joyce suggests, priests, whom his brother often called 'the Bonzes'.

<sup>5</sup> Mr J. F. Byrne, whose *Silent Years* (New York, 1953) is rich in interest for all who wish to know something of Joyce's early days. This sobriquet was given him by Stanislaus Joyce. 'Unencumbered'—i.e. without his usual companion, Cosgrave (the 'Lynch' of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*).

<sup>6</sup> Greenwood Pim M.A. was secretary to the committee of management of Conjoint (Medical) Examinations Office, Royal College of Physicians, Ireland (C P I).



TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

23 June 1904

No address

Dear Curran: The Accountant-General<sup>1</sup> would not like me at present—black eye, sprained wrist, sprained ankle, cut chin, cut hand. I enclose eloquent note from *Saturday Review*.<sup>2</sup> For one rôle at least I seem unfit—that of man of honour. However I will not groan through the post. Here is the marvellous novel delivered upon you by my twenty-third sister. An amiable creditor waited on me at breakfast yesterday for the return of fourpence which he had ‘lent’ me. If you are too busy to read the novel now, no harm. But as soon as you have read it send me word to meet you on some altitude where we can utter our souls unmolested. The ‘Titania’ people paid me in nods & becks & wreathed smiles. The Celbridge concert fell through. Nok sagt!<sup>3</sup> Yours heroically, Stephen Daedalus.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

Postmark: 3 July 1904

[Postcard]

No address

Je serai à votre bureau demain. Suis dans un trou sanguinaire. J. A. J.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

N.D. (?) 1904

*The Rain, Friday (sic)*

Dear Curran: Invaluable! A thousand feudal thanks! I have finished the awful chapter—102 pages—and Russell (A.E.) has the book now. I shall send you the chapter in a week. I am writing a series of epicleti<sup>4</sup>—ten—for a paper. I have written one. I call the series *Dubliners* to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city. Look out for an edition de luxe of all my limericks instantly. More anon

S.D.

S D (*sic*)

<sup>1</sup> Mr Curran had just joined the Four Courts (Dublin) service and been posted to the Accountant-General's office.

<sup>2</sup> A note expressing ‘cordial thanks’ for his contribution (‘Silently she’s combing,’ reprinted in *Chamber Music*).

<sup>3</sup> Meaning ‘Enough said’ (Danish).

<sup>4</sup> Derived from *epiclesis* (invocation).

To George Roberts

JULY 1904

TO GEORGE ROBERTS

N.D. Postmark, 13 July 1904

[Letter card in pencil]

G.O.P. [Dublin]

Dear Roberts:<sup>1</sup> Be in the 'Ship' tomorrow at 3.30 with £1. My piano is threatened. It is absurd that my superb voice should suffer. You recognise a plain duty—Well then—

James Overman.<sup>2</sup>

TO GRANT RICHARDS

26 September 1904

7 S. Peter's Terrace, Cabra, Dublin

Dear Sir: Mr Arthur Symons<sup>3</sup> has written to me saying that you have my book of verses *Chamber Music* under consideration. As a publishing business here (in conjunction with Macmillan) has offered to bring it out and as I myself shall probably be leaving Ireland in a fortnight for Holland I shall be glad if you will let me know whether you have come to any decision on the matter.

TO GEORGE ROBERTS

5 October 1904

7 St Peter's Terrace, Cabra, Dublin

Dear Roberts: I received another telegram telling me to start for Zurich in Switzerland on Saturday. The cheapest fare is £3 . 15 . 0.

£3 . 15 . 0
2
£7 . 10 . 0

I am counting for £1 between you and Ryan.<sup>4</sup> That is not exorbitant, I think, as it is my last. May I count on you for this *early* on Friday? Answer kindly. I may call.

<sup>1</sup> George Roberts, who died in 1953, one of the founder members of the Irish National Theatre Society, was also a director of the Dublin firm Maunsel and Company (later, Maunsel and Roberts) which published Synge, Yeats and Lady Gregory, and all but published *Dubliners*.

<sup>2</sup> In reference to Nietzsche's 'Übermensch'.

<sup>3</sup> Arthur Symons (1865–1945), distinguished poet and critic and a leading figure of the 'nineties. His works include *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* (1899); *Collected Poems* (1901); and *Confessions* (1930).

<sup>4</sup> Frederick Ryan, editor with John Eglinton of *Dana*, was a friend of Joyce. He wrote *inter alia* a play *The Laying of the Foundations* and edited Mustapha Kemal Pasha's *Egypt*.

TO GEORGE ROBERTS

N.D. [? 7 October 1904]

[Dublin]

Dear Roberts:<sup>1</sup> For God's sake give me that 10/- to bearer or meet me at North Wall boat at 9 o'clock. J. A. J.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

New Year's Eve 1904

Via Giulia 2, Pola, Austria

Dear Aunt Josephine:<sup>2</sup> A thousand apologies for my usual impoliteness and a thousand best wishes to you and Uncle Willie for the New Year. My letters to Stannie will have shown you how very busy I am at all kinds of drudgery and how difficult it is for me to write long letters. Add to this my lovely laziness of temper. My publisher has smashed, my cheques go astray, you may have heard. Have you read 'After the Race'?<sup>3</sup> I send Chaps XII, XIII, XIV tonight or tomorrow. The money here is all irregular for some weeks and I have not been able to send them off. It is probable that I shall leave this address next week as the house is unhealthy and I want as much health as possible for Nora.

By the way, if the request does not revolt your delicacy you might write to Signora Joyce at this address (letters will be sent on). She is away from all women except a little Fräulein and is of course adorably stupid on these points. You might write some kind of a generalising 'Don't-be-alarmed-my-dear' letter as my own steely cheerfulness in what does not afflict me personally is in need of some feminine supplement.

Stannie writes to me that Alice<sup>4</sup> has had to undergo some operation. I hope it has been successful. He sends me also a diverting account of some mourners near the Cattlemarket. I am trying to move on to Italy as soon as possible as I hate this Catholic country with its hundred races and thousand languages, governed by a parliament which can transact no business and sits for a week at the most and by the most physically corrupt royal house in Europe. Pola is a back-of-God-speed place—a naval Siberia—37 men o'war in the harbour, swarming with faded uniforms. Istria is a long boring place wedged into the Adriatic peopled by ignorant Slavs who wear little red caps and colossal breeches.

<sup>1</sup> Included by permission of Mrs George Roberts. Original written as if in haste or under stress. Cf. Gorman's biography for account of Joyce's departure from Dublin on 8 October 1904.

<sup>2</sup> His aunt-by-marriage, wife of William Murray.

<sup>3</sup> A story in *Dubliners*.

<sup>4</sup> A daughter.

*To Mrs William Murray*

DECEMBER 1904

I shall be glad to hear from you any news you may have—that is if my lax manners have not displeased you too much. I have nothing to relate about myself except that though I am quickly disillusioned I have not been able to discover any falsehood in this nature which had the courage to trust me. It was this night three months ago that we left the North Wall. Strange to say I have not yet left her on the street, as many wise men said I would. In conclusion—I spit upon the image of the Tenth Pius.

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# 1905

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TO GRANT RICHARDS

23 September 1905

*Via S. Nicolo 30, Trieste*

Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for your kind opinion of my book of verse. I am sure also that what you say about the public caring little for verse by new writers is true. I should like to be able to co-operate with you in these circumstances but I cannot as I have no money. My music must therefore justify its name strictly. Allow me once again to thank you for the interest you have taken in my verse and to ask you to send it back to me as soon as you can.

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# 1906

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TO GRANT RICHARDS

20 February 1906

*Via S. Nicolo 30, Trieste*

Dear Mr Grant Richards: I am glad that you are pleased with *Dubliners*. As for the terms you offer me I may say that perhaps it would be best for me to put myself in your hands. I am sure that you will deal with me as generously as you can. As a matter of fact my future work in which you seem to be interested is largely dependent on an improvement of my financial state. I have written nearly a thousand pages of a novel<sup>1</sup> but I have little leisure, comfort or prospects for continuing it.

I should like to know when you propose to publish the book, in what form and at what price. If you will let me know I can send you the last story I have written—unless perhaps you have as superstitious an objection to the number thirteen as you seem to have with regard to Ireland and short stories in general.

P.S. After the 24th of this month my address will be:

Via Giovanni Boccaccio, 1,  
Trieste.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

26 April 1906

*Via Giovanni Boccaccio 1, Trieste*

Dear Mr Grant Richards: You tell me that the printer to whom you sent my story *Two Gallants* before you read it yourself refuses to print it and therefore you ask me either to suppress it or to modify it in such a way as to enable it to pass. I cannot see my way to do either of these things. I have written my book with considerable care, in spite of a hundred difficulties and in accordance with what I understand to be the classical tradition of my art. You must therefore allow me to say that your printer's opinion of it does not interest me in the least. Moreover, I cannot alter the passages which are marked in blue pencil in the story

<sup>1</sup> Refers to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (at this stage, *Stephen Hero*).

*Counterparts* nor can I suggest any other word than the word 'bloody' for the story *Grace*.

I intended to send you today the fourteenth and last story of the book, *A Little Cloud* which is now ready. I shall not do so, however, until I hear from you in reply: and I am also retaining the MSS of the two stories which you sent me. If in your next letter you tell me that you can see your way to print my book as I have written it and that you have found a printer who will endanger his immortal soul to that extent I shall then send you the three stories together. If you decide differently you can send me back the other eleven stories and we can consider the matter at an end. Naturally, I should be sorry if our relations ended in such a way. It would be almost a disaster to me but I am afraid the service which you ask me to do for your printer's conscience is not in my power.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

20 May 1906

Via Giovanni Boccaccio 1, Trieste

Dear Mr Grant Richards: You say that the difficulties between us have narrowed themselves down. If this be true it is I who have narrowed them. If you will recall your first letter you will see that on your side they have broadened a little. While I have made concessions as to the alteration of a word in three of the stories you are simply allowing me to use it in a story where, not having noticed it until I pointed it out to you, you had not objected to it. Moreover you now say that you wish to leave out altogether the story *An Encounter*. You said nothing of this in your first letter and it was I, again, who pointed out to you the 'enormity' in it. It is true that you concede one of the disputed passages in *Counterparts* but, inasmuch as you say you have no feeling on the subject, I suppose the concession costs you much less than those I have made cost me.

I mention these facts in order that you may see that I have tried to meet your objections. We are agreed now about *Grace*, *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room* and *The Boarding-House*. There remain only the second passage in *Counterparts* and the story *Two Gallants*. I invite you to read the former story again. The incident described is (in my opinion, if that counts for anything) essential. It occurs at a vital part of the story and, if it is taken out, the effect at the end is (in my opinion) lost. However (you see that it is really I who narrow the difficulties between us) if you can point out to me expressly any word or phrase which I can alter without omitting the incident, much as I dislike to do so, I will try again to meet you.

I have agreed to omit the troublesome word in *Two Gallants*. To omit the story from the book would really be disastrous. It is one of the most important stories in the book. I would rather sacrifice *five* of the other stories (which I could name) than this one. It is the story (after *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room*) which pleases me most. I have shown you that I can concede something to your fears. But you cannot really expect me to mutilate my work!

You state your objection to *An Encounter* (an objection I was imprudent enough to provoke) so mildly that I imagine this will not be one of our difficulties. In all seriousness I would urge the interference of the printer as soon as possible if my book is not to dwindle into a pamphlet, for each bout of letters, as it brings some little concession from my side, brings also some little new demand from yours. And as I have told you all along I am convinced that your fears are exaggerated. Many of the passages and phrases over which we are now disputing escaped you: it was I who showed them to you. And do you think that what escaped you (whose business it is to look for such things in the books you consider) will be surely detected by a public which reads the books for quite another reason?

I regret very much that the interview you suggested earlier in the correspondence is impossible. I believe that in an interview I could much more easily defeat whatever influences you in holding your present position. As for the disastrous effect the book would have if published in its present form it seems to me such a result is more likely to hit me than you. Critics (I think) are fonder of attacking writers than publishers; and, I assure you their attacks on me would in no way hasten my death. Moreover, from the point of view of financial success it seems to me more than probable than (*sic*) an attack, even a fierce and organised attack, on the book by the press would have the effect of interesting the public in it to much better purpose than the tired chorus of imprimaturs with which the critical body greets the appearance of every book which is not dangerous to faith or morals.

You cannot see anything impossible and unreasonable in my position. I have explained and argued everything at full length and, when argument and explanation were unavailing, I have perforce granted what you asked, and even what you didn't ask, me to grant. The points on which I have not yielded are the points which rivet the book together. If I eliminate them what becomes of the chapter of the moral history of my country? I fight to retain them because I believe that in composing my chapter of moral history in exactly the way I have composed



it I have taken the first step towards the spiritual liberation of my country. Reflect for a moment on the history of the literature of Ireland as it stands at present written in the English language before you condemn this genial illusion of mine which, after all, has at least served me in the office of a candlestick during the writing of the book.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

23 June 1906

Via Giovanni Boccaccio 1, Trieste

Dear Mr Grant Richards: I have received the manuscript safely. For the next few days I shall be engaged on a translation but during next week I shall read over the whole book and try to do what I can with it. I shall delete the word 'bloody' wherever it occurs except in one passage in *The Boarding-House*. I shall modify the passage in *Counterparts* as best I can. Since you object to it so strongly. These are operations which I dislike from the bottom of my heart and I am only conceding so much to your objections in order that *Two Gallants* may be included. If you cannot see your way to publish it I will have only wasted my time for nothing. As for the fourteenth story *A Little Cloud* I do not expect you will find anything in it to object to. In any case I will send it back with the others, as you direct me.

Some of my suggestions may have seemed to you rather farcical: and I suppose it would be useless for me to suggest that you should find another printer. I would prefer a person who was dumb from his birth, or, if none such can be found, a person who will not 'argue the point.' But let that pass.

Your suggestion that those concerned in the publishing of *Dubliners* may be prosecuted for indecency is in my opinion an extraordinary contribution to the discussion. I know that some amazing imbecilities have been perpetrated in England but I really cannot see how any civilised tribunal could listen for two minutes to such an accusation against my book. I care little or nothing whether what I write is indecent or not but, if I understand the meaning of words, I have written nothing whatever indecent in *Dubliners*.

I send you a Dublin paper by this post. It is the leading satirical paper of the Celtic nations, corresponding to *Punch* or *Pasquino*. I send it to you that you may see how witty the Irish are as all the world knows. The style of the caricaturist will show you how artistic they are: and you will see for yourself that the Irish are the most spiritual race on the face of the earth. Perhaps this may reconcile you to *Dubliners*. It is not my

*To Grant Richards*

JUNE 1906

fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.

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# 1907

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TO ELKIN MATHEWS<sup>1</sup>

3 March 1907

[Postcard]

*Via S. Nicolo 32, Trieste*

Dear Sir: Thanks for your card. Before leaving Rome<sup>2</sup> I left my change of address at the G.P.O. but could not acquaint you as I decided on coming here only the very morning of my departure. This will be my address for the time as I have to deliver a series of lectures here on *The Celtic Revival*. With regard to your second proofs I have written to a friend of mine in Rome asking him to call on the P.O. authorities and expect an answer tomorrow. I shall write you in any case tomorrow and let you know whether it will be necessary for you to send a fresh batch of proofs which, I fear, may be the case as the mills of governmental departments in Italy grind exceeding slow.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

10 May 1907

*Via S. Nicolo, 32, Trieste*

Dear Curran: I send you by the same post my volume of verses *Chamber Music* which was published in London on Monday last. I trust sincerely that in the future I may be in a position to requite the obligations I am under towards you. I would have sent you also my MS copy but that I feared my doing so would seem to imply a higher conceit of these verses than I now have. However, if you wish for it (as I promised it to you) I have it still.

<sup>1</sup> Elkin Mathews published *Chamber Music* in May 1907.

<sup>2</sup> Joyce was living in Rome from July 1906 to March 1907.

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# 1909

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TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER<sup>1</sup>

26 April 1909

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8, Trieste

Dear Sir: My delay in replying to your letter has been caused by my removal to this address.

I thank you very much for kindly sending me a copy of your *cantata*. I have shown it as well as your settings of my verses to my singing-master who admires them very much. They are, however, rather low for my voice and also for this reason I am afraid they would not suit Mr J. F. MacCormack, who, I am sure, as a friend of mine would gladly have given them a trial. My father knows (or knew) well Mr Plunket Greene and if you think well of it I shall have his attention drawn to them. They would suit his voice and style very well.

I have never seen *Billy Byrne* printed: but I am sure my namesake, Dr P. W. Joyce, will be able to tell you where it has been printed. If not you could ask Mr Best<sup>2</sup> of the *Feis Ceoil*. Should you not find it I shall write down for you the version I have (which, however, is probably incorrect as I have it only by ear) and send it on to you.

I am very glad you are doing more of those songs and much flattered by your liking for them. Perhaps the extracts of press notices on the book which I enclose will interest you. I also send you a little article<sup>3</sup> of mine in the hope that as you are a musician you can read Italian. It was written on a fellow-countryman of yours (and mine) on the occasion of the first performance here this month of Strauss's opera with Bellinioni in the part.

With best wishes for the success of your *cantata*.

TO ELKIN MATHEWS

12 July 1909

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8, Trieste

Dear Sir: If you hold the dramatic rights of *Riders to the Sea* will you

<sup>1</sup> Irish composer now living at Sandycove.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Richard Best, well-known Celtic scholar and sometime director of the National Library of Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> 'Oscar Wilde: Il Poeta di Salome,' *Piccolo della Sera* (March 24, 1909). Strauss's opera was *Salomé*.

kindly let me know whether Mr Alfredo Sainati, manager of the Italian Grand Guignol Company can produce my translation of it in Italy and in what conditions. There is no idea for the moment of the translation being published. Messrs Maunsel of Dublin gave me to understand that they had the rights of the play and were making new arrangements with regard to it. Mr Sainati would be glad to know definitely whether he can have it produced or not and in the meantime is holding over the translation.

TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER

19 July 1909

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8, Trieste

Dear Mr Palmer: I received safely your other three songs for which I thank you very much and beg you kindly to excuse me for not writing sooner. However, I was rather busy with rehearsals of a concert at which I had to sing in the quintette from the *Master Singers*. Do you understand the infatuation of people for this opera? I think it is pretentious stuff.

The second three songs please me better than the first five. The setting of the first is very delicate and the effect is finely sustained in the third. The rendering of 'Play on, invisible harps &c' follows the change of the verse splendidly. All the persons to whom I showed your music think it very distinguished.

I am going to Ireland this week and shall try to bring your songs under the notice of someone in Dublin who may bring them out. If you should happen to be in Ireland during the month of August I should be glad to meet you. My address is: 44 Fontenoy Street, Dublin.

There is no likelihood of my writing any more verse unless something unforeseen happens to my brain. I have written a book of stories called *Dubliners* and am in treaty with a publisher about it. Besides that I am at work on a novel *A Portrait of the Artist* at which I have been engaged now for six years. When (or rather *if*) either of these sees the light you may be sure I shall not fail to send you a copy of it.

I hope you may set all of *Chamber Music* in time. This was indeed partly my idea in writing it. The book is in fact a suite of songs and if I were a musician I suppose I should have set them to music myself. The central song is XIV after which the movement is all downwards until XXXIV which is vitally the end of the book. XXXV and XXXVI are tailpieces just as I and III are preludes.

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# 1910

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TO ELKIN MATHEWS

4 April 1910

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8, Trieste

Dear Sir: It is now three years since you published *Chamber Music* and I would be glad to hear if the sales have brought in anything to my profit. Therefore I would ask you to send me an account to date by return.

When I was in Belfast last autumn Mr W. Reynolds, musical critic of the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, gave me some settings he had made of certain of the songs and complained to me that you had refused to give him permission to set them. Illness and various business prevented me from writing you earlier on this matter. I cannot understand why you did not give him leave. I had a letter today from Mr O'Brien Butler, the Irish composer of the opera *Muirgheis*, who writes that he admires the verses very much and will perhaps set some of them. Should he write you thereon I do not see why such permission should be withheld. I was told in Dublin that a Mr Hughes had also done some of the songs and one has even been set by a young Italian musician here. Seeing that no fewer than five composers seem to have been at work on the book and in the light of the press notices which were all very favourable, I am quite at a loss to understand how the book has brought me in nothing so far.

I will ask you for a line in reply and trust it may be of an encouraging nature.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that my long-delayed book of stories *Dubliners* will come out in Dublin early in June published by Messrs Maunsell.

TO ELKIN MATHEWS

15 May 1910

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8, Trieste

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favour of 9 inst and a/c of sales to date. I am very much surprised at the fewness of the copies sold and think the book could have been pushed more in view of the good notices it got on all sides.

From your letter to Mr Reynolds<sup>1</sup> I gather that as far back as September 1908 nos. XXXI and XXIX were secured by him. Mr Molyneux Palmer set nos. I, III, VI, VIII, XVI, XXVIII, XXXI, IX and Mr Reynolds sent me also a setting of XXII and XX. It seems to me therefore that eleven of the songs were set in all. According to an agreement 50% of the monies received by you for such rights should fall to me (see clause 5). I would therefore be glad to hear on what terms you may have disposed of the songs in question.

Mr Reynolds' ground of complaint is not very clear to me but I am writing him today on the matter.

TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER

11 June 1910

Via Vincenzo Scussa 8, Trieste

Dear Mr Palmer: Your letter has just been sent on here from Dublin.

I do not know the North of Ireland except a little of Belfast. If you intended to go west or south I could guide you better. However, I have inquired from an Irish friend of mine here, a Mr Price,<sup>2</sup> who comes from the Ards of Down. He says if you wish to go to Donegal your best centres would be Londonderry, Letterkenny or Ballyshannon. Your best plan would be to insert at once an advertisement in *The Derry Sentinel*, published in Derry saying that you want to board at the figure you state. You should get plenty of answers. If you like I will write to a friend of mine in Belfast, a Mr Reynolds who is musical critic of the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* and has set two or three of the songs from *C.M.* Perhaps he might know of a vacancy such as you desire in Ulster. I fancy by your name that you are a protestant. Could you not write directly to the headquarters of the Irish Church in Dublin offering your services and stating your qualifications which are surely *too good*! This would be the shortest way.

Mr Elkin Mathews has sent me a published setting of *O, it was out by Donnycarney* composed by a Mr Adolph Mann who has written me a very kind and flattering letter and seems to be at work on two other songs in the book. The song I mention has now been set by three composers but Mr Mann has secured the rights of it so that I am afraid that even if you should find a publisher, you cannot publish yours. I am sorry for this but I thought you had protected your rights on those settings. There is another composer, a fourth, who I think will do some of them

<sup>1</sup> Musical critic of the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Henry Blackwood Price, Assistant Manager of The Eastern Telegraph Company in Trieste.

*To G. Molyneux Palmer*

JUNE 1910

also. I am in a rather strange position in the matter so that I think it is better to leave the matter in Mr Elkin Mathews' hands. My reason, however, for writing you is to let you know how the case is lest you should perhaps blame me afterwards. I think your music is very elegant and would like it to be sung.

Many thanks for your kind enquiries about my writing. I have not written any more verse but am busy correcting the proofs of my new book *Dubliners* (a volume of stories) which Messrs Maunsel and Co, Dublin, are to bring out next month. I hope it may interest you though I don't think you will recognise me in it at a first glance as it is somewhat bitter and sordid.

Please let me know how you fare about the Donegal project.



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# 1912

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TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

19 August 1912

17 Richmond Place N.C.R., Dublin

Dear Curran: Allow me to thank you before you leave Dublin for your very kind intervention<sup>1</sup> today on my behalf and also to wish you a pleasant holiday abroad. Should you be near the 'amaro Adriatico' I hope you will come also to my poor Trieste.

TO W. B. YEATS

19 September 1912

Via Donato Bramante 4, Trieste

Dear Yeats: I returned a few days ago and spoke last night with my friend Mr Vidacovich.

His intention is to present you to the Italian public in the first instance through the pages of some review of the same standing as, say, the *Fortnightly*. He believes that *Countess Cathleen* would hardly appeal to an Italian audience in either its first or its new form. If however you think some other of your plays is better fitted for the stage you can send it on and he will read it gladly.

As for his translation of your first version of *Countess Cathleen* (it is not so new however: he followed the text in Fisher Unwin's edition of your collected verses published a few years ago) my friend has taken great pains with it and has got on a good way with it. You have been assured by Mr Cippico as to its merits as a piece of Italian literature and I can vouch for its fidelity. As the translation is not intended for the stage but for the pages of a review, I think you will see no objection to him going ahead with the work. Should the play when so published attract the attention of an Italian Manager you could of course have your acting version brought under his notice. Will you please write me by return so that the matter may be settled at once?

I suppose you will have heard of the fate of my book *Dubliners*. Roberts refused to publish it and finally agreed to sell me the first

<sup>1</sup> Joyce was having difficulties about the publication of *Dubliners* and Mr Curran had intervened at his request.

*To W. B. Yeats*

SEPTEMBER 1912

edition for £30 so that I might publish it myself. Then the printer refused to hand over the 1000 copies which he had printed either to me or to anyone else and actually broke up the type and burned the whole first edition.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

9 December 1912

*Via Donato Bramante 4, Trieste*

Dear Aunt Josephine: I am very sorry to hear of Uncle Willie's death though from what you told me I knew it was a matter of some months only. It is a very sad collapse and I do not know enough of the end to write you more fully. We had many wild nights together, many arguments. He was the only member of my mother's family who seemed to take any pride out of my existence: and I can still remember the tone of his voice when he spoke of 'my nephew'. After all he was a man, like us all or like many of us, worthy of a better life than he had assigned him.

If you have time to write me afterwards I shall be very glad to hear from you and will certainly answer: though, to tell the truth, I dislike to see the Dublin postmark as all the envelopes contain sad news of death, poverty or failure of some kind. If I had known in time I should have sent a wreath in my name and in that of my children but I received a card (or rather Eileen<sup>1</sup> received it) only on Thursday night. I telegraphed lest you might think I had known before then.

Nora begs me to send you her condolence. I renew my own to you and yours. I hope at least that he did not suffer much towards the end. While I was writing this letter many memories came into my mind. Nearly all are pleasant memories: and these are perhaps the best legacy that one can leave to others. And so I take leave of him with pity and regret.

If you will send me a copy of a photograph of his I shall be very glad indeed to have that reminder of a good-hearted and lively companion of my youth.

<sup>1</sup> A sister, later Mrs Schaurek, who was then living with the Joyces in Trieste.

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# 1913

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TO ELKIN MATHEWS

Easter Day 1913

*Via Donato Bramante 4, Trieste*

Dear Mr Mathews: I am obliged by your kind and prompt reply. I do not understand from it however whether you definitely decline my proposal or not. My proposal (based on my knowledge of the fact that, as you say, 'the book is not in harmony with your usual publications') was that the printing should be charged to me (if necessary, in advance), that 100 copies be taken by me at sale price and that my preface<sup>1</sup> (which, of itself, should suffice as a striking advertisement) should be printed. I am willing to add to these another condition: to give you the refusal of the novel which I am engaged on and shall finish this year *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, a book about which you may have heard something from your Irish acquaintances. Let me hear from you on this point.

If, however, you mean that you definitely decline my offer and believe that Mr Long might take the book you can hand it over to him (with the preface) and if you wish me to write you separately to that effect I shall do so.

I want the matter settled as soon as possible. That is why I am willing to make the above terms. The later history of the book seems to be open to one interpretation only and that is, that there was a deliberate conspiracy of certain forces in Ireland to silence me. I can scarcely be accused of egoism in coming to this conclusion in view of the facts.

TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER

6 October 1913

*Via Donato Bramante 4, Trieste*

Dear Mr Palmer: Many thanks for your kind letter and apologies for the delay in answering.

I am glad to hear that our poor songs are going to be brought out. You are kind enough to ask me which I prefer. I prefer

- (1) O, it was out by Donnycarney
- (2) At that hour when all things have repose
- (3) Gentle lady, do not sing.

<sup>1</sup> An account of Joyce's difficulties in getting the book published.

But please do not let my preference interfere in any way with your own desires. I hope you will let me know more of this matter as I could probably sell a few copies here among my friends.

After ten years' silence I wrote a little song<sup>1</sup> the other day and sent it to the *Saturday Review*. Perhaps you saw it. It was in the issue of September 20. You may like it and find it worthy of note.

I have no news of my book yet but as soon as I have I shall not fail to write you as I feel that you take an interest in my writing. It is a long lane that has no turning.

I am glad you like the South of Ireland. My father is a Munsterman and my people came from Fermoy. I know only Cork and Youghal—and like Youghal very much. I should be glad to have some cards of Mallow.

<sup>1</sup> *Watching the Needle Boats at San Sabba*, included in *Pomes Penyeach*.

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# 1914

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TO GRANT RICHARDS

4 March 1914

*Via Donato Bramante 4, Trieste*

Dear Mr Grant Richards: I send you herewith the agreement signed by me. I hope you will manage to bring out the book in May as I could push the sale here very well before summer. I take it that if I want other copies (after the 120 copies which I agree to purchase and pay for as soon as they are ready) you will supply them to me on the same terms. You can incorporate the facts in my fair preface.

As regards the inverted comma the high compositors are not to blame: to me they are an eyesore. I think the page reads better with the dialogue between dashes. But if you are persuaded of the contrary I agree to waive the point and let the inverted commas replace the dashes. But I think you ought not to reject my suggestion at once. I think the commas used in English dialogue are most unsightly and give an impression of unreality.

As regards libel actions as I think I told you I offered the manager of the Dublin house to hire a car and go round to the firms named and show them the allusions and ask them whether they had any objection. The manager refused my offer—knowing (as I knew) what would be the result. The excuses put forward day after day are easily seen through and I find it difficult to come to any other conclusion but this—that the intention was to weary me out and if possible strangle me once and for all. But in this they did not succeed.

In conclusion I wish you good success with my unhappy book.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 November 1914

*Via Donato Bramante 4, Trieste*

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your kind letter of 21 ult which reached me on the 7 inst.

I have now sent on to Mr John Jaffé the fourth and also the fifth (and last) chapters of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. I hope you

*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

NOVEMBER 1914

will receive them safely. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble in the matter.

Any letter forwarded to me should be in Italian or German and preferably in open envelope and quite formal.

I hope I shall remain at liberty. Till now the Austrian authorities have not interfered with me in any way.

Allow me to thank you once again for your kindness and to beg you also to give my kind regards to Mr Pound.<sup>1</sup>

P.S. I am able to send this letter from Venice<sup>2</sup> thanks to the kindness of a friend here. The MSS were sent to Switzerland by the same way. I hope all will arrive safely.

<sup>1</sup> Ezra Pound, American poet and critic, was extremely helpful to Joyce at this time.

<sup>2</sup> Communications between Trieste and London were now difficult because of the war.

To H. L. Mencken

MARCH 1915

lisher since the outbreak of the war and know nothing of this new new edition.

A novel of mine *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* has been running in *The Egoist* (London). The last instalment will be published, I think, next month. If you wish to consider it Mr Pound or the editor of *The Egoist* will be able to give you what information you need. I hope it will come out in book form before the end of the year: but possibly its serial publication in the way you suggest might be arranged so as to be completed before the date of the English publication in book form.

I thank you also for your kind offer to help me to an American audience and hope you will forgive me for asking you to send me the information I desire as it is rather difficult for me for the moment to obtain it in the usual way.

TO GRANT RICHARDS

5 April 1915

c/o Gioacchino Veneziani, Murano, Venice

Dear Mr Grant Richards: Mr Ezra Pound wrote me last week to say that he had handed to you the last chapter of my novel. I hope you will let me have your opinion about it. . . .

Mr H. G. Wells sent me a few days ago a very friendly letter in which he is kind enough to say that 'he has an unstinted admiration for my work.' His secretary or agent,<sup>1</sup> as I believe I wrote you, wrote me last month. I have since received from him an agreement by which he proposes to act as agent for the handling of my literary rights (book rights) and dramatic rights. As regards the former I have replied that you hold the right of refusal of them till 15 June 1918 or 1919. Subject to that I should be inclined to accept his offer, though I hope you will publish me as I imagine you wish to do. As regards the latter (dramatic rights) I have decided to accept his offer. I have written a comedy in three acts *Exiles* and hope he will take over and dispose of its acting rights, the publication in any case falling to you if you care to publish it. But for many reasons I prefer the novel to be published first.

I hope you received safely the press cuttings. Have you not received any notice from the *Freeman's Journal* or from *Sinn Féin* of Dublin? Perhaps you have in the last few months. If so I shall be very much obliged if you will kindly send me them.

<sup>1</sup> J. B. Pinker the well-known London literary agent is meant.

From H. L. MENCKEN to JAMES JOYCE

20 April 1915

*The Smart Set*, 456 Fourth Avenue, New York

Dear Mr Joyce: Two of your stories *The Boarding House* and *A Little Cloud* are in the May *Smart Set*. I am having two copies of the number sent to you by this post. We were unable to take more because the American publisher of 'Dubliners', Mr B. W. Huebsch of 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, planned to bring out the book at about this date. Apparently it has been delayed a bit but I assume that Mr Huebsch still proposes to do it during the spring. The publishing business in the U.S.A. has been hard hit by the war and there are constant changes of plans among the publishers. I think you are fortunate to get into the hands of Mr Huebsch in this country. He is one of the few intelligent publishers in New York.

Mr Pound sent me cuttings of the first 15 or 20 instalments of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and I read them with much interest but the story, unfortunately, is too long and diffuse for the *Smart Set*. We do not publish serials but do a whole novel, or rather novelette, in each number. Sometimes it is possible to carve a novelette out of a novel of the usual length but, as I wrote to Mr Pound, I felt that it would do unpardonable violence to your story to attempt anything of the sort. If you ever have a plan for a novelette, say of 30,000 words, I surely hope that you will let me hear of it. As you may know we also publish an English edition and so we desire both the English and American rights whenever it is possible to get them. In the case of your stories we had to send other stories to England, thus, of course, doubling the expense.

Please don't hesitate to ask if I can do anything for you here in America; and keep the *Smart Set* in mind. Mr Nathan<sup>1</sup> and I took charge of it just as the war began and we have had an uphill battle but it is now, I am glad to say, in good financial condition, paying cash for everything and with both circulation and advertising increasing. It is our aim ultimately to make it the best magazine in America. We want to print all the good novels the other editors baulk at.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

30 April 1915

c/o *Gioacchino Veneziani*, Murano, Venice

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for your letter of 22 instant. I understood that Mr Pound had sent Mr Grant Richards the fifth chapter already

<sup>1</sup> George Jean Nathan, co-editor with Mr H. L. Mencken of *The Smart Set* and for many years a leading dramatic critic and author of books on the theatre.



To Harriet Shaw Weaver

APRIL 1915

set up in proof but it is enough that the whole text is now in his hands. Mr Richards says that he will let me know his decision shortly. In any case the two months should be sufficient for his reader, all the more since the first half of the book was forwarded to him by me last July.

I have appointed Mr Pinker my literary agent and, as it may be useful for him to understand in what relations I stand and have stood till now with my publisher, I shall be much obliged if you will send him under wrapper a copy of the issue of *The Egoist* (15 January 1914) containing Mr Pound's article: *A Curious History*. . . .

As regards your kind suggestion of sending me copies of *The Egoist* to above address I think it is better to wait till you hear from me again. I shall inquire. It would give me great pleasure to receive them and read them but there are many obstacles in the way. On the whole I think it is better to wait until I write again on the subject. I shall do so in a few days. At the same time let me say that I am very much obliged for your kind thought.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

9 May 1915

c/o Gioacchino Veneziani, Murano, Venice

Dear Sir: I enclose copy of account sales furnished by my publisher. From the total 499 are to be deducted 120 copies bought by me here and, I suppose, another 120 or so bought in Dublin, Ireland and London by friends, relations and acquaintances, leaving a sale of about 200 copies in seven months.

My publisher wrote me on 26 ult: 'There is no American edition of *Dubliners*. The letter that was written you speaking of an American edition was evidently written under a misapprehension.' I have since received a second letter from New York (copy enclosed), confirming the previous one. If the American rights have not been disposed of I cannot understand what it means.

My publisher also writes that I should not have allowed anyone to publish serially my novel (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) except by arrangement with him and must not arrange for any serial publication in America. My novel began in the *The Egoist* (the MS having been already delivered by me to Mr Pound) in February 1914. My contract with my publisher was some months later.

I shall be glad to hear from you on these points.

To B. W. HUEBSCH

9 May 1915

c/o Gioacchino Veneziani, Murano, Venice

Dear Sir: Mr H. L. Mencken, editor of the *Smart Set*, writes to tell me (20 ult) that the May issue of his magazine contained two stories of mine *The Boarding House* and *A Little Cloud* which form part of my book of stories *Dubliners*, published in London last June by Grant Richards Ltd. Mr Mencken tells me that he has bought them from or through you for American circulation, speaks of you as the American publisher of *Dubliners* and informs me that you are bringing out an American edition this spring. If it has appeared I shall be very pleased to receive a copy.

From B. W. HUEBSCH to JAMES JOYCE

2 June 1915

Dear Mr Joyce: I observe from your letter of May 9th that Mr Mencken did not make perfectly clear my relation to your volume *Dubliners*. When I was in London, last Summer, Mr Richards gave me a copy which I read with the keenest interest and appreciation. I wanted very much to accept his offer of the American rights but as my capacity is limited, and short stories in book form do not sell well in America I reluctantly abandoned the idea. However, when I returned to the United States I talked to my friends about the stories and lent them the book. Knowing that *Smart Set* editors were looking for good material I suggested that they reprint some of the stories and offered to arrange with Mr Richards for the necessary permission. As you are aware they selected two of the tales and made an offer within their limited means which I submitted to Richards and which he accepted. Thus you will see that my relations to the volume have been purely a friendly one because of my admiration for your work. If it seems at all feasible from a business point of view to publish the book here I should still be very glad to do it, but I am afraid that the sale would be disproportionate to the expense and energy that publication would demand.

Someone to whom I was talking of you, I forget who it was, mentioned that a serial story by you had been running in *The Egoist*. Am I mistaken in my facts? At any rate if anything else of yours has been published in book form I should be very glad to have an opportunity to read it.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

30 June 1915

*Gasthof Hoffnung, Reitergasse 16, Zurich*

Dear Miss Weaver: I have just arrived here from Trieste after a rather adventurous time. The Austrian authorities however were kind enough to give me a permit to the Swiss frontier when the partial evacuation of the city was ordered by the military commando. I stopped here as it is the first big city after the frontier. I do not [know] where I shall live in Switzerland. Possibly here. In any case I shall be very glad to hear from you about my novel. You can write to above address. If I am not here your letter will be forwarded. I am writing to Mr Pound by the same post, explaining my position with more detail. I suppose my novel has now come to an end.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

7 July 1915

*Gasthof Hoffnung, Reitergasse 16, Zurich*

Dear Mr Mencken: It is only now that I am able to acknowledge receipt of your very kind letter of 20 April last. It reached me through my friends in Venice just before the Italian declaration of war and after that it was of course impossible for me to reply. I left Trieste on the 21 June by special permission of the military authorities when the partial evacuation of the city was decided on. After a rather adventurous journey, I arrived here where I am stopping for the present. I wrote at once to my friend in Venice asking him to send on my post. This morning I received the numbers of *The Smart Set* containing my stories and also the others which you were kind enough to send. No letter has reached me. Possibly they have been delayed by the censor and will be sent on later. In any case I must thank you for having introduced me to your public. I have been reading today with great interest your lively articles. It is almost a year since I read any articles in English about books.

I wrote to Mr Huebsch, whose name you gave me, and asked him to let me know whether there is or is to be an American edition of *Dubliners*. I have not yet had an answer. Perhaps the enclosed press notices of my book may interest you. I shall be very anxious to see American notices if the book comes out there.

I am sorry you did not take up the American serial publication of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* but I understand that your review publishes only complete stories. My novel has now come to an end

(serially) in the *Egoist* (London) and is under consideration for publication in book form. As you are so kind as to ask me if I have other material suitable for your review I may say that I have finished a play in three acts *Exiles* and am engaged on a novel which is a continuation of *A Portrait of the Artist* and also of *Dubliners*. I mention the play because I see in one of your numbers a play by Mr Palmer but it is, of course, in one act. I am afraid I am a slow writer. Moreover, I had to struggle nine years to obtain the publication of *Dubliners* and this has delayed me very much.

Excuse me if this letter is very egoistic. I shall certainly bear your kind offer in mind and thank you once again for your friendly letter.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

12 July 1915

Reinhardstrasse 7, Zurich VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your letter and the two copies of *The Egoist* which have just reached me. I shall probably remain here (at this address) for some time. As you ask me I think it would be better if the instalments of my novel could be made a little longer so as to finish the serial publication a little earlier than November. But if you cannot do so conveniently they may run on till then. Mr Pinker writes that he hopes Messrs Secker will publish the book. I shall read the two numbers you sent me with great pleasure. If you send me a few of the spring numbers I shall be very glad to have them.

May I point out that there is a slight mistake in your advertisement columns. My novel did not begin in your paper on the 1 March 1914 but on the 2 February 1914—which, strange to say, is also my birthday.

TO W. B. YEATS

17 July 1915

Reinhardstrasse 7, Zurich VIII

Dear Yeats: Mr Ezra Pound has sent me your note to him enclosing that of Mr Gosse to you. I have sent all the facts of the case<sup>1</sup> so that they can be sent on. I hope and am sure that your intervention will bring a badly needed relief and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness in taking so much trouble in the matter. I am trying to arrange here about the typing of my play *Exiles* and I shall send it then to Mr Pinker. I think I can manage to have it done in exchange for a certain number of lessons. I do not wish however to bore you with the

<sup>1</sup> This relates to the steps taken to obtain for Joyce a gift of money from the Royal Literary Fund, which he received in August 1915.

To W. B. Yeats

JULY 1915

details of my situation. I want only to thank you sincerely for your friendly interest in me.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

31 October 1915

*Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich VIII*

Dear Mr Pinker: I have received your letter of 25 inst. Will you kindly write me as soon and as fully as possible on the following matters?

*Dubliners*: Can you apply now to Mr Richards for the accounts up to 30 June so that they may be sent now or on the 30 November? If any royalty be due to me you can forward it, deducting all moneys due to you.

*Exiles*: You do not mention this. Who has it? Mr Pound writes me that is impossible for theatres there and advises me to try theatres abroad. I shall try if you can send me a copy. Is it possible at a small expense and without damaging the original to have a copy made or taken off in the copypress at once and sent to me here registered?

*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: May I suggest that you withdraw this from Messrs Duckworth and send it to Mr Louis Conard, 17 Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris? If he will publish it I will sign over the continental and British (but not American) rights on condition that the book be published not in the form of the former Tauchnitz or present Standard edition (published by him) but as an ordinary French novel in yellow wrappers at 3 fr. 50 c. I also undertake to subscribe for and pay for on publication 50 (fifty) copies at trade price for such of my friends in Europe as I can reach at present. The French printer will have the English printed proof to set from and if recommendation be needed, besides the press notices of my other books, it might be possible to obtain this from Mr Yeats or Mr Wells or Mr Pound. Mr Richards or some other London publisher can possibly act as distributing agent in the United Kingdom.

TO MICHAEL HEALY<sup>1</sup>

2 November 1915

*Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich*

My dear Mr Healy: I received the day before yesterday your kind letter and this morning your Money Order (£9) for which I thank you most

<sup>1</sup> Michael Healy, Nora Joyce's uncle, born 1862, was a member of an old Galway family. He entered the Customs and Excise Service in 1883 and was Receiving Officer in Galway until 1916 when he was transferred to Dublin. In 1922 he retired and lived in Galway. It appears he was a member of the Men's Sodality at the Jesuit Church and acted as doorkeeper on Sundays. See also letter to C. P. Curran of 4 October 1936.

sincerely. It is most welcome and useful. Nora has bought a lot of flannels and other clothes which the children need in this climate and a hat which she finally selected from the few hundred which were shown to her. We are now fairly well fortified against the cold. As for myself I am to be seen in a shellcocoa-coloured<sup>1</sup> overcoat which an absent-minded German left behind him and I bought for eleven francs. Of his moral character I know nothing. But I am sure that he has (or had) uncommonly short arms. I presume the overcoat is mine now since I paid for it to his late landlady but I feel, as Mr R. G. Knowles<sup>2</sup> used to sing,

*I'm only airing it for him:  
It doesn't belong to me.*

I was introduced to the millionaire I wrote you of some days ago. He told me that his daughter is rather ill and asked me to give him my address as he says he wishes to speak with me about my play of which he has heard. I was also introduced to the president of the Russian Club here who talks of translating it into Russian and producing it. Besides I have written to Geneva to see if it can go on there in a French version. I also met the chief actor here who presented me to the director of the Zurich Stadttheater and, through another friend, I got an introduction to a solicitor here whose father is director of the Stadttheater in Bern. My poor shoes are nearly worn out after it all, as you can imagine; but I hope something will come out of it all. Immediately I have any good news I shall let you know. I hope you managed to get that copy of *The New Age*. I hear now that there is a long article<sup>3</sup> about me and the play, the name of which by the way is *Exiles*, in a Chicago review called *Drama* but I have not seen it yet.

I thank you for your inquiries about my brother. He sent me his photograph last week. He has a long full beard and looks like the late Duke of Devonshire. He tells me that he sprained his wrist, playing tennis, but is now better. If you send him a postcard with greetings from Galway I am sure he will answer you. His address is:

Stanislaus Joyce  
(Internierter britischer Staatsangehöriger)  
Schloss Grossan bei Raabs  
Nieder Österreich.

<sup>1</sup> Joyce used this invented epithet, of the tide, in *Ulysses*.

<sup>2</sup> The music-hall artist famous fifty years ago in England as 'The Very Peculiar American Comedian'.

<sup>3</sup> By Mr Ezra Pound. Actually did not appear till February 1916.

To Michael Healy

NOVEMBER 1915

My sister<sup>1</sup> was, when I last heard from her, well and still in Prague. I believe her husband has been exonerated from military service much to her (and I fancy his) relief. I forget whether I thanked you for having verified the quotation about our excellent friend Bombados.<sup>2</sup> If I did not I do so now. I shall correct it on the proof—if I ever see one. I am sorry to hear you have so much to do. However, as you say, it is a good thing to be alive in such times. I had letters from Trieste on Saturday. So far as my flat is concerned it seems to be as I left it but life is certainly pleasanter here just at present. Today is the feast of S. Justin Martyr, patron of Trieste, and I shall perhaps eat a cheap small pudding somewhere in his honour for the many years I lived in his city. As for the future it is useless to speculate. If I could find out in the meantime who is the patron of men of letters I should try to remind him that I exist: but I understand that the last saint who held that position resigned in despair and no other will take the portfolio. . . .

TO JAMES B. PINKER

10 November 1915

Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich

Dear Mr Pinker: I thank you for your letter of 5 inst.

*Dubliners*: The royalty account has not yet arrived.

*Exiles*: I am writing to Mr Archer<sup>3</sup> asking him whether he can help you in any way. Mr Yeats wrote me that he would take on the play but for the fact that at present his company is scattered. Mr Pound has written an article about it in *Drama* (Chicago): a review which may publish it later: but he adds that he considers it almost impossible for the English stage and advises me to try continental theatres. Will you kindly have the typewritten copy made at once and sent me here by registered post, act by act as it is finished? I need it and hope this can be done quickly.

*A Portrait of the Artist*: While Messrs Duckworth are considering this it would be well, I think, to try some such scheme as I suggested. I wrote this morning to Mr Symons, explaining the case and asking for his advice. If he writes to you for the typescript you can send it to him as soon as it is sent back to you.

*Verses*: I shall send you tomorrow two little pieces of verse which you may send to the *Saturday Review* or any other paper which will print them and pay well and quickly.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Eileen Joyce Schaurek.

<sup>2</sup> Vide *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Chap. III.

<sup>3</sup> William Archer, critic, dramatist and translator of Ibsen. See also Gorman, Chap. II.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

6 December 1915

Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich VIII

Dear Mr Pinker: The editor of *The Egoist* writes proposing to publish my novel, subject to the approval of the staff and publishing company. I have replied asking her to telephone to you. Perhaps you can see her. She has also sent me the address of their Paris correspondent but thinks that publication there would be difficult and unsatisfactory. I agree to this proposal if you do. I dislike the prospect of waiting another nine years before my next book appears—with the result which you know. All these schemes can be worked simultaneously one against the other, can they not? In any case Miss Weaver's proposal is most friendly and I beg you to consider it.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

6 December 1915

[Postcard]

Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich VIII

Dear Mr Pinker: If Messrs Duckworth have not yet replied I think you might press them for an answer. Mr Pound writes that a French friend of his has read the book, likes it and will interest herself about it. I understand that she is the niece of a French premier and a person of influence. He writes also that Mr Laurie has asked for it and also Mr Lane. If you decide to submit it to them will you ask them to give an undertaking to let you know their decision *within three weeks*? That period is sufficient since their reader has printed copy and not MS or typescript to read.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 December 1915

[Postcard]

Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich, VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: I am writing from the station to save time. Sincerest thanks for your kind proposal.<sup>1</sup> By all means telephone to Mr Pinker and also lay the matter before your staff and company. I undertake to buy for my account and pay for in advance 50 (fifty) copies at trade price. Is not part of the type still set up? As for the advantages of a regular publisher I have not seen them till now. 26 (twenty-six) copies of

<sup>1</sup> A tentative suggestion that the Egoist Press, which had published *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in serial form in the *Egoist*, should now publish it in book form (though it had never before published any book), since the literary agent to whom the MS had been entrusted had failed to place it with any ordinary publisher.



*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

DECEMBER 1915

my book *Dubliners* were sold in the United Kingdom during the last six months. I have never received any money from either of my two publishers: and I dislike the prospect of waiting another nine years for the same result. I am writing a book *Ulysses* and want the other published and out of the way once and for all: and correspondence about publishing is too tiresome for my (very lazy) temperament.

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# 1916

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 January 1916

*Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich VIII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I telegraphed to you last night: Received twentyfive pounds.<sup>1</sup> Thanks: and hope the telegram reached you safely and quickly. I have no words to thank you for your generosity and kindness. It comes at a moment when it is much needed by me. I am very glad indeed to hear that you have obtained the necessary permission and that you will publish my book if the firm to which my agent has offered it declines it. I shall write to him on the matter at once. This news gave me great joy as I foresaw many years of useless waiting. I shall send a formal receipt for the entire amount and shall wire to you also on receipt of the second remittance. I am glad to hear also that your paper is now in a better financial position than it was and wish you every success in the future.

Please accept once again my sincerest thanks and the assurance of my regard.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 March 1916

*Kreuzstrasse 19, Zurich VIII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I thank you for your kind letter of 3 instant and for the copies of *The Egoist* (December, January, February). I have written to Mr Pinker instructing him to draw up the agreement without further delay and to accept unconditionally, subject to his commission of 10%, whatever terms you propose. As regards proofs, I shall ask Mr Pound to read them for me or if he cannot perhaps a reader could be found, the fee in the latter case being charged to me. In this way I hope time may be saved. As regards binding I have no preference. I leave this and all other details in your hands.

I am sorry that you have so much trouble with your printers but I hope that you will find a printer soon so that the book may come out this spring. I am sending this letter express to save time and I am also

<sup>1</sup> Part payment for serial rights in the *Portrait*.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

MARCH 1916

writing to Mr Pound. If Mr Pinker does not send you his agreement at once I shall send you a blank agreement with my signature so that he can fill it in at your dictation.

If you decide to send me proofs I undertake (if the attack of rheumatism from which I am suffering does not go to my eyes) to return them corrected within one day after receipt of them.

From HARRIET SHAW WEAVER to E. BYRNE HACKETT

31 March 1916

*The Egoist, Oakley House  
Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.*

Dear Sir:<sup>1</sup> We are dispatching to you under separate cover the text of Mr James Joyce's novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* which appeared in serial form in *The Egoist* and which we have lately decided to publish in book form. Mr Ezra Pound has already written to you on the matter.

A few deletions were made by the printers, the shorter of which are written out on the pages from which they were deleted (viz. in *The Egoist* of January 1, 1915 and August 2, 1915); a larger one is enclosed herewith (deleted from the instalment of August 1st 1914) Mr Joyce declines to give his consent to the publication of the book except according to the original text, i.e. all these deletions must be re-inserted.

The book is of exceedingly high merit and we are anxious for it to come out as soon as possible, but unfortunately are experiencing difficulty in securing a printer willing to print without deletions. However, we are continuing our efforts in this direction and therefore, should you decide you would be willing to undertake the printing and publication in America, we should be glad if you would cable us. In this case we should ask you to send us a number of unbound copies, and the two names could appear as publishers—yours as American publishers, ours as English.

Or in the event of our soon securing a printer here, we should be glad to know whether you could take from us a number of unbound copies, and be responsible for American publication. We should bring out the book here as a six shilling novel which with you I suppose would correspond to \$1.50.

<sup>1</sup> Though not written by or to Joyce, this letter is included, in view of its historical interest. For the same reason some letters which passed between Miss Weaver and Mr B. W. Huebsch will be found hereafter. (E. Byrne Hackett was an Irishman living in New York who had been at Clongowes Wood College with Joyce.)

TO JAMES B. PINKER

31 March 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich VIII*

Dear Mr Pinker: Thanks for your letter of 23 ult. I enclose agreement signed and initialled. Miss Weaver writes that seven printers have refused to set up the book and for this reason she prefers not to sign a contract. Mr Pound suggests that blank spaces be left by the printers and that the deleted passages be pasted in at the publishing offices, typewritten and on good paper. I agree to this or to any scheme by which the book shall be published as I wrote it and as quickly as possible. Miss Weaver is kind enough to say that she will read the proofs herself. This will also save time. Some person in her employment told her the book should appear before 1 April. She writes that this is not your opinion. It is also not mine. My book *Dubliners* was published on 15 June.

I shall be anxious to hear whether the *English Review* has accepted the verses or not. Mr Pound wrote also that some friend of Mr Barker<sup>1</sup> (Mr Wheelan?) spoke of producing my play *Exiles*. Is it possible to offer it in that quarter?

FROM B. W. HUEBSCH TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 June 1916

Dear Sir:<sup>2</sup> I am much impressed with Mr Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and should be glad to publish it here giving it my best efforts, though I am inclined to believe that such success as it may attain will be artistic rather than popular. Nevertheless it will afford a foundation for Mr Joyce's other works on this side.

I should be willing to print absolutely in accordance with the author's wishes, without deletion, and would undertake to supply printed sheets with joint imprints for the English publisher and myself sharing the cost at such rate as may seem fair to you.

I would pay a 10% royalty on the published price but I should like to make the condition that I secure an option on the book which would normally succeed *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Also that some arrangement be made by which I secure sheets of *Dubliners* concerning which I have had correspondence with Mr Richards and Mr Joyce.

After hearing from Mr Joyce, last year, about his book of poems published by Mr Mathews, I believe that I wrote to the latter without

<sup>1</sup> Granville Barker: playwright, writer, author and producer.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Weaver had signed the letter 'H. S. Weaver', hence this misunderstanding.

receiving any response. You will see that I am anxious, not only for my sake but for Mr Joyce's, to get all of his works so that by concentration of interest and economy of effort, he may be properly introduced on this side. Is Mr Joyce still in Switzerland? I am inclined to believe, from our correspondence, that he would favor an arrangement by which I become his publisher here.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

1 July 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich VIII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I must apologise for not having answered your kind letter and acknowledged receipt of the review and papers before now. I had been waiting from day to day in order to hear from my agent. He writes now that he also has had no letter from the publisher in New York but it seems that the post is rather irregular. In any case I send enclosed two small corrections which I would ask you to forward when you are writing to New York.

I am deeply indebted to Mr Pound for his untiring kindness of which his article is another proof. I hear that there is some hope that the play (*Exiles*) will be put on by the Stage Society in London. The typescript is in New York—or in Chicago and there is an Italian version in Rome or in Turin. I offered it here and in Berne but they say it is too daring (gewagt). My manuscripts are dispersed like Little Bo-Peep's sheep but I hope they will come home as safely as hers did.

When you have news from Mr Marshall I am sure you will write to me to let me know. I shall then try to interest some persons in the book. I hope it will have a better sale than *Dubliners*. According to the last account I received only 7 copies were sold in the last six months.

FROM HARRIET SHAW WEAVER TO B. W. HUEBSCH

24 July 1916

*The Egoist, Oakley House  
Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.*

Dear Sir: You will have heard from Mr James Joyce's agent that the New York publisher (Mr John Marshall, 331 Fourth Avenue) whose offer Mr Joyce had accepted is after all unable to publish his novel, and Mr Pinker tells me he has already written to you regarding your offer to print and publish the book.

There is now a possibility of the book being brought out here by a London publisher, Mr Heinemann, 31 Bedford St. W.C. who, if he did it, would wish to have his copies printed in England on account of the

high freight charges. But I think it unlikely that he will agree to publish without deletions and it will most probably remain for us to do it. He is to give an answer in a few days' time and I will then write you immediately with reference to your sending unbound copies to us. We should ask to know the cost to us of 750 and 1000 copies.

Meantime I have written to ask Mr Marshall to send on to you his copy of the text which contains Mr Joyce's corrections (chiefly the deletion of unnecessary commas and capitals put in by the printer). Mr Joyce would like the book printed exactly according to this corrected text (the fifth chapter being the original typescript) without any further alteration in the punctuation. On the enclosed slip are two corrections he has since sent to me.

From B. W. HUEBSCH to HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 August 1916

Dear Sir: Since receiving your letter of July 24th, I have been waiting to hear from Mr John Marshall to whom you said you were writing with reference to turning over to me the manuscript of Joyce's *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*. I am today writing to Mr Marshall asking him to forward it to me at once. I learned that Mr Marshall is in Quebec.

I have to acknowledge your cable of the 21st ordering 750 sheets of the above mentioned book. I shall put this order through immediately upon hearing from Mr Pinker to whom I am writing with this steamer. I have proposed some modifications of the contract which he sent me recently. If he accepts these and cables me to that effect, I shall proceed at once with the setting up of the book. I think that you had better send me immediately the copy for the title-page that you wish to have printed on the 750 copies. You had better inform me at the same time as to the exact words relating to the manufacture of the book in the United States that the British Customs authorities require to be printed in the book. I think that 'Printed in the United States of America' or 'Printed in U.S.A.' will be sufficient. I note the corrections that accompanied your letter of July 24th.

I think that it would be a good thing for you to see Mr Pinker to urge him to give my letter immediate attention so that we may get this book out during the present season. It will certainly be in the interest of Mr Joyce for Mr Pinker to accept the amendments that I have suggested. It is pretty late in the season to take the matter up with

another publisher unless it is decided to postpone publication until the Spring.

TO EDWARD MARSH

13 September 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich*

Dear Sir: Mr Ezra Pound has written to me telling me that you were so kind as to bring my books to the notice of the prime minister on whose recommendation a Treasury grant was made to me last month. Allow me to assure you that I am deeply grateful to you for having used your influence so generously and so effectively on my behalf and to thank you also for the favourable opinion which you have expressed of my meagre writings. I hope too that the difficulties which have made me, much to my regret, a burden to others will now be removed and if so I feel that I shall owe it in great measure to your friendly and benevolent intervention.

TO W. B. YEATS

14 September 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich VIII*

Dear Yeats: Ezra Pound writes to me telling me of your kindness in writing a letter of recommendation on my behalf as a result of which a royal bounty has been granted to me (£100). I need scarcely say how acceptable this money is to me at such a time and in such circumstances but, apart from its usefulness, it is very encouraging as a sign of recognition and I am very grateful to you for your friendly and valuable support. I hope that now at last matters may begin to go a little more smoothly for me for, to tell the truth, it is very tiresome to wait and hope for so many years. It seems that my novel will really come out this autumn in New York and London. I am sending the typescript of my play *Exiles* (which has already been rejected in Zurich, Berne, Turin and by the Stage Society in London) to Pound who says that Mr Knoblauch<sup>1</sup> will read it. Besides this I am writing a book *Ulysses* which however will not be published for some years. Possibly the novel and play will engage the attention of my six or seven readers (7 copies of *Dubliners* were sold in the last six months) until it is ready. Pound speaks of offering the play to some new review *Seven Arts*, that is, if it is not accepted by *Drama* (Chicago) where it is being read, I believe. Mr Archer too said he would read it.

I hope your own affairs prosper well and that your health is good. I

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mr Edward Knoblock.

have been away so many years that I know little or nothing about what is published in England. I saw some time before I left Trieste the Italian version of *Countess Cathleen* in a bookshop and I must say that the few passages which I read I did not like. It is, I think, a great pity that my friend Vidacovich's version was not published. His rendering of many parts (especially of the long *Impetuous heart*) was excellent. I do not know where he is now (in Rome, I think) or what became of the translation we made together of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*. I read it one night to Mrs Sainati, a very original actress, and her husband took away the *copione* to read it again. Vidacovich also tried his hand with me on a version of my story *Ivy Day in the Committee Room* for the *Nuova Antologia* but the attempt was a dismal failure.

I have every reason to be grateful to the many friends who have helped me since I came here and I can never thank you enough for having brought me into relations with your friend Ezra Pound who is indeed a wonder worker.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 September 1916

Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: In reply to your letter of 7 instant I sent you the text of chapters 1, 2 and 5 corrected. I sent it to *The Egoist* office as I imagine that it will be delivered there more quickly. I did not send it to Mr Huebsch<sup>1</sup> for two reasons: first, I think the post between this country and the United States is at present very slow and it might not arrive in time: secondly, I know absolutely nothing about Mr Huebsch or the contract for the publication of my book or the date of publication because I have received no letter from him, directly or indirectly, and I have had no letter from my agent on that subject or any other subject for the last three or four months. I gather, however, from what Mr Huebsch writes to you that my agent has in the meantime been in correspondence with him and settling the terms of the contract as much as possible in my favour: and I presume that all has now been settled and that my agent will send on the contract. I attach no importance to the contract but no doubt Mr Pinker is a better man of business than I am. I shall wait till Monday to see if a letter arrives from him and if it does not come I shall write to him. May I ask you however to let me

<sup>1</sup> Mr B. W. Huebsch has supplied an interesting comment on this passage. 'I don't remember any negotiations with Pound for *A Portrait*. Joyce answered my enquiry (in my first letter) by saying he had a novel in work, thus when E. Byrne Hackett sent me the text that he had got from Miss Weaver I thought it had come by Joyce's order. I then wrote my offer to Miss Weaver whose name I had from Hackett.'



know as soon as you have any other definite news. It is really a dreadfully troublesome book.

It was very kind indeed of you to read the other chapters and also to write to Mr Huebsch insisting that the text be published entire. In order to save time I think it better to say that I leave all the details of publication absolutely in your hands: I mean binding etc. I should like however to make two suggestions which, I think, may be helpful to its sale. The first is that in the copies sent out to the press for review slips be inserted containing a few extracts from the press notices of *Dubliners* which Mr Pinker has. Those notices as they stand are too many and too long but a few of the best could be used. It would be enough to have fifty or sixty slips printed. This item however should be charged to my account as you are taking quite enough burden on yourself already. The second is that, apart from the copies which I receive gratis, I should like to buy for myself, if possible before the date of publication in England ten extra copies which I intend to present to some writers and critics who have lately befriended me and expressed a favourable opinion of the book. Possibly they might write something about it and no doubt that would be an advantage: but even if they do not I feel that I ought to make some return for their kindness. Both of these suggestions of course I make subject to your approval.

I thank you again and very gratefully for all the trouble you have taken and hope it will be rewarded in every way.

TO MRS THOMAS KETTLE

25 September 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, rechts, Zurich*

Dear Mrs Kettle:<sup>1</sup> I have read this morning, with deep regret in the *Times* that my old school fellow and fellow student Lieutenant Kettle has been killed in action. I hope you will not deem it a stranger's intrusion on your grief to accept from me a word of sincere condolence. I remember very gratefully his benevolent and courteous friendliness to me when I was in Ireland seven years ago. May I ask you also to convey to your sisters (whose addresses I do not know) my sympathy with them in the losses they have suffered. I am grieved to learn that so many misfortunes have fallen on your family in these evil days.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Kettle (*née* Mary Sheehy), wife of Lieut. Kettle. Joyce had known them both well in Dublin.

To B. W. HUEBSCH

24 October 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich VIII*

Dear Mr Huebsch: I have heard from Miss Weaver that you are trying to bring out my novel before the end of the year. I sincerely hope that you will do so and that my corrections reached you in time. In the English edition slips are to be inserted containing a few extracts from the press notices of my book *Dubliners* (at least in the review copies). In case you approve of this idea I am asking my agent to send you one. If, however, the book be delayed beyond the end of the year I should be much obliged if the date on the frontispiece be printed as 1916.

I suppose you have now received from Mr Pinker my adherence to the terms of contract proposed by you. I confirm the same by the present letter to save time.

As I am anxiously waiting for the publication of the book I shall be much obliged if you will kindly cable to my agent when it is published.

I would beg you also to forward the letter which accompanies this to Mr Byrne Hackett whose address I do not know.

Finally I thank you for your promptness and energy in arranging the publication of my book and wish you good success in your venture.

To HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

30 October 1916

*Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts, Zurich*

Dear Miss Weaver: Kindly excuse me for my delay in answering your letter. I have been ill lately. I have had three or four collapses which I feared were due to syncope but the doctor says I am not a cardiac subject and that the collapse is due to nervous breakdown. Today I feel better.

I am glad to have news, even indirectly, from the New York publisher. I hope he will bring out the book this year and in any case I should like the date on the titlepage to be 1916 as I wish to publish my comedy *Exiles* in 1917.

I do not remember Mr Hackett at Clongowes but have written to him, care of Mr Huebsch, thanking him and his brother<sup>1</sup> for the interest they have taken in my novel.

I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness in writing to me and hope you will let me know as soon as you hear any more concerning the American edition.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Hackett, critic and author, was literary editor of the *New Republic* at the time.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

8 November 1916

Seefeldstrasse 54, parterre rechts Zurich VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for your two letters. I shall be obliged if you will forward a copy of *Chamber Music* to Mr Huebsch and also the press notices which I enclose. I agree to your proposal of an article with a woodcut but fear that your readers have already had enough of me. In any case tomorrow I shall send photographs, one for the *Egoist* and one for Mr Huebsch. As regards the 'biographical items' which he requires will you kindly refer him to *Who's Who?* (1916) and forward him also a copy of *The Egoist* (15 January 1914)? I send also some account of my books on the enclosed slip as I suppose that is what he means.

*Chamber Music.* Some of these verses were printed in the *Saturday Review* and *Speaker* (London) and in *Dana* (Dublin). Mr Symons arranged for their publication by Mr Matthews.

*Dubliners.* Mr Norman, editor of the *Irish Homestead* (Dublin), agreed to take stories from me but after the second story he told me that his readers had complained. The other stories I wrote in Austria.

*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* I began this novel in notes before I left Ireland and finished it in Trieste in 1914. Before I left I offered an introductory chapter to Mr Magee (John Eglinton) and Mr Ryan, editor of *Dana*. It was refused.

*Exiles* (a play). I wrote this in Trieste 1914-1915.

*Ulysses.* I began this in Rome six years ago (or seven) and am writing it now. I hope to finish it in 1918.

*Address.* I have lived in Trieste since 1904—except for a stay of one year in Rome. I left it in July 1915 when the Austrian authorities gave me at my request a permit (for my family and myself) to the Austro-Swiss frontier. Since then I have lived in Zurich.

*Irish Literary Theatre.* I refused to sign the letter of protest against *Countess Cathleen* when I was an undergraduate. I was the only student who refused his signature. Some years later I made the acquaintance of Mr Yeats. He invited me to write a play for his theatre and I promised to do so in ten years. I met Synge in Paris in 1902 (where I went to study medicine). He

gave me *Riders to the Sea* to read and after his death I translated it into Italian. I also translated Mr Yeats' *Countess Cathleen* but the project failed as we had translated the first version and Mr Yeats did not wish that version to be offered to the Italian public.

*Ezra Pound.*

Mr Pound wrote to me in Trieste in 1913, offering me his help. He brought the MSS of the novel to *The Egoist* where it was published serially (from February 1914 to September 1915). He also arranged for the publication in America and England. He has written many articles (all most friendly and appreciative) about me in English and American papers. But for his friendly help and the enterprise of Miss Weaver, editor of *The Egoist*, in accepting *A Portrait of the Artist* after it had been refused by all publishers, my novel would still be unpublished.

*Early Publications.* (1) 'Parnell', a pamphlet written when I was nine years old (in 1891) on Parnell's death. It was printed and circulated in Dublin. I do not know if any copy is to be found today.

- (2) An article on Ibsen in the *Fortnightly Review* written when I was seventeen. Ibsen was so kind as to send me a message of thanks for it.
- (3) *The Day of the Rabblement* (a pamphlet on the Irish Literary Theatre). This was written for the University Review but refused insertion by the censor as was also an essay on co-education by my fellow student, the late Mr Skeffington. We published the essays together in pamphlet form.

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# 1917

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TO H. G. WELLS

3 March 1917

*Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII*

Dear Mr Wells: Illness has prevented me from writing till to-day. Your article on my novel<sup>1</sup> has been forwarded and I hope you will allow me to thank you for it. It is indeed very kind of you to write such a long and careful criticism and I am sure that if the book has any success it will be due in great measure to your friendly recommendation. . . .

TO JOHN QUINN

19 March 1917

*Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII*

Dear Mr Quinn: I have received today your cable and have telegraphed to Mr Ezra Pound to transmit to you by cable my acceptance of your very kind and flattering offer to buy the corrected proof sheets of my novel.<sup>2</sup> Mr Pound will cable you asking you to send the money through him, as that seems to me the shortest way. In any case, I am writing also to my publisher in New York<sup>3</sup> instructing him to hand over the sheets to you. I hope you received the presentation copy of my novel which I asked him to send you. I regret that it was not possible to sign it in token of my gratitude for your kindness.

I am very glad to hear that the book is meeting with good success in America, for, except one notice in the *Chicago Daily News*, written by Mr Sell,<sup>4</sup> I have not seen any American reviews.

I have been for the past month very ill with my eyes and was even in some danger. Now it seems that I am much better and the doctor is optimistic.

Allow me to thank you once more for your kindness and generosity

<sup>1</sup> This article on *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* appeared in *The New Republic* on 10 March 1917, and was reprinted in the *New Republic Anthology* (Dodge Publishing Company, 1936). It was first published in England, in *The Nation*, 24 February 1917.

<sup>2</sup> For £20.

<sup>3</sup> Mr B. W. Huebsch.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Blackman Sell.

and to assure you that I am very grateful to you for the interest you take in my writing.

TO EZRA POUND

9 April 1917

Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII

Dear Pound: Many thanks for yours of 26th ult. which arrived only this morning. Owing to the delay and the fact that I have nothing ready, I am sending you an accompanying note, as you wish. I sent three pieces of verse in December, I think, to *Poetry* (Chicago) through my agent, but heard nothing more of them. If they have not been and will not be published, would you take them in reversion? As regards stories I have none. I have some prose sketches, as I told you, but they are locked up in my desk in Trieste. As regards excerpts from *Ulysses*, the only thing I could send would be the Hamlet chapter, or part of it—which, however, would suffer by excision. If there is anything else I could do—perhaps a simple translation or review—will you tell me? I shall be glad to do it, though I am quite sure that, with your usual friendliness, you exaggerate the value of my poor signature as a ‘draw’. I have been thinking all day what I could do or write. Perhaps there is something if I could only think of it. Unfortunately, I have very little imagination. I am also a very bad critic. For instance, some time ago a person gave me a two-volume novel to read, *Joseph Vance*. I read it at intervals for some time, till I discovered that I had been reading the second volume instead of the first. And if I am a bad reader I am a most tiresome writer—to myself, at least. It exhausts me before I end it. I wonder if you will like the book I am writing? I am doing it, as Aristotle would say, by different means in different parts. Strange to say, in spite of my illness I have written enough lately.

As regards my novel, it seems that it has now come to a standstill. I did not see any review in the *New Statesman*. Mr Boyd<sup>1</sup> sent me a notice from the *New York Sun*, about 2,000 words, by Mr Huneker,<sup>2</sup> very favourable. Miss Weaver sent me also other American notices but they seem to have fallen out of the envelope somewhere on the way. By the way, I think you ought to type your letters to me without cancellings of any kind. Perhaps that delayed your last letter.

As I wrote you, the Stage Society wishes to reconsider my play, *Exiles*. I shall ask my agent to submit it also for publication in London and New York this autumn. I wish I could hear of a good dramatic agent

<sup>1</sup> Ernest Boyd, writer and historian of the Irish revival.

<sup>2</sup> James Huneker, well-known American essayist and critic of the arts.

in America who would take it up. Perhaps it would be more successful than *A Portrait of the Artist*. I send you a limerick thereon:

*There once was a lounge named Stephen  
Whose youth was most odd and uneven.  
He throve on the smell  
Of a horrible hell  
That a Hottentot wouldn't believe in.*

In spite of the efforts of the critics of the *Times* and *Manchester Guardian* to galvanize the book into life, it has collapsed or is about to collapse—possibly for lack of inverted commas. I should like to hear what Yeats says about *Exiles*.

I am rather tired for I have been correcting misprints in my novel. There are nearly four hundred. No revise was sent to me. This in view of a possible second edition during the century. The announcement on the last page of *The Egoist* is a pious exaggeration—so Miss Weaver writes.

In any case I am better. Please write to me about your review. I shall go on writing, thanks to the kindness of my unknown friend and also of Mr Quinn.

I hope you are well. My wife and noisy children thank you for your good wishes. From me, *ogni bene!*

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 April 1917

*Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I owe you an apology for not having answered before now your letters and hope you will not be angry with me. I am still under doctor's care and rather depressed that the [eye] attack—possibly on account of the infamous weather—is lasting so long. I never had an attack that lasted so long as this one. I have no pain but the consequences this time seem to be rather serious—but I hope always that an operation may be avoided. I can read and write however and am continuing my book [*Ulysses*] at the usual snail's pace. My agent tells me that the Stage Society asked again for my play *Exiles* and adds that perhaps they will put it on.

I owe you an apology also for not having remitted yet the amount of the second dozen copies of my book. I hope to be able to do so tomorrow. There remain also 4 copies to my charge (I think you have forgotten them) and I hope to be able to take later on another 8 copies and will then settle for the third dozen.

I received safely all the press notices (English) which you were so kind as to send me and am glad to see that one (*The Sphere*) mentions

your publishing house favourably. As you do not mention sales I suppose they are slow. Perhaps in consequence of the later reviews they will improve. Mr John Quinn is publishing in *Vanity Fair* (New York, May) an article on the book and he speaks highly of your paper also and of your enterprise in publishing my novel.

TO B. W. HUEBSCH

20 June 1917

*Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII*

Dear Mr Huebsch: Mr John Quinn, 31 Nassau Street, New York, cables me that he wishes to cable me £20 (twenty pounds) for proof-sheets of my novel with M.S. page addition and interlineations and corrections and begs me to cable acceptance. I have already done so through Mr Ezra Pound and confirm same to you.

I hope you got my reply to your letter of 8 ult. I wrote also to Mr Sell. I am much better now, I think, but still under doctor's care. Mr Quinn cables also that the book meets with good success and that the press is favorable. I am glad to hear this and hope you will soon send me more notices.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 July 1917

*Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII*

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for your letter. My eyes are fairly well but as a variety I have been laid up for the past week with fever and tonsillitis. I am better today. As regards my novel since I see you want foreign reviews of it I would make the following suggestions. Copies could be sent to the *Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva) and the *Journal de Genève*. I think you ought to enclose in these copies the last pages of *Egoist* (May and June) with extracts from English and American press notices. If the copies have already been dispatched to Florence and Rome to the addresses given you could post these pages under wrappers. A copy could be sent to Professor Federico Olivieri (professor of English literature), university of Turin, with notices also in the hope that he may notice it. This you might accompany by a diplomatic letter on your official notepaper. The London correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* writes under the pseudonym of Giovanni Emanuel. You could perhaps find him by telephoning to Reuter's agency there. The present editor of the *Secolo* (Milan) is Mr Mario Borsa who knows English well, I suppose. He wrote a book on the English theatre. I believe that Mr Yeats knows him or Lady Gregory. You could send



him a copy with notices and a letter also. You could perhaps mention that he and I were at one time collaborators of the same paper the *Piccolo* of Trieste, for which he was the London correspondent while I was an occasional leaderwriter for it. I would do all this myself but it is difficult to push one's own wares. I am surprised that neither Mr Archer nor Mr Symons has done anything to help the book. Possibly they are not in England. Mr Antonio Cappico and Mr Arturo Galanta are persons resident in England who may bring the book under the notice of Italian readers. I forgot to say that you may refer Mr Borsa for any further information about me to the editor of the *Piccolo* of Trieste, Dr Prezioso who lives now in Milan or near it.

I fear my writing is very bad today as I am somewhat feverish still. I am glad you are bringing out a second issue of the book. It would be well to have it set up at once so that I could read the full proof. My agent has my corrections for it.

TO JOHN QUINN

10 July 1917

Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII

Dear Mr Quinn: A few lines in reply to your very kind letters addressed to my wife. She thanks you sincerely for your interest in my tiresome illness. On receipt of the first I wrote to my agent about the corrections, but now I see you have received them safely. I shall look forward to your next letter containing the opinion of the eye specialist you allude to.

As regards my play *Exiles*, I note that you have received now the MS of the first act. It is a waste of time to write to London for the typescript. Any publisher you approve of (precedence, however, being given to Mr Huebsch, whether he is entitled to it by contract or not) may set it up and publish it. It will be published in London during the autumn by Mr Grant Richards. If you do not wish the printers to use your MS it can be typed first—charge of typing being to my account. When I correct the English printed proofs I shall ask Mr Richards to forward them to New York to you also, and these will serve as a control. As regards production, anyone who wishes to produce it can do so. If the person is reasonably honest I suppose he will pay me something. If he is not honest, a contract will not make him so. All monies should be paid to my agent, Mr James Pinker, Arundel Street, London, so that he may deduct his 10% fee therefrom. The only point on which I insist is that the play be printed or produced as I wrote it.

I do not understand part of your letter. Who is Mr Knopf? I began to write *Exiles* in the spring of 1914 on notes, and began to draft it in

August 1914. I brought the MS with me here from Austria in July 1915 and finished the play here in September 1915. I sent it to Turin. It was refused as 'being of local interest' and because of 'the talk about tea in it'. I sent it then to London to an American syndicate; it was rejected as unfit for their repertory. I offered it here; the director of the theatre told me it was 'zu gewagt' for his stage, though he puts on regularly plays by living dramatists, such as Mr Wedekind, Mr Egge, Mr Shaw, Mr Porto Riche—not to mention Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann and others. I then sent it to Berne, on the recommendation of the daughter of the administrator of that theatre. He kept it for five months and sent it back in an envelope without a letter. It was then sent to Chicago, to *Drama*, kept there for four months, and rejected. Then I sent it to my agent, who wrote to me that it was quite useless to offer it in London. Then it was sent to the Stage Society, London, kept by them three months, and rejected. Then it went to the Abbey Theatre, at the request of Mr Yeats. It was kept there a few months and returned without a letter. Then the Stage Society wrote again asking for it. It was sent again, kept by them several months, and now I have written to my agent instructing him to withdraw it by telephone.

I mention these facts thinking they may interest you as you have the MS, but I also wish to make it clear that the play is not to be offered to anyone for consideration unless he undertakes to give his opinion definitely in three weeks. Ten years of my life have been consumed in correspondence and litigation about my book *Dubliners*. It was rejected by 40 publishers; three times set up, and once burnt. It cost me about 3,000 francs in postage, fees, train and boat fare, for I was in correspondence with 110 newspapers, 7 solicitors, 3 societies, 40 publishers and several men of letters about it. All refused to aid me, except Mr Ezra Pound. In the end it was published, in 1914, word for word as I wrote it in 1905. My novel was refused by every publisher in London to whom it was offered—refused (as Mr Pound informed me) with offensive comments. When a review decided to publish it, it was impossible to find in the United Kingdom a printer to print it. I write these facts now once and for all because I do not want any correspondence of the same kind about my play—I mean from publishers or impresarii. I want a definite engagement to publish or produce by a certain date, or a refusal.

My novel has been reviewed in certain European papers in Paris, Amsterdam and Russia. Financially it is, like my other books, a fiasco—450 copies sold to date in the United Kingdom, equivalent to a sale of about 28 copies in all Switzerland.

TO FORREST REID<sup>1</sup>

17 July 1917

Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich

Dear Mr Reid: Your publisher Mr Arnold sent me some weeks ago your novel *Following Darkness* and I hope you will not have blamed me for having allowed so much time to pass before writing to acknowledge receipt of it. I have been gravely ill, as you know, since the middle of February last and though I am better the condition of my sight is very unsettled. Moreover I cannot read and write very much and it is an illness which seems to have a dulling effect on the brain. I fear the climate is partly the cause as, until I came here in 1915, I had lived all my adult life in the south of Europe.

I have read your book with great interest and perhaps I may have the pleasure of making your acquaintance sometime in the near future. If you will allow me I shall write to you when I next visit Ireland. I should also like to see many of the scenes mentioned in your book for, except for two brief visits to Belfast, I do not know the north of Ireland. I have only one acquaintance except yourself, Mr W. B. Reynolds who was on the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*. He set some of my verses to music seven years ago.

My play *Exiles* will be published in London during the autumn and I shall instruct the publisher to send you a copy. I am very grateful to you for your friendly interest in me and my book. If you would like to see extracts from the press notices I will send them (unfortunately there is none from your city!) though I fear a good press and good sales do not always go together. I hope that you have both—especially the latter. I have had so much trouble for nine years over my two books that I am rather pessimistic. I suppose you know that the whole first edition of *Dubliners* was burnt and that no printer in the United Kingdom would print the novel. The first edition which you have is printed in New York. It may have a value some day.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 July 1917

Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: I wrote you a letter a few hours ago but my daughter who is an 'absentminded beggar' lost it somewhere in the street. So I repeat it here. My agent sent me a cheque for royalties on my book less his commission (£15.4.0). I am most grateful to you for your promptness

<sup>1</sup> Born Belfast 1876, d. 1947, Forrest Reid was a distinguished novelist and critic. Studies of Yeats, de la Mare; James Tait Black Prize 1944 for his novel *Young Tom*.

in settling the account. As regards the second edition if you have additional expense with the English printing and if your very slender margin of profit (I fear you have little or none) be thereby reduced I suggest that you introduce some modification in your favour into the contract and add it with my agent's approval. I agree in advance to anything you propose.

A notice appeared in the Greek review *Εστέρια* (29 June, p. 410). I think the editor is entitled to a copy of the book. Dr C. Pouptis, 62 Oxford Street. I wrote him yesterday but sent the letter to 62 Chancery Lane by mistake! I am rather unlucky with the post this week.

Mr Richards will publish in autumn my play *Exiles*. I hope you will understand that it was offered to him first as by a contract which my agent says is 'disastrous' he has the right of refusal. I should much prefer you to publish it but alas such an offer would be in any case a dubious gift. Enclosed are some English press notices. I had them printed for insertion in the review copies of *Exiles*. I do not know how many copies will be in the edition. 1200 is I think the normal edition for a novel: perhaps 700 or 800 only for a play. If you and Mr Richards approve and if it is permitted to have printed matter imported from here perhaps it would be well to insert the leaflet in all copies of the edition. I have already paid for the setting and line of the type and for the copies I ordered so that the extra expense would be only the cost of the paper about 1.50 francs per 100 copies, that is about 10/- for an edition of 700. I am willing to defray this expense if you and Mr Richards approve. Meanwhile I have asked the printer to keep the type set, pending your reply.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER (FROM MRS JOYCE)

28 August 1917

*Seefeldstrasse 73, Zurich*

Dear Miss Weaver: My husband is recovering slowly after the operation. It was difficult but we hope successful. He thinks that as the second edition is set up perhaps the owner of the printinghouse will consent to allow it to go out. If not perhaps Mr Edward Marsh, Colonial Office, Downing Street, can assist you in the matter of importing sheets from New York. If so, you could at once cable for sheets the expenses being to my husband's charge. I shall see that the 1000 press notices are sent on to you. I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you Dear Miss Weaver for your heroic efforts in my husband's interest. Sincerely yours,  
Nora Joyce.

TO THOMAS STURGE MOORE<sup>1</sup>

26 October 1917

*Pension Villa Rossa, Locarno*

Dear Sir: I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you without having the pleasure of knowing you. Mr Ezra Pound told me that you were so kind as to speak well of my play *Exiles* and to suggest to the Stage Society to put it on. The Society, however, kept the typescript for a year and sent it back without comment. Perhaps you could give me the name of some other society which would be likely to consider it or the name of some manager. I find it very difficult to get what I write printed or produced and this is my excuse for troubling you.

In any case let me thank you for the kind interest you have taken in my poor piece.

TO CLAUD W. SYKES<sup>2</sup>

N.D. (?) November 1917

[Postcard]

*Locarno*

Dear Mr Sykes: The first episode of the *Telemachia* has to be typed as quickly as possible so that the printers can get to work. I am sending it and you will get it on Tuesday morning. Please let me hear from you then. On Monday will you please arrange with Mr Rudolph Goldschmidt<sup>3</sup> about beginning the typing on Tuesday. He can be seen at the Oesterreichischer Wohltätigkeitsverein, Zähringerplatz or 'phoned to there or, if not seen or 'phoned to, between 12/30 and 1/30 at his house, Hühchgasse 29. I remit per M.O. 20 francs in advance as per our agreement. I believe I told you that in present circumstances I should like to have it in duplicate. In very great haste and with kind regards to Mrs Sykes and yourself.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Sturge Moore (1870–1944), celebrated English critic and poet. His *Collected Poems* were published 1931–33.

<sup>2</sup> Claud W. Sykes, actor, writer and translator, was before the First World War a member of Leigh Lovel's company, which played mainly Ibsen. He acted for a time with Benson, then with Mrs Bandman Palmer. For a full account of his associations with Joyce, see Gorman's biography.

<sup>3</sup> A Swiss grain merchant who befriended Joyce. Sykes borrowed a typewriter from him.

To CLAUD W. SYKES

27 November 1917

[Postcard]

Dear Mr Sykes: Just got your card. *Show MS at once* to Mr G and explain to him that it can be typed quickly while the sale or otherwise of his business is pending. That much at least should be done at once. In the other two episodes (which are not long) it will depend on whether he disposes of his place or not. I take it you could do what I send quickly. There is no use losing time. *Errors:* for 'old shrunken breasts' in description of the old milkwoman read 'old shrunken paps'. For 'plunged' in description of Buck Mulligan searching trunk for handkerchief read 'plunged and rummaged'.

To CLAUD W. SYKES

N.D. (?) December 1917

[Postcard]

Dear Mr Sykes: In the hurry of catching post yesterday I forgot to make following changes:

- (1) in description of the boy Sargent for 'wheywhite' read 'wheysour'.
- (2) after Mr Deasy's words '*I paid my way*' for 'Quite right. Quite right' read 'Good man. Good man'.
- (3) in Mr Deasy's speech which begins 'Mark my words' omit the sentence 'And now it has come'.

Snowing here. Hope you got MS all right. Am at work now on last part of the *Telemachia*. My wife is mobilizing with the purpose of writing a letter to Mrs Sykes.

To CLAUD W. SYKES

6 December 1917

[Postcard]

Locarno

Dear Mr Sykes: At the beginning of the MS (page 9 of rough copy, probably 6 or 5 of yours) is the phrase 'He folded his razor and with the feeling *polpastrelli* of the fingers of his right hand touched his jaws and chin'. In the version you have I have changed the phrase but please tell me what is there now as I want to change it slightly again. Sorry to trouble you but it means only the addition of one or two words. You may remember I found some difficulty there. Glad to hear from M. K. that you have the machine. Kind regards to Mrs Sykes. Cat and others well. Will send more MS I hope very soon.

To James B. Pinker

DECEMBER 1917

TO JAMES B. PINKER

16 December 1917

*Pension Daheim, Locarno*

Dear Mr Pinker: Many thanks for your letters and telegram and also for the draft (£54) safely received. At the next occasion please convey my thanks to my publisher in New York. As regards my play *Exiles* have you sent the other typescript to him? If not you could send him perhaps a corrected proof or a copy of the play in bookform if it is out. I suppose Mr Sturge Moore of the Stage Society now has a proof of the play and I hope Mr Richards has returned the proof with my MS corrections for Messrs Slack, Monro, Saw and Co. As regards Mr Richards' printers' observations I shall write you later on and on the general subject of the rights after the publication of the book. If Mr Richards has told you his decision about *Dubliners* I should like to know it. If he does not think well of a second edition is it allowed to propose the book to another firm? When Mr Huebsch's letter arrives I shall be glad to have a copy of A/s [accounts]. If the remittance is in settlement of same they would seem to be rather poor but I need hardly say that in present circumstances I am very glad and grateful to get anything.

Allow me in conclusion to wish you the compliments of the season and to thank you for your kind attentions during the past year.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

26 December 1917

*Pension Daheim, Locarno*

Dear Miss Weaver: I enclose the translation of Mr Angeli's review. Perhaps you could send him a copy of the paper<sup>1</sup> when published. He wrote to me a few weeks ago that he is going to Rome where his address will be c/o *Giornale d'Italia*, piazza Sciarra, I believe. As soon as *Chamber Music* arrives I shall return it signed. The first episode of *Ulysses* was sent to Mr Pound a fortnight ago in two copies. The second I shall send tomorrow. The third which completes the first part early in January when it is typed. I should like to have a copy of the second edition of my novel.

A very dreadful pen! so I shall conclude by hoping you got my good wishes for Xmas and by thanking you for your kind message also.

P.S. Perhaps I ought to say something about Mr Angeli? He is a Tuscan novelist and critic of art and literature. The work he is best known by is

<sup>1</sup> *The Egoist*. Joyce's translation of Mr Angeli's very appreciative article was published in the issue of February 1918.

his translation of Shakespeare, still in progress, a translation very badly needed. As a critic he is rather cold so that people were somewhat surprised by his article. He wrote to me very warmly about the book. I think it well to add that his interest in English literature is not a recent growth.



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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 March 1918

*Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich*

Dear Miss Weaver: I have received your letter with enclosed cheque for which I thank you very much indeed. You are very kind to send me payment for the serial rights of a book (*Ulysses*) which is causing you and your paper so much trouble. I have sent the first episode of the *Odyssey* to Mr Pound but I must apologise for the very bad typescript. I shall try to have the following episodes done better. I hope it is legible in spite of the typist's mistakes. If you could think of having the paper<sup>1</sup> printed in Paris MM George Crès and Co, 116 Bd. S. Germain have offered to place their printer at your disposal. The copy of the second edition of my novel has arrived as well as the copies you sent to the two local booksellers. . . .

Mr Pinker wrote me some time ago about ceding to you the book rights of *Ulysses*. I do so gladly. Though I am sure it is in more senses than one a Greek gift. Mr Richards is entitled by contract to a right of refusal which expires on the 15 June 1919. The novel [*Ulysses*] will hardly have run to its end then and in any case I do not think he would consider it for publication at any time. You may inform my agent that my wish is that you secure the book rights, if you wish, subject to this reservation and that the book is not to be offered to any publisher until you have refused it. I accept in advance any terms you may propose. Moreover, if, in view of the increased price of production, you wish to modify in any way the terms of our existing contract I beg you to notify my agent of the fact.

I am glad to note that you are continuing your publications in book form and wish you every success.

Allow me to thank you once more for your most generous enterprise and also for the kind words of appreciation of my book. I am very grateful for them.

<sup>1</sup> *The Egoist*, which was attempting to serialize *Ulysses* but was encountering great difficulties with printers.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 May 1918

Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your letter. As regards the scheme of printing my novel *Ulysses* at a private press and inserting it as a supplement I shall be glad if it is carried out. I had a card from Mr Courtney saying that if a copy of my novel be sent to him c/o *Daily Telegraph* he will get it noticed but, he adds, the literary page of that paper is much reduced. I am sorry you do not find it possible to accept Messrs Crès' offer and have your paper printed in Paris. I fear you have lost a great deal of money on my wretched book and so I propose to cede to you, in reversion from Mr Richards, the book rights and to consider the sums already advanced by you for serial rights as an advance of royalties to be written off, if you agree, in two or three deductions from sums eventually due to me by half yearly accounts of sales. There is little likelihood that Mr Richards will publish the book. I thank you for having transmitted to me the kind proposal of my New York publisher. Will you please write to him and say that I could not, for many reasons, undertake to deliver the entire typescript of *Ulysses* during the coming autumn. If the *Little Review* continues to publish it regularly he may publish as a cheap paperbound book the *Telemachia*, that is, the three first episodes—under the title, *Ulysses I*. I suggest this in case his idea be to keep the few persons who read what I write from forgetting that I still exist. The second part, the *Odyssey*, contains eleven episodes. The third part, *Nostos*, contains three episodes. In all seventeen episodes of which, including that which is now being typed and will be sent in a day or two, *Hades*, I have delivered six. It is impossible to say how much of the book is really written. Several other episodes have been drafted for the second time but that means nothing because although the third episode of the *Telemachia* has been a long time in the second draft I spent about 200 hours over it before I wrote it out finally. I fear I have little imagination. This subject I am sure must be rather tiresome to you. However, if all goes well the book should be finished by the summer of 1919. If it be set up before it could then be published at once. It is not quite clear to me from Mr Pound's last letter whether he is transmitting my typescript to New York or not. However I am sending the next episode also through him. I am glad to observe that you continue to publish books. I enclose some extracts of the continental notices<sup>1</sup> and hope to be able to add a few more, Italian and Dutch.

<sup>1</sup> Of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

MAY 1918

My health is better and I hope my sight will keep good.

I think I ought to say in conclusion that if you wish to print any other book as a serial story in the place of *Ulysses* I beg you not to consider any imaginary claims of mine. I made the proposal in this letter partly to allow you to proceed as you may think fit. I hope the sales of the second edition of my other book are satisfactory.

From HARRIET SHAW WEAVER to B. W. HUEBSCH

31 May 1918

*The Egoist, 23 Adelphi Terrace House  
Robert Street, London, W.C.2*

Dear Mr Huebsch: I have only just had a reply from Mr Joyce. He asks me to thank you for your kind proposal to publish his book *Ulysses* this autumn and to tell you that the book is not likely to be finished before the summer of 1919. There will be 17 episodes in all: 3 in the first part, 11 in the second and 3 in the third. He says that if, in order to keep his name before the few people who read what he writes, you care to publish in the coming autumn as a cheap paperbound book the *Telemachia*, that is, the 3 first episodes under the title, *Ulysses I*, he would agree to this. You could get the typescript, I suppose, from the *Little Review*. Probably, however, this idea will not commend itself to you.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

9 June 1918

*Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich*

Dear Mr Pinker: My health is very poor lately. I have been laid up again with my eyes and so am obliged to dictate this to you. I had been expecting an express letter from you but now five copies of my play have come. I suppose one has gone astray. Will you please tell my American publisher to correct at once the following mistakes, English edition and paging:

p. 17 for 'are not mine' read 'are not nice'

p. 116 for 'O please call' read 'O please don't call'

p. 118 for 'hear you voice it' read 'hear your voice say it'

The printing seems to be very careless. No revise was sent me in seven months. Was any advance of royalties paid either on the English or the American edition and have you got any further A/s from New York? If my publisher there wants to do so he can publish the first three episodes of *Ulysses* in autumn as a paperbound book and episodes 4 to 13 also when I have sent them and finally episodes 14, 15, 16. Have you sent a copy of *Exiles* to the 'Pioneer Players' and to Miss Horniman?

the printing of my book. If you are in correspondence with my American publisher I shall feel obliged if you will please tell him that I agree to his publishing *Chamber Music*, in spite of the Boston edition, with a note to say that I authorise the edition. No verses written by me since its first publication are to be added to it. I am much obliged to him for his friendly inquiries about my health, but do not know what to answer except that for the moment I am well. This is a bad climate for me, I fear. I wish him to know that the fourth episode of *Ulysses* as published in the June issue of the *Little Review* is not my full text and that the excised paragraphs must be reinstated and the altered words restored in any proof he may set up. I have received this evening Mr Lewis's novel *Tarr*.<sup>1</sup> I am very grateful to him for his kind thought in sending it and if I knew his address would write to thank him for it. I shall try to get it noticed in some Swiss papers. I agree, of course, to the proposed change in our agreement or to any other you may suggest. . . .

A Miss Maja Maag, Ahlmannsallée 15, Hellerup, Denmark, is thinking of translating the book<sup>2</sup> into Danish. I am not sure whether she has read it or not. She has seen some notices, I believe. It might be worth while to send her a review copy as I hear she writes for some paper. A friend of mine here has promised to bring the book under the notice of Mr Brandes. Should you decide to send him a copy his address is:

Prof. George Brandes  
Strandboulevard 27  
Copenhagen.

I shall follow it up with a letter. I need scarcely say that I should deem it a great honour if Mr Brandes took any interest in the book. I shall write to Miss Maag tomorrow. Her letter came some time ago but I could not write till now.

I sent you today a notice in the *Secolo* of Milan. The notice written by my friend Mr Vidacovich has not yet appeared in the *Nuova Antologia*. I saw the number of 15 July today. The article was sent in last month. I hope you got a leaflet of continental press notices I sent. I had only 100 printed for I hope to be able to add more and the type is still set up.

P.S. I am still waiting for copies of my play *Exiles*. I beg you to believe that the delay in sending you a copy is not due to any forgetfulness of mine.

<sup>1</sup> *Tarr* by Mr Wyndham Lewis (The Egoist Ltd., London 1918). *Tarr* had run in *The Egoist* as a serial from April 1916 to November 1917.

<sup>2</sup> *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

TO FORREST REID

1 August 1918

Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich

My dear Mr Reid: I am sure you have a very bad opinion of me as a correspondent. The fact is I have been in bed for more than two months with an attack of my eyes—the fourth in two years. I really do not know what to say about it. This climate is very bad but I hope that now at least I shall have time to do something.

I appreciate very much your friendly thought in writing to me about my play *Exiles*, all the more since the play has met with very scant favour. It has been translated, however, and possibly will be given here. I had hoped that the Abbey Theatre or the Stage Society (London) would do it but, though it is on the programme of the latter, nothing definite has been arranged. As you will see by the enclosed we have given here and in Geneva and Lausanne plays (in English) by Synge, Wilde, Mr Shaw and Sir J. Barrie. I wonder whether the fact would interest any newspaper in Belfast. If so you could perhaps pass on the enclosed. It is, I believe, the first Synge performance of any of his plays (in English) on the continent. I take a special interest in *Riders to the Sea* for I was the first person that read it. Synge brought it one morning in typescript to my hotel in Paris (I was studying (?) medicine there at that time) and we discussed it at lunch. If you have written any plays yourself or if you know of any (with a short cast) by any of your literary friends I shall be pleased to show them to Mr Sykes, the stage manager of the company, in the hope that the company may be able to do them. The next production will be *Mrs Warren's Profession* or *She Stoops to Conquer*.

I shall be glad to hear what you are doing and writing and if you hear of any interesting events in the Irish literary world I shall be grateful for a few lines from you. As regards myself my new novel *Ulysses* began to run in the *Little Review* (New York) last March. I suppose there are no copies in Belfast. The London editorial office is 5 Holland Place Chambers, London, W.8. The *Egoist* (London) was to have run it simultaneously but no printer would handle it. Even the American printers have mutilated it here and there but I shall see that the few passages excised are restored if it costs me another ten years. We write for a very intelligent public—c'è poco da dire!

If you would care to push the sales of your book in this country I shall try to get some Swiss booksellers to take copies from your publishers on sale or return. And if I can aid the sales I shall certainly do so.

P.S. I enclose also a photograph of my wife who took a part in Synge's

To Forrest Reid

AUGUST 1918

play. As she was born within sight of Aran I think Synge's words were spoken with the genuine brogue.

To [?]<sup>1</sup>

5 August 1918

Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich

Madame: Vous devez avoir une très mauvaise opinion de ma politesse! Mais la vérité est que j'ai été presque deux mois et demi à lit avec une très grave maladie des yeux—une double iritis avec glaucome. Maintenant elle est passée, dieu merci, et je puis de nouveau lire et écrire.

Je ne sais si vous avez reçu un exemplaire de ma pièce. L'éditeur est très ennuyeux. Il faut lui répéter la même chose une dizaine de fois. Si vous ne l'avez pas reçu je vous prie de me le faire savoir. C'est incroyable comme ces gens négligent leur propre intérêt. Il y a pour comble de malheur la fermeture presque constante de la frontière qui rend très difficile le commerce libraire.

Quant à votre [illegible] invitation à collaborer pour votre journal avec un article, je suis vraiment flatté de l'honneur mais je n'écris jamais d'articles—pas même d'articles littéraires pour ne parler pas d'autres. Du reste, le problème de ma race est tellement compliqué qu'on a besoin de tous les moyens d'un art élastique pour l'esquisser—sans le résoudre. Je suis de l'avis qu'une prononciation personnelle ne m'est plus permise. Je suis contraint à la faire moyennant les scènes et les personnages de ma pauvre invention.

Mais je crois comprendre le motif de votre invitation. Car il y a entre la nation française et la mienne une amitié qui n'est pas d'hier. Et je confesse que je dois beaucoup aux écrivains français.

Je vous remercie encore une fois et je vous prie d'agréer mes salutations distinguées.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 August 1918

[Postcard]

Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: I sent the eighth episode of *Ulysses* (Eolus) to Mr Pound some days [ago] and hope you have it now.

If you have occasion to write to my New York publisher will you please thank him for the interesting controversial cuttings from

<sup>1</sup> No indication of the name of the addressee. Perhaps Mlle Guillermet of the *Journal de Genève* addressed by Joyce as 'Madame' as is usual in France when one does not know a lady's *état civil*.

American press about *Ulysses*<sup>1</sup> and ask him to convey my thanks to Mr Hecht for his article in defense of the book?

TO MADEMOISELLE GUILLERMET

5 September 1918

Universitätstrasse 38, Zurich

Dear Miss Guillermet:<sup>2</sup> Since you write English so well I suppose I can answer also in English. I hope you have now received safely the books I sent you registered, your own novel and my play signed. I read your novel with much interest though I do not like the epistolary form in which you have written it. It is seductive but has the inevitable drawback that one can see only from one angle. The inclusion also in some of the letters of literal transcripts from 'l'autre' is a device, necessary no doubt, which dissatisfies. The only successful attempt in that line which I have seen is Merimée's *Abbé Auban* where the last letter completely turns the scales the other way. But every form of art has its limitations and it is better to judge a book by what it achieves within its limits.

Your book reminded me somewhat of Amiel who, I imagine, must be a favourite with you. What tiresome critics call the 'plot' seems to [me] to be suffused by a sentiment very rare in French literature. I mean the Huguenot strain which is apparent for example in Mr Gide's *La Porte Étroite* a book with which yours seems to me to have some analogy. Perhaps you will think this judgment fantastic but you must allow for the fact that after all I am a foreigner.

I suppose you yourself (for more reasons than one) are displeased by the end of the book. Artistically however it seems to me a completion rather than an interruption. I am sorry I cannot keep the novel as you have no other copy but 'épuisé' is a very pleasing word to a writer's ears.

I send you some more notices of my *Portrait* which may interest you but like most writers (and mothers?) I am thinking chiefly of my latest work. After your rather scathing attack on my 'manque de goût' I am waiting with some trepidation for your criticism. As I seldom read papers I shall be very much obliged if you will send me *three* copies of the issue in which it is published, one for myself and one each for my English and American publisher.

I envy anyone who writes in French not so much because I envy the resources of that language (whose function I find to be for the most part

<sup>1</sup> *Ulysses* had started running as a serial in the *Little Review* (New York) in March 1918.

<sup>2</sup> Mlle Guillermet was on the staff of *Le Journal de Genève*.

a standard of moderation and criticism rather than one of innovation) but on account of the public to which one can appeal. Writing in English is the most ingenious torture ever devised for sins committed in previous lives. The English reading public explains the reason why.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

26 October 1918

*Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich*

Dear Miss Weaver: First of all I must apologise for not having written before now. I have been very busy looking for new quarters as you may see by my changed address and with other minor matters in connection therewith. It is difficult to get anything that one needs for the winter at present. Copies of *Exiles* came a few days ago and I sent you a copy which I hope you have now received. It is not well printed or bound but I have no copies of the American edition. I owe you my thanks for your kind words about my play and assure you that I appreciate them very much. I have seen the notice in *The Times* to which you allude and also one in *The New Statesman*. I have not yet seen any American notices.

I have had no letter from Mr Pound for a long time and I hope he is not ill. I am surprised that you have not received from him the seventh episode (Eolus) which I sent a long time ago. I sent yesterday the eighth episode (Lestrygonians) so perhaps you can ask him to send you both together.

I am glad to hear that Mr Fels wishes to make a French translation of my novel. I had a letter from Mr Brandes saying that he would be very interested to read it but had not received the copy sent. Can you send me four copies and I shall remit the amount on the 1 November? As regards the continental press notices I shall have copies made for you. I enclose some new notices. Very many notices—but very small sales I fear will be your opinion.

Mr Vidacovich's article has not yet appeared in the *Nuova Antologia* nor Mr Davray's in the *Mercure de France* but I hope they will some day. *Chi vive sperando muore cantando.*

May I ask you also when writing to Mr Pound to tell him that I have not yet received the numbers of the *Little Review* for September or October? My book *Ulysses* appears to be giving you a great deal of trouble. I must also apologise for the slow rate at which I deliver the chapters. But I hope they will all be dispatched some day. I am writing now the Hamlet episode (Scylla and Charybdis).

Excuse me for inflicting another dull letter on you about my writing. It seems I write only about delays and difficulties and disappointments.



P.S. Will you please send a copy of the book also to Mr Carlo Linati, via Santo Spirito, 4, Milano, and the press notices, suggesting to him to translate it into Italian for the *Studio Editoriale Lombardo*. He translated *The Playboy of the Western World* for that firm. I am writing to him also. J.J.

TO CARLO LINATI<sup>1</sup>

31 October 1918

[In Italian]

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Sir: I was given your address at the Italian library here. Having seen your Italian translations of the works of two friends of mine—Synge and Yeats, *The Playboy of the Western World* and *The Countess Cathleen*—I thought you might be interested in my novel. Enclosed you will find a few somewhat polyglot criticisms. At all events I have asked the publishers in London to send you a copy and it will arrive, I hope, at the gods' pleasure. I am sorry to confess that I am not acquainted with your own works although I keep myself well informed about the latest literary movements. But the fact that you have chosen Synge and Yeats to introduce them to Italian readers rather than the dull novels which the English public devours gives me confidence. May I beg you to let me know whether you have already received the copy sent to your address?

FROM B. W. HUEBSCH TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

31 October 1918

Dear Miss Weaver: I am mailing you two copies of my edition of *Chamber Music* and am sending at the same time five copies to Mr Joyce. I am writing him that Miss Anderson<sup>2</sup> says that the excisions in *Ulysses* had been made in pencil in the copy that she received and she is under the impression that they represent Mr Pound's ideas. She says that she made absolutely no changes herself. Her manuscript appears to be mislaid and she will search for it, but you know that missing manuscripts are never found, so you had better see to it that I receive a duplicate copy in the form in which it should appear in the volume.

The American reviewers of *Exiles* also were baffled though a few of them have perceived the significance of the play and it became the

<sup>1</sup> Carlo Linati, b. Como 1878, distinguished Italian writer, who also translated works by Lady Gregory, Stevenson, De Quincey, Lawrence and Joyce. (See postscript of preceding letter.)

<sup>2</sup> Editor of the *Little Review*, New York.

subject of some interesting reviews. I am forwarding a few cuttings to Mr Joyce.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

1 December 1918

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for your letter of 2 November and also for your kind words about my book *Ulysses*. May I ask you to convey my thanks also to Miss Marsden. I am sorry that you get no satisfaction out of the book such as it is. I gave Mr Lewis's book<sup>1</sup> to the critic of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, which is the leading newspaper in Switzerland (with the *Journal de Genève*) and he has promised to review it. I shall try to have it reviewed in the *Zürcher Post*. Miss Guillermet of the *Journal de Genève* might review it but she wrote that the editor had no space for her notice of *Exiles*.

I enclose a letter which I have received. If you wish you can send a copy of the book to the firm for their client but I would ask you not to arrange anything for the moment. I hope to write to you later on about this matter. If the four copies of the book arrive I shall send one to Mr Brandes. The copies for Messrs Ebell have arrived but not those for Messrs Crès et Cie. Mr Davray's article has not yet appeared in the *Mercure de France* nor Mr Vidacovich's in the *Nuova Antologia* but the century is still young.

I hope you are well in these dangerous days. I am glad to say that my health is better and my eyes give me no trouble but my sight is very bad sometimes.

<sup>1</sup> Tarr.

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# 1919

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TO MADEMOISELLE GUILLERMET

28 February 1919

*Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich*

Dear Miss Guillermet: You will think me very remiss for not having written ere now. I have been ill again with my eyes for the sixth time! If I am a sun, as you say, it is a sun which is often under an eclipse. I should be glad to receive the book you speak of. I think I ought to go away for a holiday but man proposes and God disposes. I am grateful for your interest in my work—though you seem to dislike it sufficiently.

I do not like it myself mais que voulez-vous?

I thank you for your kind suggestions. Perhaps one day I shall go to Geneva. I never go anywhere it seems unless somebody fetches me to a train and locks me into a coupé with a ticket. I regret that through no fault of yours I was unable to include your name among those of the critics of *Exiles*. I am not sure however that the play interested you. A translation (German) will be published in Zurich next week by Rascher and Co of here and possibly the play will be produced somewhere some day (or night).

I am thinking more about the book I am writing, *Ulysses*, which I daresay you would find as remote from yourself as the sun—or some other solar system. The English printers refuse to print it and they surely know what is right and what is wrong.

TO B. W. HUEBSCH

30 April 1919

*Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich*

Dear Mr Huebsch: Will you please have enclosed<sup>1</sup> copied (at my expense to be placed against my accounting) and sent to Mr Colum, Mr Quinn, Mr Hackett, Mr Hecht and to any others who may be able to bring this monstrous affair under the notice of American public opinion. I may say that, in the opinion of my Doctor, my frequent attacks of iritis are due in great measure to the cowardly ill treatment of these officials.

<sup>1</sup> See letter of 23 May to Mr Curran.

To B. W. Huebsch

APRIL 1919

A Greek friend of mine, Mr Chalas, sent you some time ago a pamphlet of his in the hope that a translation might interest you.

I need scarcely say in conclusion that in such circumstances it is impossible for me for [sic] continue the book I am engaged on—*Ulysses*.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

23 May 1919

Universitätsstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Curran: I shall feel obliged if you will communicate the facts narrated in my enclosed statement to the press<sup>1</sup> if you are still a correspondent or contributor to any papers likely to take the matter up.

I hope you are well in these troubled days and shall be glad to hear from you.

FROM B. W. HUEBSCH TO JAMES JOYCE

10 June 1919

Dear Mr Joyce: You have my sympathy in the plight that your letter of April 30th and the accompanying statement described. I sent copies or showed the statement to the persons you mentioned with the exception of Mr Hecht who is in Europe, Berlin I believe, on behalf of the *Chicago Daily News*. I know that if he should get to Switzerland he intends seeing you.

Those whom I have consulted agree with me that it would be difficult to get general publicity for your statement. If it were sent broadcast to literary editors, none would feel it incumbent upon him to give more than a brief and probably garbled account. I have concluded to give it exclusively to one good paper and thus secure the printing of the statement in its entirety, knowing that a single conspicuous presentation of your case is likely to arouse more discussion than a hundred insignificant paragraphs. With that in view I have forwarded it to H. B. Sell whose weekly book page in *The Chicago Daily News* is read and copied by many persons outside his city. I think that he will print it, but if he should not do so, I will try William Marion Reedy who publishes a weekly paper in St Louis called the *Mirror* which is widely read for its comments on literature, politics and art.

I have not yet heard from Mr Quinn, but if he takes any action you

<sup>1</sup> Mr Curran was Irish Correspondent of *The Nation* at this time. The enclosure related to the lawsuit arising from the 'English Players' venture, an account of which is given in Gorman's biography.

are more likely to hear from him direct as he will not consider me necessary as an intermediary.

With his fine enthusiasm Colum immediately determined to lay the matter before a wealthy young man, whose soul is not crushed by his money, with the result represented by the enclosed check, the equivalent of \$700 which he contributes to be used as you see fit, either for the payment of your deficit or, if the nature of that obligation is not such as to require that you meet it, for your own use. The idea is that you are to be freed of the difficulties that interfere with your health and work. The man's name is Scofield Thayer, 80 Washington Square East, N.Y.C. I suppose that you will want to write to him. Mr. Thayer tells me that a friend of his will probably make a contribution of \$300, but I decided not to wait but to send that when it comes. (Please don't imagine that America is full of rich young men of that kind!)

I hope that you will be able to get into good shape physically and that your peace of mind may be restored. It is a great pity that the tyranny of small people is permitted to interfere with our lives, but I know how difficult it is to be philosophical about such things at the time they are happening. Let me hear from you how things develop.

TO B. W. HUEBSCH

19 June 1919

*Universitätsstrasse 29, Zurich*

Dear Mr Huebsch: I have just received a letter from Mr Colum in which he informs me that he has raised a subsidy of \$2000 in aid of my case among sympathizers there. He states that he himself is about to leave for Europe but that I can apply to you for whatever amount of this total money has been already subscribed. It would greatly facilitate to have this money cabled as we have now reached the crisis. I am writing to Mr Colum by the same mail to thank him for his comradelike energy. The case is indeed sufficiently scandalous.

Herewith some extracts of press notices of *Exiles*.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

19 June 1919

*Zurich*

Dear Budgen: Are you still there? I sent on your dream book and hope it reached you, but if it did not, well, no matter, let it go.<sup>1</sup> The news?

<sup>1</sup> This is a quotation from a poem named 'At the Gates of Sleep' by Frank Budgen which he sent with the 'dream book'.

Paul Suter<sup>1</sup> brought your sketch here and I must really thank you for it as it seems to my barbarian eye a delicate and provocative object. Paul was with us at the Pfauen Restaurant where we did honour to the golden wine named by him who writes 'The Archiduchess' because. . . .

Other news? Mr ——— (suppressed by censor)<sup>2</sup> who 'looks after the dibs' embezzled 1,000 francs of the company's money and there is open war. Colum writes to me from New York that a sympathy movement for me has begun there and they are cabling me 11,000 francs in support of my case and project. I hear there are to be thunderbolt articles in the Press. I sent off the statement to London to my agent who is reluctant to circulate it and also to the Foreign Office and to the chief two delegates of the Irish-American mission in Paris. Pound writes disapproving of the *Sirens*, then modifying his disapproval and protesting against the close and against 'obsession' and wanting to know whether Bloom (prolonged cheers from all parts of the house) could not be relegated to the background and Stephen Telemachus brought forward.

The chapter of the *Cyclops* is being lovingly moulded in the way you know. The Fenian is accompanied by a wolfhound who speaks (or curses) in Irish. He unburdens his soul about the Saxo-Angles in the best Fenian style and with colossal vituperativeness alluding to their standard industry. The epic proceeds explanatorily 'He spoke of the English, a noble race, rulers of the waves, who sit on thrones of alabaster, silent as the deathless gods'. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

2 July 1919

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: I enclose a letter from Mr Richards which explains itself. My relations with his firm have not been profitable either to him or to me and my contract with him has expired. As regards my book *Ulysses* it will not be finished, I suppose, for a year or so and when it is finished (if it is finished) I do not believe that Mr Richards or any of his colleagues in the United Kingdom will publish it or even find printers to print it. Some personal worries have also retarded its progress—to the relief of the few readers who honour it with their attention. My New York publisher, who has given me proof of a very friendly and energetic disposition, sails for England, he writes. Perhaps he is already

<sup>1</sup> Paul Suter, brother of the sculptor August Suter, often figured at the 'Tisch' patronized by Joyce and his friends at the Pfauen café. He joined the Maggi Company in 1919. In this context see Joyce's letter to George and Helen Joyce dated 8 March 1938.

<sup>2</sup> Name struck out in original.

there. He intends to call on you with regard to an eventual publication of the book—to be printed, possibly, in Africa.

I forwarded some time ago the chapter *Wandering Rocks* to Mr Pound but it was not acknowledged. Was your copy of the typescript forwarded to you? I also sent to him in France the episode of the *Sirens*. This, at least, reached him and he told me he had sent it on to you and to Miss Anderson.<sup>1</sup> I fear he does not like the book. I shall send the episode of the *Cyclops* next—but when I cannot say. If any further excerpts from the book have appeared in *The Egoist* I should like to see them.

If it should be decided to publish *Ulysses* in the distant future I should like to propose (as I did repeatedly to Mr Richards) that it be published in paper covers at a price equivalent to that current in France. I have seen English novels offered here in the shop windows at 11 and 12 francs beside French novels offered at 3.80 or 4 francs.

I may leave this country soon so that I shall be glad to hear from you on these matters. If you foresee only difficulties in the matter of publication I beg you to let no other considerations interfere with your own interests already too fruitlessly abused by me.

TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER

7 July 1919

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Mr Palmer: I am arranging a vocal concert with Mr Augustus Milner, leading baritone of the Municipal Theatre in Zurich (an Irishman by birth) to be given shortly in the Townhall here. He wants to sing two of your songs, *The Man from Galway* and your charming setting of my verses *O, it was out by Donnycarney*. As my music is locked up in my flat in Trieste may I ask you to let me have these songs, if possible, by return. If the latter be now printed so much the better. If not MS will do. I shall remit you in Mr Milner's name the amount of the former when I know what it costs.

P.S. Can you send some particulars of your life and work for programme?

TO FRANK BUDGEN

11 July 1919

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich.

Dear Budgen: What the hell kind of an address is this? And are you there? And are you coming back to Z.? I send you enclosed description of pictures which have been offered for sale, prices marked on back.

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the *Little Review*, New York.

To Frank Budgen

JULY 1919

The daubs<sup>1</sup> are here in Z. If you can sell any of them you get 5% or 10%. I forget which. The whole lot would bring a commission of 30,000 frs., I think. Write and be damned to the waste of ink. Am taking P.S.'s<sup>2</sup> verses now to the Zürcher Post. Am sending you a photo of myself. Portrait of my wife framed and up.<sup>3</sup> 5000 frs cabled from U.S.A. for my cause. Everyone beginning to be on the move here. I have offered to finance the E.P.<sup>4</sup> After prolonged deliberations they very kindly and most considerately consented to accept 10,000 francs of my dirty money in consideration of my former good behaviour and unstained character. Am arranging a concert of Irish traditional and modern music for the Tonhalle with Milner as singer.

Arrivederci presto, pittore bevitore.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 July 1919

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . You write that the last episode sent<sup>5</sup> seems to you to show a weakening or diffusion of some sort. Since the receipt of your letter I have read this chapter again several times. It took me five months to write it and always when I have finished an episode my mind lapses into a state of blank apathy out of which it seems that neither I nor the wretched book will ever more emerge. Mr Pound wrote to me rather hastily in disapproval but I think that his disapproval is based on grounds which are not legitimate and is due chiefly to the varied interests of his admirable and energetic artistic life. Mr Brock<sup>6</sup> also wrote to me begging me to explain to him the method (or methods) of the madness but these methods are so manifold, varying as they do from one hour of the day to another, from one organ of the body to another, from episode to episode, that, much as I appreciate his critical patience I could not attempt to reply. . . . If the *Sirens* have been found so unsatisfactory I have little hope that the *Cyclops* or later the *Circe* episode will be approved of: and, moreover, it is impossible for me to write these episodes quickly. The elements needed will only fuse after a prolonged existence together. I confess that it is an extremely tiresome book but it is the only book which I am able to write at present. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The 'daubs' in question were old master pictures smuggled, Mr Budgen thinks, out of Austria. The project here referred to came to nothing.

<sup>2</sup> Paul Suter.

<sup>3</sup> Painted by Frank Budgen.

<sup>4</sup> The English Players.

<sup>5</sup> The *Sirens*.

<sup>6</sup> A. Clutton Brock of the *Times Literary Supplement*.



The word *scorching* has a peculiar significance for my superstitious mind not so much because of any quality or merit in the writing itself as for the fact that the progress of the book is in fact like the progress of some sandblast. As soon as I mention or include any person in it I hear of his or her death or departure or misfortune: and each successive episode, dealing with some province of artistic culture (rhetoric or music or dialectic), leaves behind it a burnt up field. Since I wrote the *Sirens* I find it impossible to listen to music of any kind. . . .

As you are the person who introduced my book *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to the 'notice' of the public I shall feel very thankful to you if you will accept from me the MS of that book. It is in Trieste and, as soon as circumstances there are more favourable, I shall get it and forward it to you. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 August 1919

Universitätstrasse 29, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . Perhaps I ought not to say any more on the subject of the *Sirens* but the passages you allude to were not intended by me as recitative. There is in the episode only one example of recitative on page 12 in preface to the song. They are all the eight regular parts of a *fuga per canonem*: and I did not know in what other way to describe the seductions of music beyond which Ulysses travels. I understand that you may begin to regard the various styles of the episodes with dismay and prefer the initial style much as the wanderer did who longed for the rock of Ithaca. But in the compass of one day to compress all these wanderings and clothe them in the form of this day is for me only possible by such variation which, I beg you to believe, is not capricious.

In confirmation of what I said in my last letter I enclose a cutting from a Dublin paper, just received, announcing the death of one of the figures in the episode.<sup>1</sup>

It will perhaps interest you to know that my play *Exiles* will be produced for the first time tomorrow night in Munich at the Muenchner Schauspielhaus. I have received many telegrams inviting me to be present but I shall not be there to see it. I mention this because I remember that after its publication I received from you, to my surprise, a message of very appreciative praise. I am sending you a copy of the translation published here in Zurich a few months ago as I think you may wish to have it also.

The questions raised in a former letter are not pressing but, while I

<sup>1</sup> Mr J. G. Lidwell.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

AUGUST 1919

thank Miss Marsden for the compliment she pays me, I should prefer to see my book (*Ulysses*) priced at 3/- which is about its value, I think.

With many thanks for your generosity to me and for the great interest you take in my writing and with many kind regards.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

7 November 1919

[Postcard]

*Trieste*

Not a word from Quinn. Not a flat to be had. Prices very high. Will write fully in a day or so. Give no information about me to anyone. Your pictures and my third case of books have not come. Glad to hear you are working. My regards to Paul and Hummel. No wine here like the archduchess. . . . As for *Ulysses*—it is like me—on the rocks.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

7 November 1919

*via Sanita, 2, Trieste*

Dear Mr Pinker: On receipt of this will you kindly cable to Huebsch for a cabled remittance to you, either in settlement of any royalties due or an advance of royalties on the books published or on *Ulysses* (which he can have for America on any terms he likes provided my text be not tampered with). I find myself in very difficult circumstances here and, as part of my house was ruined by air attacks and the furniture removed and many of my things stolen and moreover as it is almost impossible to find a flat owing to military congestion in the city and as the prices are extremely high, I have no resource but to ask you to do all that you can in the matter. You can remit the money to me only by cheque in registered express cover as the money order department of the Italian P.O. is not yet open in this annexed zone. After the New Year my position will be sensibly better but I am in most urgent need of funds at the present moment and, in fact, every day is of importance to me. I shall be very grateful if you will kindly acknowledge receipt of this letter by return of post.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

N.D. (?) end 1919

*via Sanita 2, Trieste*

Dear Budgen: I enclose two letters, underlining two significant passages. As regards the letter from S.<sup>1</sup> if you are manager of the E.P.<sup>2</sup> at present

<sup>1</sup> Mr Claud Sykes.

<sup>2</sup> English Players.

the only message I wish you to convey is one of my regret for the constant trouble he encounters, which I hope he will succeed in overcoming. Personally, however, I cannot attend to this matter in the present disturbed state of my domestic economy. I wrote twice to the secretary of the authors' union. They don't want letters. They want cash. So do I and badly. I may say that if I had in my pocket the money I gave the E.P. lately—about 10,000 lire at present exchange I should be better off. This for yourself, however. I beg you to give my regards to Mrs S. and Mr S. with apologies for my silence—understandable in present circumstances. I hope he will write no more petulant letters to me who am in no way to blame.

As regards X.<sup>1</sup> he seems to be threatening libel proceedings by his letter in which case yourself, Hummel<sup>2</sup> and I will be led forth shackled 'for they were malefactors'. Since I came here I wrote a long letter to Mrs M. asking her very urgently to consider the advisability of the revivability of her aid. That distinguished lady never answered. X. pretends he never knew my address here—another piece of fooling. He forgets only what he dislikes to remember, viz., that he promised me as a gift Doktor Jung's *Wandlungen der Libido* (prolonged universal applause, shouts Hear Hear from a raughty tinker and an Irishman in the gallery). For God's sake give those louts the go by. As for the Garryowen poetic lectures I am glad I was not there. Pound wrote 'enthusing' about the Cyclops episode. . . . Miss W. writes saying that after a perusal of it she found it hard to keep from interlarding her speech with I's<sup>3</sup> favourite adjective. By the way did you get the sealed packet, the bottle of wine, etc. There are in Mr Owen's room about 40 or 50 copies of *Verbannte*. Could you remove them to your studio and sell them (for yourself I mean) whenever anyone comes in and drinks my health in Her Most Excellent Excellency's the Archduchess's most excellent piss (Pardon! Fendant de Valais). Only please keep 10 copies of the stage edition and 5 of the other. Also if Mrs M. doesn't reply within a month I shall take the MS back.

No chance of a flat here. The town is full of rumours of my success (financial chiefly) in foreign parts so that I avoid all contact with people. Need I tell you what a great privation it is to me to have not here within earshot your over-patient and friendly self? I hope you will let me know in advance what you intend to do, if staying there or moving

<sup>1</sup> This letter conceals the name of a gentleman Joyce—quite unjustly as it turned out—suspected of having caused Mrs McCormick to discontinue her allowance of 1000 Swiss francs monthly.

<sup>2</sup> Danni Hummel, a friend of Paul and August Suter.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. the unnamed narrator of the 'Cyclops' episode.

To Frank Budgen

? (end) 1919

south. I have not written a word of *Nausikaa* beyond notation of flapper's atrocities and general plan of the specially new fizzing style (Patent No 7728SP. ZP.BP.LP.). My regards to Paul Suter and D. Hummel. Next time I shall send you a letter for Miss Herter. Your pictures have now reached Chiasso only! Seemingly they are being admired en route. Please write me as soon as possible. It is quite easy as I find if you once sit down. How are you progressing artistically? This letter is full of materiality. So am I, alas!

TO CARLO LINATI

19 December 1919

[In Italian]

*Via della Sanita, 2, Trieste*

Dear Signor Linati: I don't know how to thank you for your kindness. You will find in the current number of the English publication *Who's Who* some details about myself. I enclose anyway one of the printed proofs already corrected in 1916. I have lived here at Trieste from 1904 onwards. In 1914 the Austrian Government allowed me to move with my family to Switzerland (Zurich), where I remained till a little while ago. I suffered a good deal with my eyes at Zurich and underwent a grave operation, iridotomy. In 1916 I received a gift from the Crown for literary merits, on the recommendation of the then Prime Minister, Mr Asquith. As for Italian, I began to study it when I was 9 years old. I was then in a Jesuit college. Later I took a degree in Romance languages. The story of my books is very strange. For the publication of *Dubliners* I had to struggle for ten years. The whole first edition of 1000 copies was burnt at Dublin by fraud; some say it was the doing of priests, some of enemies, others of the then Viceroy or his consort, Countess Aberdeen.<sup>1</sup> Altogether it is a mystery. The story is told in a little manifesto,<sup>2</sup> which is now in the possession of Dr S. O. Steinberg, c/o the Zürcher Post, Peterstrasse, Zurich. If you send him a card in my name, I am sure he will send it you. If you cannot write German, you can write to him just as well in Italian, as he speaks Italian quite well. As for the *Portrait*, it was refused by nearly all the publishers in London. Moreover, when the courageous review *The Egoist* decided to publish it, not one printing works in the whole United Kingdom could be found to consent to print it. It was printed in America. The sheets were sent to

<sup>1</sup> An account of this incident will be found in Gorman's biography, and some interesting facts relating to it in 'A Recollection of James Joyce' (*Envoy*, April 1951) by Mr Joseph Hone, a member of the firm of Maunsel and Co. who were to publish *Dubliners*.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted in Gorman's biography. The 'manifesto' was published in two Irish newspapers.

London and bound there. My new book *Ulysses* was to appear in the *Egoist* of London. The same old story. From the very beginning the printers refused again. It appeared in fragments in the New York *Little Review*. Several times it was taken out of circulation through the post, by the action of the American Government. Now legal action<sup>1</sup> is being taken against it. *Exiles* raised a kind of storm at Monaco. My agent at Berlin writes to me that for the moment nothing can be done, that it would be better to wait for public opinion to quieten down. I hope all the same to get it put on in Italy. You could give it a push with the latest story. In England it is not even spoken of. It was put in the programme of the Stage Society together with Congreve's *Way of the World*, and d'Annunzio's *Dead City* (translation by Arthur Symonds) but then removed again, owing to a protest by Bernard Shaw, who found it 'obscene'.

I would very much like to read your books. I searched for and ordered them in vain in Zurich. They would interest me particularly as I am a personal friend of Yeats and knew Synge in Paris. Although, as you observe, my work enters in the infamy of the movement founded and conducted by them.

<sup>1</sup> In the Italian *protesta processo*.

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# 1920

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TO FRANK BUDGEN

3 January 1920

*Via Sanità 2, Trieste*

Dear Budgen: I hope you are alive, well and sold something in Basel. Your pictures came all right and are up. Machine arrived broken, books safe, total cost about 600 francs. The situation here highly unpleasant. No flat or sign of one. I have refused lessons up to the present but have been appointed to the school again—it is now a commercial university—one hour a day. For six weeks after my arrival I neither read nor wrote nor spoke, but as it cannot go on so I started *Nausikaa* and I have written less than half. Perhaps I can finish it for Feb. 2nd. No reply from Mrs M. It seems that gentility cannot be acquired in a single generation. . . . I heard nothing from Sykes or the English foulplayers, but people tell me they still perform. Linotti was here twice smelling around—God knows for what. X I met on New Year's day in the street. He approached smiling (I suppose at my ridiculous get-up) and saluted. I replied. We now cook for ourselves in this household. Till yesterday I was paying 35 lire a day to my brother-in-law. Now I pay him half rent gas coal and we pig for ourselves. Golly! Apart from this is the damnable boredom. Not a soul to talk to about Bloom. Lent two chapters to one or two people but they know as much about it as the parliamentary side of my arse. My brother [knows] something but he thinks it a joke, besides he was four years in internment, has a devil of a lot to do and likes a gay elegant life in his own set. O shite and onions! When is this bloody state of affairs going to end? Have you the copies of *Verbannte*? If so sell them to anybody will take 'em and keep the cash for yourself. I suppose P.S.<sup>1</sup> is now married. Give him my best wishes. Are you staying on in Zurich? Is there any God's chance of your coming here for a week? I doubt if I can raise the whole lot. I could put you up however for that length of time and feed but there is the bloody fare. I might be able to go halves in it. Perhaps next month? *Nausikaa* will be finished, I hope. To abandon the book now would be madness. First half of *Cyclops* appeared in November

<sup>1</sup> Paul Suter.

with excision of the erection allusion. Do you ever see S. Lang?<sup>1</sup> I wish he would send me back registered my novel. The copy is not mine but dedicated. On receipt of this approach an inkbottle with intention. I know it is a bore but I should like to hear your views and plans. By the way do you or did you know any Weavers in St Ives? I ask because Miss W. sent me a snapshot taken there. *Verbannte* appears to have gone under in Germany. Writing *Ulysses* is a tough job enough without all this trouble. The prospect of starting lessons again next month is damn unpleasant. Winter here is mild enough and will soon be over. Plenty of good opera but I never go. (Can't because somebody either pawned or sold my dress suit and it costs 600 lire to buy one.) Perhaps if I had my own flat it might not be so bad. (I may remark that the greater part of the furniture here is mine.) Doing any kind of business upsets me. Schlie (Mrs Piazza's man) is here—a decent sort of fellow—not a psychoanalyst. Had a card from Ruggiero.<sup>2</sup> Thank him if you see him. I wish you a happy new year and hope to see you soon. As for travelling, being ex-British consul, you should find no difficulties, I suppose, but I daresay I am selfish as usual in suggesting such a troublesome and, to you, unprofitable move. In any case please write by return. *Nausikaa* is written in a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawery (alto là!) style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles, painter's palette, chit chat, circumlocution, etc., etc. Not so long as the others.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

5 January 1920

[Postcard]

*Via Sanita 2, Trieste*

Thanks for card received. Will you please send me a bundle of other novelettes and any penny hymnbook you can find as I need them? All are well here except myself. Another thing I wanted to know is whether there are trees (and of what kind) behind the Star of the Sea church in Sandymount visible from the shore and also whether there are steps leading down at the side of it from Leahy's terrace. If you can find out these facts for me quickly I shall be glad.

Renewed wishes for 1920 from all here.

<sup>1</sup> A Swiss poet.

<sup>2</sup> A Zurich banker, one of Joyce's closest friends during his sojourn in Zurich. (See the Letters to Mr Ruggiero.)

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

JANUARY 1920

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 January 1920

Via Sanita 2, Trieste

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . The 'original' original<sup>1</sup> I tore up and threw into the stove about eight years ago in a fit of rage on account of the trouble over *Dubliners*. The charred remains of the MS were rescued by a family fire brigade and tied up in an old sheet where they remained for some months. I then sorted them out and pieced them together as best I could and the present MS is the result.

The copies of the novel sent to Messrs Bemporad have arrived but those for Messrs Schimigoff [?] have not yet come. I fancy that many could be sold here but perhaps the exchange, so unfavourable to Italian buyers, will be an obstacle. Unfortunately I have not yet found a flat and have not as much quiet and freedom as I should like. I am working at the *Nausikaa* episode. It is very consoling to me that you consider me a writer because every time I sit down with a pen in my hand I have to persuade myself (and others) of the fact. However, I hope to finish this episode during January. . . .

I renew my good wishes to you for 1920 and hope to complete my book during the year.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

N.D. (?) early 1920

Via Sanita 2, Trieste

Dear Aunt Josephine: I hope you are well and that the operation you spoke of went off successfully. I want that information about the Star of the Sea Church, has it ivy on its seafront, are there trees in Leahy's terrace at the side or near, if so, what are these steps leading down to the beach? I also want all the information you can give, tittle-tattle, facts etc about Hollis Street maternity hospital. Two chapters of my book remain unfinished till I have these so I shall feel very grateful if you will sacrifice a few hours of your time for me and write me a long letter with details. My novel is translated into Swedish. The Italian translation of *Exiles* comes out in April. The American censor burned all the copies of last issue of *Little Review* on account of instalment of my book *Ulysses*.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 February 1920

Via Sanita 2, Trieste

Dear Miss Weaver: I am sending this registered because several letters

<sup>1</sup> Of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.



sent by me (including two to you) went astray it seems and also a few and some books addressed to me here. For the present it is better to register letters here as there is a great deal of confusion. About three weeks ago I sent the *Nausikaa* episode in duplicate to Mr Pound. If he has not sent it on to you will you please write to him for it. I heard from him this morning much to my relief for I feared that too had gone astray and the prospect of doing it all over again was not pleasant. A Mr Heaf or Heap of the *Little Review*<sup>1</sup> wrote to me a very friendly and complimentary letter in which he said that the U.S.A. censor had burned the entire May issue and threatened to cancel their licence if they continue to publish *Ulysses*. This is the second time I have had the pleasure of being burned while on earth so that I hope I shall pass through the fires of purgatory as quickly as my patron S. Aloysius. I am working now on the *Oxen of the Sun* the most difficult episode in an odyssey, I think, both to interpret and to execute. . . .

A painter in Zurich has a half done portrait of me which his friends call 'Herr Satan'.

*Exiles* will come out in an Italian version next month in Milan the translator being Mr Linati who finds that book more suited to introduce my writings than the novel or the stories. Perhaps it is just as well that the letter in which I gave you several addresses here of booksellers did not reach you. I think any copies sent here would be wasted. Yesterday the English pound was at 62 with the result that the single copy of my novel at present here was priced at 24 lire. A 9/- book would sell for 36 lire. French novels cost 20 lire. So that Italians are now reading only the Italian novels priced at 4,5 lire.

I was interested to read what you told me in your last letter as I myself started to study medicine three times, in Dublin, Paris and again in Dublin. I would have been even more disastrous to society at large than I am in my present state had I continued. Perhaps I should have continued in spite of certain very adverse circumstances but for the fact that both in Ireland and in France chemistry is in the first year's course. I never could learn it or understand in the least what it is about.

Mr Huebsch writes rather urgently about *Ulysses*. I shall tell him that it may be finished for publication late in autumn but without engagement on my side. If the type for the first half were set early in summer I could perhaps revise it then. I do not know whether they have my complete typescript in New York. It would be creating trouble to set from the *Little Review* as many passages are omitted and hopelessly mixed.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Jane Heap.

TO CARLO LINATI

8 March 1920

[In Italian]

2 Via Sanita, Trieste

Dear Colleague: Many thanks for your prompt reply. I am returning your letter with corrections and clarifications of minor queries. I await the others. I am dispatching this express. Tomorrow I shall send the verses.

P.S. Will you allow me a word? I prefer, if possible, the title *Esuli* rather than *Esigliati* for two reasons. There already exists a French play *Les Exilés* which was performed recently in Milan. And moreover, as their exile is voluntary, I think that the past participle is out of place. In English there are two ways, *Exiles* and *The Exiled*, and also in Italian, but not in French, I think, where *l'exil* is the state of being exiled and not the person.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

13 March 1920

2 Via Sanita, Trieste

Dear Budgen: Just got your letter of 2/3 but hope your decision is not final. 1st. The passport difficulty is not a difficulty at all, I think, because probably on consignment of your F.O. pass they can issue you a consular pass. 2nd. As regards going to England how does the Trieste plan interfere with that? It is quite on the cards that I shall be going there or thereward provisionally about June or July. 3rd. The exchange rates are against you in England and in your favour here. That is for 27 or 30 francs you get 100 lire. Life is cheaper here than in Switzerland. 4th. Apart from me you have surely something to gain from a visit, even if brief, to this part of the world. And is it not in your interest to see certain things here and in Venice? A Greek friend of mine, Sofanopulos, was going to Z'ch. I asked him to see you and explain verbally the situation. If you consent to sacrifice three hours of the day you can earn 150 to 200 lire per week. As a matter of fact I had (or have) two pupils hanging over for you contingent on your arrival. I give no lessons. My brother is full up and has constantly to decline offers. If you see your way clear at all I believe a visit here might do you good. I understand that Switzerland is now impossible and perhaps you want to settle down in England, but before abandoning Europe it would do you no harm to see this part of it. . . .

Am working hard at *Oxen of the Sun*, the idea being the crime com-

mitted against fecundity by sterilizing the act of coition. Scene: Lying-in-hospital. Technique: a ninepart episode without divisions introduced by a Sallustian-Tacitean prelude (the unfertilized ovum), then by way of earliest English alliterative and monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon ('Before born the babe had bliss. Within the womb he won worship.'<sup>1</sup> 'Bloom dull dreamy heard: in held hat stony staring.') then by way of Mandeville ('there came forth a scholar of medicine that men clepen, etc') then Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* ('but that franklin Lenehan was prompt ever to pour them so that at the least way mirth should not lack') then a passage solemn, as of Milton, Taylor, Hooker, followed by a Latin-gossipy bit, style of Burton/Browne, then a passage Bunyanesque ('the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore whose name she says is Bird-in-the-hand'). After a diary-style bit Pepys-Evelyn ('Bloom sitting snug with a party of wags, among them Dixon jun., Lynch, Doc. Madden and Stephen D. for a languor he had before and was now having dreamed a strange fancy and Mistress Purefoy there to be delivered, poor body, and two days past her time and the midwives hard put to it, God send her quick issue') and so on through Defoe-Swift and Steele-Addison-Sterne and Landor-Pater-Newman until it ends in a frightful jumble of pidgin English, nigger English, Cockney, Irish, Bowery slang and broken doggerel. This procession is also linked back at each part subtly with some foregoing episode of the day and, besides this, with the natural stages of development in the embryo and the periods of faunal evolution in general. The double-thudding Anglo-Saxon motive recurs from time to time ('Loth to move from Horne's house') to give the sense of the hoofs of oxen. Bloom is the spermatozoon, the hospital the womb, the nurse the ovum, Stephen the embryo.

How's that for High?

Well, get hold of a pen now and tell me what you think of doing. I hope you come for a time anyway. Spring here is very pleasant. Opera continues after Easter. Sigfrido with one of the greatest Italian tenors, Bassi.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

23 March 1920

*Via Sanita 2, Trieste*

Dear Budgen: On receipt let me know by express or wire if you can come to Trieste at the beginning of April. This would not prevent you going to England in summer. Perhaps I too might go to Cornwall and then

<sup>1</sup> Readers will notice differences from the final version in *Ulysses*.

To Frank Budgen

MARCH 1920

Ireland. My plan is this. Sell off what you can and don't want. If you can put 300 frs in your pocket, outside fare, you get 1000 lire here owing to exchange. I will have a room ready for you. *Re studio* I think you could have Silvestri's.<sup>1</sup> I can introduce you to many of your craft here. I can get you lessons here, not tiresome, at 6 or 7 lire an hour. You will learn Italian. You will see the Mediterranean. You will surely find things to paint in this colourful place. Food is not so dear. You will see ME. You will hear (till you get sick) the bloody Oxen of the bloody Sun. If you want to scut there are always boats to take you by long sea or trains and we can raise the fare. If you want a job in a shipping office here you can probably get one. If you decide lose no time. Sell off. Buchmann will probably advance you somewhat, say 200 frs on a picture, seascape, to be painted here. Go if you decide to Italian consulate. Call yourself a painter, coming here to paint. I will work this end here and have your permission here.

Where is my bloody watch you bloody lousy robber that I trusted with the confiding beauty of my angelic nature. Where are Tripovich's Godforsaken goodfornothing letters about LUV? Where are the copies of that splendid masterpiece *Verbannte*

by

JAMES JOYCE

Answer at once.

P.S. My brother says he can get you lessons also at 10 lire an hour. A friend of his is head of the Strangers' Movement Dept.

BE ENERGETIC.

TO CARLO LINATI

11 May 1920

[In Italian]

Via Sanita 2, Trieste

Dear Mr Linati: On account of a sudden illness of his wife, Pound has left for Lake Garda, I think Sirmione. He wrote to me that he would like to have from you for the *Dial*, an American review, a short article dealing with the new literary movement in Italy. If you agree I will send it there direct (in English) or would you rather see Pound at his Venice address which I gave you before? As the strike is still on there are only one or two bookshops open. *Il Convegno* is not available and *Poesia* even less. May I trouble you to send me—cash on delivery—the copy containing my poems? I hope to receive soon the third act of *Esuli*. The enclosed article by Benco (who is preparing an article on my *Ulysses* for

<sup>1</sup> Tullio Silvestri was one of Joyce's artist friends.

the *Resto del Carlino*) may interest you. If you would like to read *Tarr*<sup>1</sup> I will have a copy sent to you from London.

TO B. W. HUEBSCH

22 June 1920

Via Sanita 2, Trieste

Dear Mr Huebsch: I have just heard from Mr Pinker and have written to Miss Anderson to send you on the typescript of *Ulysses*. The last adventure *Circe* is being written. The close of the book is drafted and I shall send you it in duplicate this autumn. I hope you will be able to arrange your publication for January next when the English edition is also to come out.

In about ten days I hope to leave Trieste for a holiday of some months. I am going first to Paris but may stop there. Please send any correspondence for me to Mr Pinker who will forward it to me. I shall be obliged if you will also remit him for me the amounts of royalties due or advance of royalties as, although I have enough to start my holiday, I shall not be able to get very far and shall expect these sums in order to continue it. My last chapter *Oxen of the Sun* cost me about 1000 hours' work so that I need a rest. The whole book has taken six years.

With thanks in advance.

TO CARLO LINATI

1 July 1920

[In Italian]

Via Sanita 2, Trieste

Dear Mr Linati: I hope to arrive in Milan on Sunday after 11 p.m. I am going to Paris and as I am travelling with my wife and children and also considering the unfavourable circumstances (heat, hurry, absence of you and Ferrieri<sup>2</sup>) I think it better to postpone our meeting until September when I shall be in Milan again. If however you have succeeded—as I hope and pray—in finding by the good offices of some friend two rooms with two beds in some hotel not too far from the station, would you send me a wire about it to Venice c/o Lt Dorissa, or c/o Telegraph Office, Central Station, Milan. I shall stay in Venice for a day. I shall be leaving Trieste on Saturday at 11 a.m. and Venice on Sunday at 5 p.m. My address in Paris will be: chez M. Ezra Pound, Hôtel de l'Elysée, rue de Beaune 9, Paris.

<sup>1</sup> By Mr Wyndham Lewis.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Enzo Ferrieri, editor of *Il Convegno*.

To Carlo Linati

JULY 1920

In great haste and half dead through the formalities of Consulates and others.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

12 July 1920

9, rue de l'Université Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I arrived here with my family three days ago. My intention is to remain here three months in order to write the last adventure *Circe* in peace (?) and also the first episode of the close. For this purpose I brought with me a recast of my notes and MS and also an extract of insertions for the first half of the book in case it be set up during my stay here. The book contains (unfortunately) one episode more than you suppose in your last letter. I am very tired of it and so is everybody else.

Mr Pound wrote to me so urgently from Sirmione (lake of Garda) that in spite of my dread of thunderstorms and detestation of travelling I went there bringing my son with me to act as a lightning conductor. I remained two days there and it was arranged when I explained my general position and wishes that I should follow him on to Paris. I returned to Trieste but I did not believe that I should ever succeed in wheeling the caravan of my family out of it—or if I did that I should ever succeed in reaching Paris. For this reason I thought it better to wait before writing to you and have delayed also a few days since I came here because even then I was by no means sure that I could find rooms here. These have been found and it seems that my address will be rue de l'Assomption, 5, Passy, Paris. But I am not there yet so for a few days more will you please address letters to me c/o Mr Ezra Pound, Hôtel de l'Elysée, rue de Beaune 9, Paris?

I hope you duly received *Oxen of the Sun* which Mr Pound sent you on from Italy. Mr Froment Fels, editor of *L'Action*, wishes to begin the serial publication of the French translation<sup>1</sup> (to be made by Mme Ludmilla Savitsky who has an article on Mr Aldington in the last issue of the *Anglo-French Review*) in the next number, to be preceded by a translation of Mr Pound's article on me in his last book *Instigations*. He also wishes to draw up a contract for the publication of the novel in book form when the serial publication is complete. You may remember that he wrote to me about this a year and a half ago in Zurich. Mr Lugné Poë, formerly manager of the *Odéon* and now of the *Théâtre de l'Oeuvre*, has taken *Exiles* to consider it for production. A translator for this has also been found and, I believe, a publisher. You would greatly

<sup>1</sup> Of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

oblige me if you could send me a copy of *Exiles* for the translator and place the amount to debit of my account. Also if it is not too much trouble I should like three copies of the *Egoist*, 18 January, 1913,<sup>1</sup> the number which contained the story of *Dubliners*, as there is someone here who wished or wishes to translate some of the stories.

I hope that all this will lead to something practical. It is all due to Mr Pound's energy.

I hope also that I shall be able to finish the twelfth adventure at my ease. Like its fellows it presents for me great technical difficulties and for the reader something worse. A great part of the *Nostos* or close was written several years ago and the style is quite plain. The whole book, I hope (if I can return to Trieste provisionally or temporarily in October) will be finished about December after which I shall sleep for six months.

TO JAMES B. PINKER

15 July 1920

*Rue de l'Assomption, 5, Passy, Paris*

Dear Mr Pinker: I have received your letter in reply to my urgent telegram of Tuesday. I do not understand the cause of the delay in the remittance of royalties and advance on contract<sup>2</sup> from New York as I wrote to Mr Huebsch from Trieste about a month ago. I have cabled him again today. The result to me is disastrous as I am here with my family without any means of existence. I fully relied on finding one or both of these remittances here on my arrival and, as matters stand at present, unless they reach me by Tuesday next I do not see any way to live. I am enabled to exist till then thanks to the kindness of Mr Pound.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

27 July 1920

*Rue de l'Assomption 5, Passy, Paris*

Dear Budgen: Glad to hear from you as I wrote to you several times in vain. Possibly letters miscarried. Am writing Rōsi Suter by this post. I remain at above address till October at least. Have a small flat, partly furnished, which a friend put at my disposal. Try to stop a few days in Paris. If you like I can fix you a cheap room in a small hotel down here unless you want to put up at the Ritz. If it costs you 5 frs Swiss a day there the exchange being 240 you would have 12 frs a day here and you can live well inside that. Besides I want to hear you on the *Oxen*

<sup>1</sup> Actually 15 January 1914.

<sup>2</sup> This refers to *Ulysses*. Actually there had been no contract or commitment on the publisher's part. The incident is described in my article 'The Wanderings of *Ulysses*' published in *The New Colophon*, September 1949. S.G.

To Frank Budgen

JULY 1920

episode and I want to bore the life out of you with *Circe* which is half written. *The Portrait* is being translated into French and perhaps the play will be put on at *L'Oeuvre*. This is a very bad month but I did two big chapters in it all the same. *Circe* is the last adventure, thank God. Hope you get something out of the M'Cormick Stiftung.<sup>1</sup> Just mention my name. Get your passport made out also at French Consulate for sojourn of 3 months here, though I believe you can stay 12 days without it. Still it is better to get the British one marked for stay or travelling in France or England. The French will do this for you if you say you were a British consular employee and the British will do it for you if you say you are just coming to visit me. When travelling you get into those waggons called railway coaches which are behind the locomotive. This is done by opening a door and gently projecting into the compartment yourself and your valise. A man in an office will give you a piece of cardboard in exchange for some money. By looking at it attentively you will see the word Paris printed on it which is the name of this stop. There are seats for you to sit on in the carriage but you must not get out of it while it is moving as in that case you might be left behind. Now may the almighty God bless you and enable you to carry out these instructions of mine to you this afternoon. Saying which I hereby take you by the hand and remain, dear sir, most expectantly yours.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

N.D. (?) September 1920

Rue de l'Assomption 5, Passy, Paris

Dear Budgen: Thanks for letter and papers. The latter very useful particularly *Bits of Fun* of which send me any back numbers you can find. I enclose 10 frs which any bank will change to cover expenses. G.<sup>2</sup> has been offered a position of 500 frs a month to start. *Circe* goes on very slowly. As regards 'moly' it can be chance, also laughter, the enchantment killer. The knock out blow delivered at end brings all things back to their sordid reality. The technical difficulty I mentioned to you torments me. Huebsch is crying off *Ulysses*. The proposal now is to print it privately at £2 a copy. Case of books never reached me from Trieste and the MS I sent to Quinn some time ago never reached him. Luckily the bulkier parcel from here did. I enclose a letter for Pound. When you have seen him write to me. I hope you will find a room and studio soon. I shall be pleased to see Mr and Mrs Sargent<sup>3</sup> if they are

<sup>1</sup> A fund set up by Mrs McCormick to aid artists in financial straits. The Stiftung bought two of Mr Budgen's pictures.

<sup>2</sup> Joyce's son, Giorgio.

<sup>3</sup> See note on page 147.



passing through Paris. How long will you remain in London. This is a bad pen. I want to finish *Circe* within a month so that anything that strikes you please let me know.

TO JOHN QUINN

3 September 1920

*Rue de l'Assomption 5, Passy, Paris*

Dear Mr Quinn: Thanks for second remittance on account, which I received. I hope you now have the other parcel of MS. *Ulysses* is in 3 parts (Telemachia, Odyssey, Nostos). This is the scheme:

Telemachia I	{	1. Telemachus
		2. Nestor
		3. Proteus
Odyssey II	{	1. Calypso
		2. Lotus eaters
		3. Hades
		4. Eolus
		5. Lestrygonians
		6. Scylla and Charybdis
.....		
	{	7. Wandering Rocks
		8. Sirens
		9. Cyclops
		10. Nausikaa +
		11. Oxen of the Sun
		12. Circe *
Nostos III	{	1. Eumeus
		2. Ithaca
		3. Penelope

The dotted line represents the first half, but not part or division—that is, 9 episodes of the 18. I shall write to you more fully in a day or two and shall advise Huebsch as to typescript and proofs. The cross represents the episode which *The Little Review* is publishing at present and the asterisk represents the chapter or episode which I am engaged on.

In order to consider your suggestion the better I shall be very much obliged if you can by any means procure for me the two books you mention: Moore's *Story-Teller's Holiday* and the book by Mr Cabell. If they are expensive you may deduct the amount from that which you

To John Quinn

SEPTEMBER 1920

speak of sending on receipt of the other five episodes. If they are not to be bought perhaps a copy could be borrowed.

I thank you for your kind words about *Ulysses* and also for your material help, which I need. The book has reduced me to a state of helplessness in the face of many material difficulties. I am now writing the *Circe* episode for, I think, the sixth time—but I am satisfied that I have done what I set out to do.

TO CARLO LINATI

6 September 1920

[In Italian]

Rue de l'Assomption 5, Passy, Paris

Dear Mr Linati: Thanks for the *Convegno*. I had a letter also from Dr Ferrieri and wrote to my friend the poet Rodker, director of the *Little Review* (some of whose verses I am enclosing as they may perhaps be suitable for the review *Poesia*) and hope he will write the desired article. I shall not write to Dr Ferrieri before getting your reply. Pound seems most satisfied with the essay sent to him. I am working like a galley-slave, an ass, a brute. I cannot even sleep. The episode of *Circe* has changed me too into an animal. Luckily the hero had not more than twelve adventures. Write when you hear about some enterprising producer.

TO CARLO LINATI

21 September 1920

[In Italian]

Rue de l'Assomption 5, Paris XVI

Dear Mr Linati: Concerning Mr Dessy's suggestion I think that in view of the enormous bulk and the more than enormous complexity of my three times blasted novel it would be better to send you a sort of summary—key—skeleton—scheme (for your personal use only). Perhaps my idea will appear clearer to you when you have the text. Otherwise, write to Rodker and ask him to let you have the other copies. I have given only catchwords in my scheme but I think you will understand it all the same. It is an epic of two races (Israelite—Irish) and at the same time the cycle of the human body as well as a little story<sup>1</sup> of a day (life). The character of Ulysses always fascinated me—even when a boy. Imagine, fifteen years ago I started writing it as a short story for *Dubliners*! For seven years I have been working at this book—blast it! It is also a sort of encyclopaedia. My intention is to transpose the myth

<sup>1</sup> In original, *storiella*.

*sub specie temporis nostri*. Each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and interrelated in the structural scheme of the whole) should not only condition but even create its own technique. Each adventure is so to say one person although it is composed of persons—as Aquinas relates of the angelic hosts. No English printer wanted to print a word of it. In America the review was suppressed four times. Now, as I hear, a great movement is being prepared against the publication, initiated by Puritans, English Imperialists, Irish Republicans, Catholics—what an alliance! Gosh, I ought to be given the Nobel prize for peace!

Well, if you think so, write first the article you suggested, then you will have to choose some chapter not too much burdened with difficulties and part of it could appear in the following issue.

Apparently, bad luck has delayed *Madam Circe*. On June 29th I dispatched from Trieste a case of books etc for my work here in Paris. It has never arrived! I wired, wrote and wrote again. Nothing. All the same I am going ahead.

P.S. Heavens, what disgusting sheets of paper I have chosen for the schema—really worthy of the horrible book itself! Please send them back to me for the honour of the family!

TO FRANK BUDGEN

Michaelmas 1920

*Rue de l'Assomption 5, Passy, Paris*

Dear Budgen: Have met Sargent<sup>1</sup> several times and dined. He is hung up here for a week. The stories he tells me of mob manners are almost incredible. Have written some of it into *Circe* which by the way is a dreadful performance. It gets wilder and worse and more involved but I suppose it will all work out. Thanks for the papers you sent which, though very onesided, are most useful. Tomorrow I send you another 10 frs. I see there is or was a paper by Lord Alfred Douglas *Plain English*. Can you lay hold of any copies? In fact anything in that line will be useful. I am sorry you do not think your ideas on *Circe* worth sending. As I told you a catchword is enough to set me off. *Moly* is a nut to crack. My latest is this. *Moly* is the gift of Hermes, god of public ways and is the invisible influence (prayer, chance, agility, presence of mind, power of recuperation) which saves in case of accident. This would cover immunity from syphilis (σύνφιλος=swinelove?). Hermes is the god of signposts: i.e. he is, specially for a traveller like Ulysses, the

<sup>1</sup> Louis Sargent, a very fine British painter and a friend of Mr Budgen's.

To Frank Budgen

MICHAELMAS 1920

point at which roads parallel merge and roads contrary also. He is an accident of Providence. In this case his plant may be said to have many leaves, indifference due to masturbation, pessimism congenital, a sense of the ridiculous, sudden fastidiousness in some detail, experience. It is the only occasion on which Ulysses is not helped by Minerva but by her male counterpart or inferior.

Curious that Sargent should be an authority on animals. His character also, it seems to me, may have been like his namesake in the Nestor episode—the schoolboy—written before I had heard of him.

Huebsch my New York publisher is here. They say *Ulysses* will come out first in a private edition of 1000 copies at 150 frs each.

Are you strong on costume? I want to make *Circe* a costume episode also. Bloom for instance appears in five or six different suits. What a book!

I hope you are working well. Got notice to quit this matchbox and am running about looking for a flat. Hell! I must get *Circe* finished and Eumeus under way before I move anywhere.

Mind those Yahoos!

TO FRANK BUDGEN

24 October 1920

Rue de l'Assomption 5, Paris XVI

Dear Budgen: Excuse my delay in writing and this scrawl. Flat hunting every blessed day with no result. Must leave here on Friday or Saturday. A dreadful job and, of course, *Circe* put aside completely. Sargent is wonderfully settled for little or nothing and suggests I go there or thereabouts. But *Exiles* is accepted by Lugué Poë and already translated and ready to put on in December. The novel more or less the same and to go away now would be to mar any chances I have here. I perceive the editor of B. of F.<sup>1</sup> (a Jew by his name) has been up before the beak and fined so whatever else in that way you send had better be enclosed in a copy of the *Christian Hero* or some such paper. I hope you are working and progressing. I don't want to move till *Circe* is finished. If you see the October *Dial* in any reading room you will find a long film about me. I observe a furtive attempt to run a certain Mr Marcel Proust of here against the signatory of this letter. I have read some pages of his. I cannot see any special talent but I am a bad critic. Still I think a fall of mine would not altogether disappoint some admirers. It seems to me I have made a bad impression here. I am too

<sup>1</sup> *Bits of Fun*, a comic weekly of a highly 'spicy' nature: Joyce made use of it in writing the 'Circe' episode of *Ulysses*.

preoccupied (Bloomesque word) to rectify it. The problems raised in *Circe* (of good taste, tact, technique, etc.) are taking up all my time. In order to solve them I must be delivered of all other cares.

P.S. Last night I thought of an *Entr'acte* for *Ulysses* in middle of book after 9th episode Scylla and Charybdis. Short with absolutely no relation to what precedes or follows like a pause in the action of a play. It would have to be balanced by a *matutine* (very short) before the opening and a *nocturne* (also short) after the end. What? I agree about the explanation of syphilis. I always thought the etymology was syn philais (together with loving, connected with it) but a man named Bradley says the other. Moly could also be absinthe the cerebral impotentising (! !) drink of chastity. Damn Homer, Ulysses, Bloom and all the rest.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 November 1920

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I have received two very long letters from Mr Quinn of New York concerning *Ulysses* and *The Little Review* but before I reply I should like to know whether you have had any communication from anybody in New York on the subject. It seems that the case is on its way now to a third hearing and I knew nothing about it till Mr Pound sent me on Mr Quinn's letters. . . .

*Circe* has been very much delayed by a number of causes—my journey here, all the unsatisfactory interviews I have had here with people who seemingly do not know their own intentions and also the fact that the case of books and documents which I sent on to Paris from Trieste on 28 June to enable me to write the two episodes *Circe* and *Eumeus* here went astray. After a great deal of writing, wiring and interviewing it was at last discovered at a station on the Franco-German frontier. It arrived a few days ago after its odyssey and I am now writing out the final (the sixth or seventh) draft of the episode which is about twice as long as the longest episode hitherto, *The Cyclops*.

I have returned to this address my tenancy of the flat (which was very damp) in Passy having expired. I spent nearly a month looking for a flat here, several hours a day, and could find nothing. I then decided that if the book is to be finished I must waste no more time looking for what does not exist.

I wish I had some definite news to give you about the French translation of my novel. Someone is supposed to be translating it and several enthusiastic people are supposed to be going to publish it. *Exiles* has

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

NOVEMBER 1920

been translated into French, this I can vouch for because I had a copy of the translation in my hands. It is a stage version, I believe, and the play has been accepted by Mr Lugné Poë of the *Théâtre de l'Oeuvre* for production this season. I have now the third act of the Italian version and shall send it on in a day or two.

I have telegraphed to Mr Pound as by another letter of Mr Quinn's it appears that he (Mr Pound) cabled to Mr Quinn in consequence of some letter which he had received from New York.

I have also written to Mr Rodker asking whether any of the *Oxen of the Sun* episode had appeared.<sup>1</sup>

With kind regards and apologies for this tiresome and complicated letter.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

9 December 1920

Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: First of all excuse me for not having acknowledged till now the receipt of the novel you sent. I have been ill for the past few weeks with my eyes but luckily it did not reach the iris. It is better now and I can begin to read and write again though I am plagued by violent neuralgia. The nerves of my head are in such a bad way that I think Circe must be revenging herself for the unpleasant things I have written about her legend. I am sure you are bored by my eternal changing about and fits of illness and long intervals during which I send on no more of *Ulysses*. I shall try to finish the *Circe* episode before Christmas. The next one is already drafted but this has cost me an incredible amount of labour. A Mrs Yasuki Tanaka is writing a special article about *Ulysses* in the review published by the university of Washington, *The Pacific Review*, in which, as she writes, she alludes to it as 'a dark and deep book'. I hear that after a lapse of several months the *Little Review* came out on 25 November with all the *Oxen of the Sun* episode and an account of the preliminary trial. The case comes on again next Monday the 13th—a lucky number for me and also the day of S. Lucia, the patron of eyes—so that I suppose the case will be —? *Exiles* is not to appear in book form but on the stage. I do not know the date yet, sometime in February. It was withdrawn in Munich after the first performance and the agency in Berlin thinks it is better to let the echo of that fiasco die away before offering it elsewhere. I have not heard from Mr Linati lately about the Italian version or from the Swedish translator of the novel who proposed, by the way, to omit the

<sup>1</sup> In *The Little Review*.

philosophical and free passages. The Spanish translator possibly may wish to retain these and omit the rest and a combination of both versions would suffice for the central European if he or she could read both those languages. I am still keeping the third act of *Esuli*<sup>1</sup> as there is an article in the review which I ought to read but the print is indistinct and fatigues me.

In one of your letters, which I cannot refer to here, you mentioned some book or writings of — on the subject of prophecy. It was in connection with the articles in a Viennese paper about the coincidence of *A Painful Case*.<sup>2</sup> May I ask you for the name of the writer?

I sent you on the article in *The Dial*. It is rather curious that I have already a fair collection of reviews of an unpublished book. If Mr Huebsch decides to print it possibly the series of reviews will not be discontinued.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

10 December 1920

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris*

Dear Budgen: An eye attack was hanging on and off for a fortnight owing to cold and damp of the hotel so we took this flat for six months. It has about 100 electric lamps and gas stoves but how I am going to pay for it damn me if I know. I am looking for lessons. Anyhow we are in it and if any wad of money turns up for me perhaps you would like to take a trip across here for a few days. Of course if it would be unpleasant for you, say so out. I could fix you at this end and we could have a few days 'rest' from our labours. Do you find these latitudes (London must be worse) dreadful to live in? But for creature comforts it would be hell. Thanks for the papers. Now I want you to do another favour for me and in a great hurry. The whirligig movement in *Circe* is on the refrain 'My Girl's a Yorkshire etc', but to unify the action the preceding *pas seul* of S.D. which I intend to balance on the gramophone of the opposite kips should be on the air of that same ditty played on Mrs Cohen's pianola with lights. I enclose 10 frs. Will you be so kind as to apply to any vendor (a try out) of music hall airs. It was popular between 1904 and 1908. I want words and music. I have a piano here and telephone. I hope to finish *Circe* before Christmas. By the way, is it not extraordinary the way I enter a city barefoot and end up in a luxurious flat? Still I am tired of it. G. is employed on trial—no salary yet but it is experience and he could make a career if we stay on. My mood grows bitterer on account of Trieste and other things. At first I had not thought of the

<sup>1</sup> Carlo Linati's translation of *Exiles*.

<sup>2</sup> In *Dubliners*.

To Frank Budgen

DECEMBER 1920

slaughter of the suitors as in Ulysses' character. Now I see it can be there too. I am going to leave the last word with Molly Bloom, the final episode being written through her thoughts and tired Poldy being then asleep. *Eumeus* you know so there remains only to think out Ithaca in the way I suggest.

What is Paul Suter's address? I am going to send him a little Christmas reminder—a portrait of Verlaine—not the usual one—in memory of our Pfauennights. I have not heard from Sargent but will write him one of these days. Do you keep up your acquaintance with Pound? I hope so.

What about yourself? What are you doing? I hope you have done more than I have who have been botching and patching that bloody old *Circe* since last June. The *Nausikaa* case comes on next Monday. Are you still in Sargent's flat? Now that I have one of my own I don't spend much in buses. In fact I rarely leave the house.

A point about Ulysses (Bloom). He romances about Ithaca (Oi want teh gow beck teh the Mawl Enn Rowd, s'elp me!) and when he gets back it gives him the pip. I mention this because you in your absence from England seemed to have forgotten the human atmosphere and I the atmospheric conditions of these zones.

Can you tell a poor hardworking man where is the ideal climate inhabited by the ideal humans? Address answers (enclosing 5/- PO) to: sincerely yours James Joyce.

TO MICHAEL HEALY

30 December 1920

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

My dear Mr Healy: May I ask you as a favour to forward the enclosed letter and the copy of the review which I am also sending? I cannot find Mr Boyd's address in *Who's Who?* He used to live in Kildare Street 41, 43, 47 etc and was connected with *New Ireland* (the review not the weekly). If you read the letter you will see what it is about. If Mr Boyd's address is not in Thom's perhaps you could telephone to *New Ireland* offices or to your friend in Combridge's<sup>1</sup> as Mr Boyd appears to be the semi-official historian of the Irish literary movement I presume they will know his address. If not the only thing to do is to forward letter and review to him c/o his London publishers whoever they are.

<sup>1</sup> Ernest Nairn, now joint managing director of Messrs Combridge Ltd, Booksellers and Stationers, Grafton St, Dublin. He knew Michael Healy as a companion travelling in and out to work, when the latter was living in Clontarf, and obtained a number of school books which Joyce needed, probably for *Ulysses*.



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# 1921

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TO ITALO SVEVO<sup>1</sup>

5 January 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Parigi VII*

Dear Signor Schmitz: The Circe episode was finished some time ago, but four typists refused to bother with it. Finally a fifth turned up; she is very slow, however, so that the work will not be finished before the end of this month. I am told it will contain 160 sheets, large size. The Eumeus episode, which is almost complete, will also be ready around the end of the month.

According to the plan established by my lawyer in New York, *Ulysses* will appear there around the fifteenth of June d.v., privately published and in an edition limited to 1500 copies, of which 750 will be for Europe. The price will be \$12.50 or 6 pounds sterling per copy. I shall receive 1000 pounds of hush money! At the same time, however, many articles are being prepared in order to storm the citadel. I don't know what the outcome will be and I care very little.

Now for the important matter. I cannot leave here (as I had hoped to before May). As a matter of fact I have not gone to bed before 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning for months and months, working without respite. I shall soon have exhausted the notes I brought here with me in order to write these two episodes. There is in Trieste, in my brother-in-law's quarter, an apartment house bearing the street and building number 2 via Sanità; situated precisely on the fourth floor of this building in the bedroom now occupied by my brother, towards the back of the building in question and overlooking the house of public insecurity, there is an oilcloth brief-case fastened with a rubber band having the colour of a nun's belly and of the approximate dimensions of .95 by .70 centimetres. In this brief-case I placed the written symbols of the lan-  
guid lights which occasionally flashed across my soul. The total weight is estimated to be Kg. 4.78. Having urgent need of these notes in order to complete my literary work entitled *Ulysses* or your bitch of a mother I address myself courteously to you, honoured colleague, begging you to

<sup>1</sup> The Joyce-Svevo correspondence was originally published in *Inventario* (Spring 1949) with an introduction by Professor Harry Levin, the English versions printed opposite the Italian originals.

inform me if any member of your family intends to come to Paris in the near future; in the event that someone should come, I would be most grateful if such a person would have the kindness to bring me the sheaf of papers indicated on the back of this letter.

Thus, dear Signor Schmitz, if there is someone of your family who is travelling this way, he would do me a great favour by bringing me the bundle which is not heavy even for a man since, as you will understand, it is full of papers of which I have made fair copies in ink and occasionally even in bleistift<sup>1</sup> when I had no pen. But be careful not to break the rubber band because then the papers will fall into disorder. The best plan would be to take a suitcase which can be locked so that no one can open it. There are many articles of this kind on sale at Greinitz Neffen's just opposite the Piccolo which my brother, the Berlitz-Cul Professor, passes by. At all events write me a few words; what's the matter with you? Revoltella<sup>2</sup> has written me saying that it is foolish to give the examinations for 5 fliche<sup>3</sup> per person; and then there are the doctors of Revoltella. Then I should go there to give them an English aufgabe<sup>4</sup> for 5 fliche, but I did not answer because it was a monkey business and besides the stamp and paper would cost me 3 fliche. With money what it is, it is worth 10 fliche and this would leave me enough to take the train and eat and drink for three days. But what can one expect?

Cordial greetings and apologies for the poor worn-out brain; now and then I have a little fun.

Write soon.

TO JOHN QUINN

7 January 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Mr Quinn: In reply to your letter I have just wired you in code to advance terms of offer to Huebsch so that my royalty reached \$3 or \$3.50 per copy. My reasons are:

(1) *Ulysses* is a much longer book (to say nothing more) than the other private editions mentioned.

(2) On these editions publishers allow the retail trade a discount of only 10% instead of 33%.

(3) Moore's *Story-Teller's Holiday*, published a couple of years ago at £2.2.0, is now priced at £6 a copy. At this figure Galignani's sold a copy yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> Pencil.

<sup>2</sup> The Scuola Revoltella, now the University of Trieste, where Joyce had formerly taught.

<sup>3</sup> Kronen.

<sup>4</sup> Lesson.

To John Quinn

JANUARY 1921

(4) *The Egoist*, with running expenses, advertising and fee, for an unsubscribed book pays me 25% on sales (when there are any). A payment of \$2 on a \$12.50 book is 15%.

(5) My figure will leave the publisher a margin of about double my royalty for his 'work'.

If Huebsch raises any objection, please withdraw the offer entirely and the typescript.

*Circe* is finished and being typed. When it reaches New York the whole book so far can be ~~set~~ up and sent to me. I shall return it corrected a few days after receipt, with the *Eumeus* episode and probably *Ithaca* also. The second revise can be sent me then and I shall return it with the final episode, *Penelope*. This last is a short episode—can be checked by the proofreader, in whom I have more confidence now that your continent is 'dry' . . . .

I wrote the *Circe* Episode nine times from first to last. When *Ulysses* is finished, after seven years of labour (diversified by eight illnesses and nineteen changes of address, from Austria to Switzerland, to Italy, to France), I shall need six months' rest—not necessarily in jail.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

4 February 1921

Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your kind wishes for my birthday. I have not been troubled with my eyes since I moved in here but the neuralgia continued. Now it has ceased. I ought to have acknowledged before with thanks the receipt of Mr Upward's book,<sup>1</sup> the first part of which seems to me like a running marginal comment on *Circe*, a compliment which, I suspect, the author would be the first to deprecate. I finished that episode some weeks ago and sent it to be typed. It was returned to me by four typists as impossible. Finally it was passed into the hands of a fifth who, however, has only an hour or two free in the day to work at it, so that it will not be ready for some weeks more. It will run, I am told, to about 160 pages of typescript. On Monday I hope to deliver to another typist the first part of the *Eumeus* episode and the rest in a week or a fortnight. This will leave me the time I need for composing the two final and shorter episodes. *Circe* has tired me very much in every way and I am very glad *Ulysses* had not a thirteenth adventure.

I wish I had some definite news to give you about my books here. I have not heard or seen anything of the person who is supposed to be translating my novel. The production of *Exiles* has been postponed till

<sup>1</sup> *The Divine Mystery*, 1913. Allen Upward had been a contributor to *The Egoist*.

April or May owing to the success of a play which Mr Lugné Poë put on. Of the projected translation of *Dubliners* I heard nothing since I wrote last.

Mr Eliot, who was here lately, told me of Mr Aldington's article to which, it seems, he (Mr Eliot) is replying by arrangement with Mr Aldington.<sup>1</sup> The latter's standpoint, so far as I could gather from Mr Eliot, seems to me legitimate criticism but I expect that his article will go beyond those limits. The atmosphere of vacillation of which I spoke to you by no means ends there: and the episode I have just written will have the effect of consolidating it, I expect, as it offers a good front for attack.

I am glad there is some prospect of advance sales in England for *Ulysses* though I think that Mr Huebsch will change his mind several times between now and the date of publication. Mr Quinn can be relied on to a certain extent, in spite of his violent opposition (as I was informed by Mr Pound) to certain chapters of the book as it was proceeding, since he has committed himself to a certain extent and his opposition (very natural, for the rest) has changed apparently to admiration. Silence is a help in these matters.

Mr Pound and Mr Rodker were in Paris some weeks ago but I do not know where they have gone. Mr Pound, according to an article in the *New York Herald* has left England for good and will settle down in Paris. Mr Rodker, I believe, is going to Spain. I shall write to Mr Pound in a day or two as I should like to send the typescript of *Circe* through him as I have done hitherto though I do not think that the reading of such a *Walpurgisnacht* will do his or anybody else's health much good.

I hope the projected<sup>2</sup> edition of *Ulysses* will come out in June. No definite proposals have yet been made to me. Mr Quinn suggested an edition of 1500 copies at \$12.50 each on which I was to receive \$2, the edition to be subscribed. I wrote asking for details and information as regards the English edition for which Mr Pinker once upon a time drew up a contract. As soon as I have a reply I shall let you know.

TO CLAUD W. SYKES

N.D. Early 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Mr Sykes: Four typists refused to touch *Circe*. At last came forward a young woman barrister who reads my books and she offered to do it in her spare time. The work went on slowly but surely. I hired a

<sup>1</sup> Refers to Mr Eliot's article '“Ulysses,” Order and Myth,’ *Dial* 75.

<sup>2</sup> American.

To *Claud W. Sykes*

EARLY 1921

machine for her and she worked at it for an hour or so every other day. When she had done about half of it her father got a seizure (an incident, by the way, in the episode) and had to be driven home from the faculty of medicine where he is a professor. I spent a week or so looking for another typist. Now the proprietress of a small bookshop here says she will finish it, beginning tomorrow. I hope she will as it is very boring. The episode will run, I am told, to nearly 200 pages of typescript. It is as intricate as it is long. However, I hope to send it on shortly.

*Eumeus*. The first episode of the close of the book much shorter about 30 pp and quite different, is also nearly finished; and I am, in fact, working at the second *Ithaca*. There remains to be written the last: *Penelope*.

According to a plan submitted by Mr Quinn *Ulysses* is to be published in New York in June in a limited edition of 1500 at \$12.50 a copy. Lugné Poë has had a big success with a farce by a Belgian writer Crommelynck, so that *Exiles* will scarcely appear before April, I hear. For the rest *je m'en fiche pas mal*.

Little theatres and little reviews always go bust. Whereabouts are you going. I have taken this flat till June next. It is a princely apartment but frightfully dear. I took it only to enable myself to write the end of my book. After June Lord knows where we shall go.

I send you copies of *Comédie*. May the black cat bring you good luck and if she (he) has kittens may one of them find a cheap flat for me. Kind regards to Mrs Sykes and yourself from all of us.

TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER

23 February 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Mr Palmer: The songs you sent me on Jan 27 were held up by the French Customhouse so that I got [them] only a few hours ago. I don't know whether M'Cormack got those you sent on 31 Dec. He is in Monte Carlo for the opera season. If he did not get them I shall ask him for a few lines of authorisation and forward them with the others when I have had a copy made for myself. I am sure he will like them. He is an excellent 'ballad-singer'.

I shall write you more in a day or two. Meanwhile thanks for your kind words about my verses. 'Sleep now' is in its place at the end of the diminuendo movement and the two last songs are intended to represent the awakening of the mind. 'O sleep *for* the winter etc' means 'you had better sleep if you can because the winter will try to prevent you if *it* can'.

There is a curious slip in your setting of 'I hear an army'. I wrote 'foam about their knees' not 'about their lips'. Your preference for this song is shared, I may add, by Yeats. If I can get my affairs in order by June we must try to have your settings of these songs published. Do you know Leigh Henry, the musical critic? Perhaps he could help you.

You are interested, it seems, chiefly in my meagre verses. Since *Chamber Music* I wrote only a dozen songs. Would you care to see them? They are different from the lyrics.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

End February 1921

Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris

Dear Budgen: First of all many happy returns of your birthday and secondly my regards and apologies to Mr and Mrs Sargent for not having acknowledged safe receipt of the book sent me. What a time! A rent (£300) which keeps me in continual fever, running about here and there, mortgaging my income in advance. Then up every night till three or even later writing. *Circe* is finished long ago also *Eumeus* and I am writing *Ithaca*. I have dreadful worries about a typist. Four declined to do *Circe*, at last one admirer(ess) volunteered. She started, but when she had done 100 pp her father got a seizure in the street (a Circean episode) and now my MS is written out in fairhand by someone who passes it to someone else who sends it to be typed. I sent *Eumeus* to a third typist. A hysterical letter from the translatress of the *Portrait*. No word or syllable of a word from Pound. I had a letter from Mr Valery Larbaud (French translator of S. Butler and novelist) says he has read *Ulysses* and is raving mad over it, that Bloom is as immortal as Falstaff (except that he has some few more years to live—Editor) and that the book is as great as Rabelais (Merde du bon Dieu et foutre de nom de nom—comment of Monsieur François). I shall send you both chapters as soon as possible. . . .

I suffer from frightful attacks of neuralgia. Sargent tells me you feel twinges of rheumatism. Beware of it. Some determined effort should be made to right affairs generally but all I can do is to slave along at Bloom, curse him.

I am writing *Ithaca* in the form of a mathematical catechism. All events are resolved into their cosmic, physical, psychical etc. equivalents, e.g. Bloom jumping down the area, drawing water from the tap, the micturating in the garden, the cone of incense, lighted candle and statue so that the reader will know everything and know it in the

To Frank Budgen

FEBRUARY 1921

baldest and coldest way, but Bloom and Stephen thereby become heavenly bodies, wanderers like the stars at which they gaze. The last word (human all-too-human) is left to Penelope. This is the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity. I mean the last episode, *Penelope*.

Now dear friend, being some twentyeight days older than you, I take the liberty of suggesting that some kind of end be put to this tomfool existence we are both leading. Mine is more absurd than yours. Let me know how you are getting on, if you have sold anything or if you are travelling for soap. O, my prophetic soul when I put soap in Ulysses' pocket. I am putting all sorts of lies in the mouth of that sailorman in *Eumeus* which will make you laugh.

At one time I thought the slaughter of the suitors un-Ulyssean. In my present frame of mind I have modified my opinion.

*Schluss! Prosit!* And to our next meeting with song and dance as in 1919 of blastedly expensive memory.

*ad multos annos.*

P.S. If you or Sargent can pick up any handbook *cheap* on Freemasonry or any ragged, dirty, smudged, torn, defiled, effaced, dogeared, coverless, undated, anonymous, misprinted book on mathematics, or algebra or trig. or Euc. from a cart for 1d or 2½d tant mieux.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

3 April 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I enclose a press cutting which perhaps you have seen and a subleader from the *Tribune* (New York). This latter I copied out in an American bank here, having bribed the porter to let me look up the files of all the papers they had. The next day I copied out another from the *Sun* and the Boston *Transcript* but both so rapidly and illegibly in pencil that it would be useless to send them on. The trial took place on February 21, it seems. Since that time no person in New York has sent me a word of information on the subject. In fact I should know nothing whatever about it but for the fact that I was given one day in a bookshop here a cutting which the owner had received by chance from New York. I have written once or twice for information but in vain.

As regards *Ulysses* itself Mr Quinn about four months or more than three months ago drew up a scheme for a limited edition. I agreed to his terms and he said he would have the contract signed. . . .

It seems as if this year ( $1+9+2+1=13$ )<sup>1</sup> is to be one incessant trouble to me. Four copies of *Circe* and *Eumeus* have been delivered to me at last. Unfortunately there are only 122 pp of the former as the present typist has got some position and can work only an hour or so at night. They (the copies) are so irritating that I wish I knew where to throw them. It is risky to send them to Mr Pound at a possible address and he does not appear to be interested in receiving the embarrassing parcel and Mr Rodker or the *Little Review* or Mr Quinn or Mr Huebsch may not want them either. The *Circe* episode, typed by several different people using different machines and all colours and kinds of paper is a horrible thing to look at—much less to read.

By dint of writing several letters and telegrams to Trieste I received safely about a fortnight ago the bag full of notes for *Ulysses*. I regard this as one of the triumphs of my life.

*Ithaca* and *Penelope* are progressing as well as the worries here set forth permit. The printing of the book could be started at once as it will take several months with the double proofs I need. I expect a cable on Tuesday or Wednesday. As soon as it arrives I shall let you know.

P.S. About a week ago Mr Auguste Morel<sup>2</sup> took *The Sirens* to translate for a French review. This morning I had a letter from Mr Gaston Gallimard asking me to submit the entire book for translation and publication in the *Little Review* of France (though it is now more conservative), *La Nouvelle Revue Française*.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 April 1921

Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: On Saturday night I received a packet from Mrs Harrison containing the rest of the MS of *Circe*. Her story seems to have been true—luckily for my sanity. Only some pages which she had left on her table have been destroyed. I shall have to go over the notes of the scene again and recreate it which is not so easy as since writing it I wrote the end and all the *Eumeus* episode and a good part of *Ithaca*. It is very tiresome but still the packet came as a relief after twentyfour hours of suspense.

On receipt of Mr Huebsch's letter forwarded by you I cabled to Mr

<sup>1</sup> Joyce shared this superstition with his friend Ford Madox Ford who, in his *Return to Yesterday* (1931) opines that the disasters which befell him in 1903 may have been due to the fact that these digits added up to thirteen. 'No one,' he says, 'should have done anything in that year.'

<sup>2</sup> See below the letter to Miss Weaver dated 13 June 1925 and note thereto.



Quinn to withdraw the entire typescript of *Ulysses*. . . . The next day I arranged for a Paris publication to replace the American one—or rather I accepted a proposal made to me by *Shakespeare and Co*, a bookseller's here, at the instance of Mr Larbaud.

The proposal is to publish here in October an edition (complete) of the book so made up:

100 copies on Holland handmade paper at 350 frs

(signed)

150 copies on vergé d'arches at 250 frs

750 copies on linen at 150 frs

that is, 1000 copies with 20 copies extra for libraries and press. A prospectus will be sent out next week inviting subscriptions. There are many already in advance with shops here, I am told. They offer me 66% of the net profit. Today I delivered the first sheets to the printer and am to receive trial proofs on Saturday together with his estimate. The actual printing will begin as soon as the number of orders covers approximately the cost of printing. . . .

This does not cover the English edition but I think it would be to your advantage if that were amalgamated with the Paris one. You would have endless difficulties about it and of course little or no support from men of letters, the press or the public who however will accept very dutifully a *fait accompli* several years after as was the case with the *Portrait of the Artist*. As for American sales a great number of Americans are in passing and they are likely to become a fixed colony here. I could not think of entering into a correspondence with Mr Quinn and Mr Huebsch—to say nothing of Dr Collins<sup>1</sup> who neither cabled nor wrote—after seven years' hard labour and in the present exasperated state of my nerves. . . .

It is astonishing to myself that I was able to write as much as I did. The result, however, to myself is that I have reached the highest pitch of nervousness in trying to keep my feet here. Mr Larbaud is going to England for the summer and has placed his flat here at my disposal but in the meantime I need absolutely an advance such as Mr Quinn suggested upon the book and am driven to such straits that I am obliged to write this letter and even to send it by airmail as I fear the railway strike may delay its delivery. If you can think of any way by which a partial arrangement of this kind can be made immediately, pending a clearing up of the matter by correspondence, I mean or suggest through *Shakespeare and Co* here, I shall be infinitely relieved. Of course I should sign in the contract that the advance or advances were on account of the

<sup>1</sup> Dr Joseph Collins, American doctor and author, whom Joyce had met.

royalties. Perhaps a guarantee of some kind on sales or orders in England would do. They have much enthusiasm and are well introduced in literary circles here. The chief thing for me is that I hand the book over definitely and get it out of my sight and be enabled to round the last (and stormiest) cape. I had no choice, however, between accepting the burden and anxiety of this sojourn here and abandoning the work unfinished. I have practically finished it for in the months between now and September I can write with comfort the two last episodes.

Thanks for Mr Aldington's article. There is an article also on *Ulysses*, I hear, in the *Revue de Genève* and Mr Larbaud's in *Revue de France*. I shall send you the two episodes in a day or so when the end of *Circe* is typed.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 April 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: On receipt of your letter I went to Miss Beach who agrees to the proposal (as of course I do) and will arrange with the printer about keeping up the type. I hoped to send you the first trial proofs with this letter as a curiosity (a pleasant one for me) but they have not come with the only post today. Perhaps they will arrive in the morning. I enclose the letter I received from Dr Collins which shows that I did right to withdraw the book from America altogether. I believe, from all I hear, that the edition will be quickly sold out. I am much relieved by the immediate prospect of the advance of royalties. . . .

To my surprise I received a card from Mr Pound who is now in Paris. I met him yesterday and at his request gave him the *Circe* and *Eumeus* episodes to read and he will send them on to you (if he survives them) as before. As regards the former, the final typescript of which arrived only yesterday, it is very difficult to follow on account of the medley of papers and types. Moreover, after p. 112 there should be a blank indicated where the scene or scenes burned by Mr Harrison will be replaced when I rewrite them. P. 113 is not the proper sequence. The scene which intervenes covers an episode outside the door, a hue and cry in the street (imaginary) after Bloom and the opening scene of the quarrel. I am glad the typescript has left my house.

Miss Beach has written to you or is writing a letter which she says will serve as an engagement on your proposal. This will be stipulated in the contract with the printer.

Many thanks for your kindness and friendly regards.

To Claud W. Sykes

SPRING 1921

TO CLAUD W. SYKES

N.D. Spring 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Mr Sykes: Many thanks for your kind letter. Quinn has had the pages photographed (as he won't send back the ms) and is sending on the result so that I shall not need to trouble you. Valery Larbaud, the French novelist and translator of Samuel Butler, who is raving about *Ulysses* has given us a charming furnished flat for the summer (rue Cardinal Lemoine 7, Paris VI) whither we shall move (O merde! que ça m'embête) on the 2 or 3 of June. Giorgio . . . leaves for Zurich on 1 June for a month. You can return the typescript here registered if sending by return. Otherwise better send it c/o Shakespeare and Co, rue Dupuytren 8, Paris VI. I heard today that Mr Philip Carr (absit omen!)<sup>1</sup> is a great admirer of *Exiles* and wants to play it here in English. He is founding or refounding or confounding an English Theatre in Paris.

I am glad you liked *Circe* and *Eumeus*. Struggling with the acidities of Ithaca—a mathematico-astronomico-physico-mechanico-geometrico-chemico sublimation of Bloom and Stephen (devil take 'em both) to prepare for the final amplitudinously curvilinear episode Penelope.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

2 May 1921

*Boulevard Raspail 5, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for the very liberal advance of royalties on *Ulysses* (Paris edition)<sup>2</sup> for which I enclose receipt. I am glad you see no fatigue in *Circe*. Her web is so vast and of such intricate zoological design that I suppose it must be hard to follow in such a typescript. A few threads have fallen out to say nothing of the rent made in it. I would have sent on the typescript of *Oxen of the Sun* with this for Mr Eliot but that this with all the copies of the *Little Review* was lent to Mrs Harrison to enable her, as she said, to follow the names and allusions in *Circe* when typing. I have written to her twice but can get no reply. I am trying to find out where she works. I hope her husband has not burnt them also. I quite approve of course of your writing to Mr Pinker and agree with all you may say on that point.

<sup>1</sup> 'Carr' was also the name of the consular official at Zurich with whom Joyce had a lawsuit.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the projected London-Paris edition to follow Miss Beach's (Shakespeare and Company) first edition and to be printed from plates made of it. The Shakespeare and Company, Paris edition was published on 2 February 1922, the Egoist Press, London-Paris edition in October 1922.

Mr Pound gave me the cuttings I sent you. He also showed me two letters from the editors of the *Little Review* which is now to become a quarterly with Mr Pound again as foreign editor. I glanced through the letters and it seems *Ulysses* will now be dropped so that I suppose the *Oxen of the Sun* will not even be printed in it. This is immaterial as the book is fairly well known. Mr Pound is planning with some friends an article or manifesto about it. Nevertheless I shall present the typescript to him (another copy) for forwarding as I have done hitherto knowing that it will never appear in the review.

Tomorrow evening I hope to send you a proof of the prospectus. The printer's estimate of paging and cost was, as I discovered, full of mistakes and now he has reduced his figure by 7000 francs, I hear. This explains the delay. I am doing all I can to launch the raft on which this 'hero' will embark for posterity—to the intense relief of all his contemporaries. I perceive smiles of satisfaction all round me emanating from readers who have been informed officially that there are only two more episodes, both reasonably short, and no sequel.

Many thanks again for your aid which illuminates the dismal labyrinth I seem to walk in.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

24 June 1921

71 rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris V

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . A nice collection could be made of legends about me. Here are some. My family in Dublin believe that I enriched myself in Switzerland during the war by espionage work for one or both combatants. Triestines, seeing me emerge from my relative's house occupied by my furniture for about twenty minutes every day and walk to the same point, the G.P.O., and back (I was writing *Nausikaa* and *The Oxen of the Sun* in a dreadful atmosphere) circulated the rumour, now firmly believed, that I am a cocaine victim. The general rumour in Dublin was (till the prospectus of *Ulysses* stopped it) that I could write no more, had broken down and was dying in New York. A man from Liverpool told me he had heard that I was the owner of several cinema theatres all over Switzerland. In America there appear to be or have been two versions: one that I was an austere mixture of the Dalai Lama and sir Rabindranath Tagore. Mr Pound described me as a dour Aberdeen minister. Mr Lewis<sup>1</sup> told me he was told that I was a crazy fellow who always carried four watches and rarely spoke except to ask my neighbour what o'clock it was. Mr Yeats seemed to have described me to

<sup>1</sup> Mr Wyndham Lewis.

Mr Pound as a kind of Dick Swiveller. What the numerous (and useless) people to whom I have been introduced here think I don't know. My habit of addressing people I have just met for the first time as 'Monsieur' earned for me the reputation of a *tout petit bourgeois* while others consider what I intend for politeness as most offensive. . . . One woman here originated the rumour that I am extremely lazy and will never do or finish anything. (I calculate that I must have spent nearly 20,000 hours in writing *Ulysses*.) A batch of people in Zurich persuaded themselves that I was gradually going mad and actually endeavoured to induce me to enter a sanatorium where a certain Doctor Jung (the Swiss Tweedledum who is not to be confused with the Viennese Tweedledee, Dr Freud) amuses himself at the expense (in every sense of the word) of ladies and gentlemen who are troubled with bees in their bonnets.

I mention all these views not to speak about myself but to show you how conflicting they all are. The truth probably is that I am a quite commonplace person undeserving of so much imaginative painting. There is a further opinion that I am a crafty simulating and dissimulating Ulysses-like type, a 'jeune jesuit', selfish and cynical. There is some truth in this, I suppose: but it is by no means all of me (nor was it of Ulysses) and it has been my habit to apply this alleged quality to safeguard my poor creations. . . .

The director of *L'Oeuvre* theatre who was so enthusiastic about *Exiles* and bombarded me with telegrams has just written a most insolent letter in slang to say that he was not such a fool as to put on the piece and lose 15,000 francs. My consolation is that I win a box of preserved apricots—a bet I made with Mr Pound (who was optimistic) after a cursory inspection of the director aforesaid. I signed a letter giving him *carte blanche* to do what he liked with the play, adapt it, put it on, take it off, lock it up etc knowing that if I refused to sign in a week it would have been said that I was an impossible person, that I was introduced to the great actor Lugné-Poë and given a great opportunity and would not take it. I have been a year in Paris and in that time not a word about me has appeared in any French periodical. Six or seven people are supposed to be translating *Dubliners* in different parts of France. The novel is translated and presented but I can get no reply from the publishers (?) about it though I have written four times asking even for the return of the typescript. I never go to any of the various weekly reunions as it is a waste of time for me at present to be cooped up in overcrowded rooms listening to gossip about absent artists and replying to enthusiastic expressions about my (unread) masterpiece with a polite amused reflective smile. The only person who knows any-

thing worth mentioning about the book is Mr Valery Larbaud. He is now in England. Would you like him to visit you before he returns? . . .

Mr Lewis was very agreeable, in spite of my deplorable ignorance of his art, even offering to instruct me in the art of the Chinese of which I know as much as the man in the moon. He told me he finds life in London very depressing. There is a curious kind of honour-code among men which obliges them to assist one another and not hinder the free action of one another and remain together for mutual protection with the result that very often they wake up the next morning sitting in the same ditch.

This letter begins to remind me of a preface by Mr George Bernard Shaw. It does not seem to be a reply to your letter after all. . . . You have already one proof of my intense stupidity. Here now is an example of my emptiness. I have not read a work of literature for several years. My head is full of pebbles and rubbish and broken matches and lots of glass picked up 'most everywhere'. The task I set myself technically in writing a book from eighteen different points of view and in as many styles, all apparently unknown or undiscovered by my fellow tradesmen, that and the nature of the legend chosen would be enough to upset anyone's mental balance. I want to finish the book and try to settle my entangled material affairs definitely one way or the other (somebody here said of me: 'They call him a poet. He appears to be interested chiefly in mattresses'). And, in fact, I was. After that I want a good long rest in which to forget *Ulysses* completely.

I forgot to tell you another thing. I don't even know Greek though I am spoken of as erudite. My father wanted me to take Greek as third language, my mother German and my friends Irish. Result, I took Italian. I spoke or used to speak modern Greek not too badly (I speak four or five languages fluently enough) and have spent a great deal of time with Greeks of all kinds from noblemen down to onionsellers, chiefly the latter. I am superstitious about them. They bring me luck.

I now end this long rambling shambling speech, having said nothing of the darker aspects of my detestable character. I suppose the law should now take its course with me because it must now seem to you a waste of rope to accomplish the dissolution of a person who has now dissolved visibly and possesses scarcely as much 'pendibility' as an uninhabited dressinggown.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

AUGUST 1921

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 August 1921

71 rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris V

Dear Miss Weaver: I have had five weeks of delightful vacation with my eyes—the strangest but not at all the worst attack because instead of coming to a head in three weeks it did so in three hours. The people who persisted in regarding me as a foot-in-the-grave young man would have [been] edified to see me rolling over the carpet. The good point was that the attack was shorter in the recovery stage. I am now advised to go to Aix-les-Bains but am in Ithaca instead. I write and revise and correct with one or two eyes about twelve hours a day I should say, stopping for intervals of five minutes or so when I can't see any more. My brain reels after it but that is nothing compared with the reeling of my readers' brains. I have not yet quite recovered and I am doing the worst thing possible but can't help it. It is folly also because the book will probably not repay a tithe of such labour. The subscriptions have been rather slow and poor and now seem to have come or be coming to an end. . . . I am trying to make up for lost time. Not a single subscription came from Trieste except one from baron Ralli a Greek to whom I owe my liberation from Austria in 1915.

About three months ago I received a note of four lines from Mr Pinker to which I replied by a note of no lines at all—which is shorter still. I think it would be well if *Ulysses* makes my name to unify my publishers. . . .

I was going to take a forty-eight hour holiday somewhere but decided not to do so. If I lay down in some remote part of the country I am so tired that I should never have the energy to get up.

I have the greater part of *Ithaca* but it has to be completed, revised and rearranged above all on account of its scheme. I have also written the first sentence of *Penelope* but as this contains about 2500 words the deed is more than it seems to be. The episode consists of eight or nine sentences equally sesquipedalian and ends with a monosyllable. Bloom and all the Blooms will soon be dead, thank God. Everyone says he ought to have died long ago. . . .

TO VALÉRY LARBAUD

N.D. [Summer, 1921]

71, rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris

Cher Larbaud: J'ai bien reçu les enveloppes mais je n'ai jusqu'ici rien à y mettre. Mlle Monnier m'a parlé de votre impatience de lire le dernier épisode. Mais il y en a deux, *Ithaque* et *Pénélope*. De celui-ci

j'avais dès le commencement esquissé la silhouette et maintenant je l'ai rempli (et comment) au moins les trois-quart. De l'autre j'ai écrit presque autant mais il faudra y travailler encore. Je travaille dix jours [*sic*] par jour en ajoutant aussi beaucoup au texte des épreuves que je corrige. Outre ça et outre l'incident de la chasse (hue and cry) détruit par M. Harrison de l'ambassade britannique et maintenant remplacé j'ai ajouté à *Circe* une scène messianique avec une litanie chantée en son honneur qui acquière ces titres tirés des épisodes, c à d, des aventures, qui commence:

Kidney of Bloom, pray for us!  
 Flower of the Bath, pray for us!  
 Mentor of Menton, pray for us  
 Canvasser for the Freeman, pray for us!  
 Charitable Mason, pray for us!  
 Wandering Soap, pray for us!  
 Music without Words, pray for us!  
 Reprover of the Citizen, pray for us!  
 Friend of all Frillies, pray for us!  
 Midwife Most Merciful, pray for us!  
 etc etc

*Ithaque* est très étrange. *Pénélope* le dernier cri.

Vous m'avez demandé une fois quelle serait la dernière parole d'Ulysse. La voilà: yes. Autour de cette parole et de trois autres également femelles l'épisode tourne lourdement sur son axe. Il n'y a que huit phrases dont la première contient 2500 paroles.

J'ai signé le contrat avec *La Sirène* pour le *Portrait* aujourd'hui.

Je vois beaucoup mieux ma non vedo l'ora di terminare con Bloom ora e poi sempre [?] in secula seculorum. Amen!

TO FRANK BUDGEN

16 August 1921

No address

[71, rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris]

Dear Budgen: Thanks for your letter. First of all send me that *Sieges of Gibraltar* and also Conan Doyle's *History of South African War* published by same house Nelson in their cheap collection. By the way please be sure to send them by book post registered and express. Parcels of books sent as parcels take six weeks! Incredible but true. As regards that 60 pp book would it be too much to suggest to you the following: get an exercise book and detach the leaves of it. If you read rapidly through the book again you could jot down on the sheets anything in



To Frank Budgen

AUGUST 1921

the words of the book you think interesting and a quick sketch of those views (not artistic I am not an artist). This plan you might follow with the other books and then simply put the sheets in an envelope and send them on to me.

*Penelope* is the clou of the book. The first sentence contains 2500 words. There are eight sentences in the episode. It begins and ends with the female word *Yes*. It turns like the huge earthball slowly surely and evenly round and round spinning. Its four cardinal points being the female breasts, arse, womb and . . . <sup>1</sup> expressed by the words *because*, *bottom* (in all senses, bottom button, bottom of the glass, bottom of the sea, bottom of his heart) *woman*, *yes*. Though probably more obscene than any preceding episode it seems to me to be perfectly sane full amoral fertilisable untrustworthy engaging shrewd limited prudent indifferent *Weib. Ich bin das Fleisch das stets bejaht*.

Enclosed 20 francs about 8/6. More will follow. Send on that letter.

P.S. Molly Bloom was born in 1871.

TO ROBERT McALMON

27 August 1921

71, Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris V

Dear McAlmon: I enclose I.O.U. as promised and also a photo cut from Dublin Freeman. On my way back from Gare du Nord a filthy rat ran by me. I was on the lookout for unpleasant news but it happened otherwise. Yesterday after dinner feeling my head light I went to the Alhambra with Giorgio but collapsed in the middle of the programme and was helped out of the theatre and into a taxi by a policeman. I was driven to a night pharmacy and given ether and then home. The attack lasted about an hour. I could scarcely breathe and was very pale and weak—and nerves! Still I don't think it was cardiac because my nails remained pink. Anyhow I have given up the 16 hours a day work on *Ulysses*. I will do 5 or 6 or, later on, 8 hours. Walked to the *Etoile* and back this morning and will take another in the evening.

Hope to receive your story and letter soon.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

30 August 1921

71, rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris V

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for the Italian papers which came this morning. I sent a verbal reply to your last question by Mr McAlmon

<sup>1</sup> Unprinted here but easily imagined by adult readers.

who was leaving for London and said he would see you. I agree in advance to any scheme you may propose about the book. As regards my other suggestion I did not mean that you should advertise the other books. . . . I have been obliged to reduce my working hours from about sixteen hours daily to six in consequence of an attack I got, some kind of syncope it seemed to be. It came on me in a music-hall where I had gone with my son feeling my head too light for work. With his help and that of an agent<sup>1</sup> I was got into a taxi and brought into a night pharmacy where they gave me some ether, I think. The attack lasted about two hours and, being very nervous, I was much alarmed. Since then I have been training for a Marathon race by walking 12 or 14 kilometres every day and looking carefully in the Seine to see if there is any place where I could throw Bloom in with a 50 lb weight tied to his feet.

I have made a great deal of addition to the proofs so far (up to the end of *Scylla and Charybdis*). Perhaps you would like to see them. If so I shall send them on. I have also added a Messianic scene to *Circe* but the printer has not reached that yet.

I hope you had a pleasant sojourn in the country. I have been a score of times to various railway stations here seeing people off and in and I feel vaguely that I should like to be going somewhere myself but by the time I am ready the winter equinox and the midnight sun and other impossible phenomena will all be in conjunction to make the weather truly antarctic.

Please accept my very best wishes for your birthday and for many happy returns.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

6 September 1921

71, rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris

Dear Budgen: Received first instalment of *Gibraltar*. What is wrong with the rest? Got a syncope fit in theatre and had to be helped out by agent and Giorgio to a cab and then given ether. Work now only 6 hours per day. I send you the first part of *Penelope* in its draft form to let you see it and have your opinion. This is only the draft. A great deal will be added and changed in 3 proofs. Let me know how it strikes you and return it by registered post as quickly as possible. Will send you some money Monday or Tuesday for the following if obtainable:

Love's Old Sweet Song.

In Old Madrid.

Fanny Hill's Memoirs (unexpurgated).

<sup>1</sup> Policemen in Paris are styled *agents (de police)*.

To Frank Budgen

SEPTEMBER 1921

If you find this latter you can put a stop [?] on it. You will receive an invitation to dinner from a friend of mine to whom I have spoken about you, R.M.,<sup>1</sup> an American poet. I found him very simple and decent. He admires *Ulysses* very much so that can set you off. . . .

To understand *Penelope* well you should have an idea of *Ithaca* but it is not yet ready.

TO ROBERT MCALMON

6 October 1921

9, rue de l'Université, Paris VII

Dear McAlmon: This is our new address into which we moved a day or two ago with much noise and bustle of boxes trunks MSS etc. *Penelope* is finished and at the printers. As it is to be done before the others for Larbaud I could send it on if this is still your address. Am working now putting *Ithaca* in order. No news here of any importance. I am afraid I am to blame for holding up your story. The French printers are boggled by all the w's and k's in our tongue and can do only about 100 pp at a time. However I swear I am doing my best to push Bloom on to the stage of the world by the beginning of November and then I suppose you have some kind of a chance.

Meantime I wish you luck with that magnolious female.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 October 1921

9, rue de l'Université, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: A few lines to let you know I am here again with MSS and pencils (red, green and blue) and cases of books and trunks and all the rest of my impedimenta nearly snowed up in proofs and nearly crazed with work. *Ulysses* will be finished in about three weeks, thank God, and (if the French printers don't all leap into the Rhone in despair at the mosaics I send them back) ought to be published early in November. I sent the *Penelope* episode to the printer as Larbaud wants to read it before he finishes his article for the Nouvelle Revue Française. The *Ithaca* episode which precedes it I am now putting in order. It is in reality the end as *Penelope* has no beginning, middle or end. I expect to have early next week about 240 pages of the book as it will appear ready and will send on. *Eolus* is recast. *Hades* and the *Lotus-eaters* much amplified and the other episodes retouched a good deal. Not much change has been made in the *Telemachia* (the first three episodes of the book).

<sup>1</sup> Robert McAlmon.

My eyes seem to be all right for the next three weeks though I know that it is madness to work them as I am doing but I feel around me a good deal of impatience made up partly of expectation and partly of irritation. I am very very slow and have just energy enough to write the dry rocks pages of *Ithaca*.

With kind regards and looking forward to the expiration of my seven years' sentence.

TO ROBERT MCALMON

10 October 1921

9, rue de l'Université, Paris

Dear McAlmon: Many thanks for that most opportune cheque for which I enclose I.O.U. Lord knows what I should have done without it after the expenses of removal. O Herr Gott in Himmel was ist das für ein Hundesleben! I am getting through your proofs. The stories remind me in a way of *Dubliners*—not in treatment or the characters—rather the mental predisposition. Are you going to publish it through *Shakespeare and Co* or on your own? Darantière is damn slow setting *Penelope*. I wanted to send it to you before but can't get it out of him. Larbaud wants it too. In a few days I hope. Have sent the first part of *Ithaca* to the typist and am working like a lunatic, trying to revise and improve and connect and continue and create all at the one time.

I enclose a copy of a letter from Shaw which, though it is dated 11/6/921 I saw for the first time an hour or so ago.<sup>1</sup> As it is a private letter no use should be made of it in print, I suppose. Still I think it ought to be made known otherwise. I think I can read clearly (with the one good eye I have) between the lines. I would also take on a small bet (up to 4.75 francs) that the writer has subscribed anonymously for a copy of *Ulysses* through some bookseller.

With many thanks again and wishes for your magnolious expansiveness.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to a letter written by G.B.S. to Miss Sylvia Beach who had sent him the 'prospectus' of *Ulysses*. He reminds her that he is 'an elderly Irish gentleman' and points out that if she thinks that any Irishman, 'much less an elderly one, would pay 150 francs [this was of course in 1921 when the franc was worth a great deal more than at present] for a book', she little knows his countrymen. While recognizing the documentary value of *Ulysses* (fragments of which he had read in its serial form), Shaw has nothing to say about its literary qualities and obviously disapproves of it. (The letter is reproduced in *James Joyce's Dublin* by Patricia Hutchins, 1950.) Reciprocally Joyce was no admirer of Shaw, whom he had described in an adverse criticism of the Dublin première of *The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet*, published in 1909 in Italian in *Il Piccolo della Sera*, as 'a born preacher', and he condemns the play as being both an unconvincing sermon and an artistic failure. (A translation of this article by Joyce was published in *The Shaw Bulletin* of January 1955.)

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

14 October 1921

9, rue de l'Université. Paris VII

Dear Aunt Josephine: Thanks for prompt reply to my letter. *Ulysses*, a huge book of about 800 pages, about 11 inches by 7, ought to be out in about three weeks or so. The cheapest copies cost £3 each, the dearest £7 each. I shall send you one. I get very few free copies they are so dear.

I want all the information, gossip or anything you remember about the Powells—chiefly the mother and daughters. Were any of them born abroad? When did Mrs Powell die? I never heard of a 3rd brother, only Gus and Charley. The women were Mrs Gallaher, Mrs Clinch, Mrs Russell. Where did they live before marriage? When did the major, if that was his rank, die? Also any information you have about the Dillons (Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters, Tiny, Floey, Atty, Sara, Nannie and Mamie, especially the last, the cigarette smoker and Spanish type). Get an ordinary sheet of foolscap and a pencil and scribble any God damn drivel you may remember about these people.

Can you ask anybody to call at 81 Summerhill and ask what is my father's address. He wrote to Lucia a month or so ago a rather amusing letter in copperplate handwriting. If he goes out with a man to protect him I think he is quite right, to judge by the papers I see, as everyone seems to carry his life in his hands in the dear old land of the shamrock. I am sorry to hear you had that tragedy in your family too. In the circumstances it may be unreasonable to trouble you but I need all the information and quickly. If the country had not been turned into a slaughterhouse of course I should have gone there and got what I wanted.

P.S. If you want to read *Ulysses* you had better first get or borrow from a library a translation in prose of the *Odyssey* of Homer. Also I forgot to ask what do you know about Hunter who lived in Clonliffe road and Alf Bergan<sup>1</sup> etc etc. I mean what has become of them. I know what the relations were then. You needn't inquire from other people. I am writing to you. If you know or remember write what you can. I don't want the help of my fellow countrymen, moral or material. Send me your full address—Ballybough?

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Bergan died five or six years ago. He was a solicitor's clerk—perhaps became a solicitor. Worked with David Charles, solicitor, of Clare Street, Dublin, and was a good friend to Joyce's father. He appears under his own name in *Ulysses*. The Hunter referred to was one of the models for Mr Bloom.

TO ROBERT McALMON

29 October 1921

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear McAlmon: A few lines to say that I have just finished the *Ithaca* episode so that at last the writing of *Ulysses* is finished. I have still a lot of proofreading and revising to do but the composition is at an end. I shall send you *Penelope* with all my revisions and additions when the printers send it back. *Ithaca* is very strange. I wonder will you like it.

*O, Deo Gratias!*

I shall be greatly obliged if your monthly cheque arrives punctually on the 1 Nov (that is to say the damned landlord of this brothel will). Let us hope things will now begin to brighten. About 3 weeks more stewing over proofs and all is finished. So three cheers for Bloom!

(Loud hisses)

Many apologies for the material part of this and best wishes for your continued magnoliousness and to our next meeting.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

2 November 1921

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Aunt Josephine: Thanks for the information. Enclosed will explain why I am too busy to write longer today. *Ulysses* ought to be out by the 18 or 20 of this month. Two more questions. Is it possible for an ordinary person to climb over the area railings of no 7 Eccles street, either from the path or the steps, lower himself down from the lowest part of the railings till his feet are within 2 feet or 3 of the ground and drop unhurt. I saw it done myself but by a man of rather athletic build. I require this information in detail in order to determine the wording of a paragraph. Secondly. Do you know anything of Mat Dillon's daughter Mamy who was in Spain? If so, please let me know. Did any of your girl friends ever go there? Thirdly and last. Do you remember the cold February of 1893. I think you were in Clanbrassil street. I want to know whether the canal was frozen and if there was any skating.

TO ROBERT McALMON

6 November 1921

*Rue de l'Université, 9, Paris VII*

Dear McAlmon: Thanks very much for that prompt cheque which poured oil on all kinds of waters. Enclosed I.O.U. I do hope Miss Beach

To Robert McAlmon

NOVEMBER 1921

has not been writing to you about me. With the best intentions in the world but saying nothing to me about it she has been writing to several addresses in both worlds. O dear me! I hear a groan going up from the entire globular earth—in which I have to join. Well, it will soon be over. I shall send you tomorrow some extracts from *Ithaca*. They are *not* complete or revised and consecutive only in so far as order is concerned. I mean they are separated by gaps. It will be hard for you to follow the narrative such as it is. I like the episode myself. I find it of a tranquillising spectrality.

P.S. Clive Bell wrote an article, I hear, something about modern literature and me. He says that unfortunately I have such mediocre talents as not to justify detailed criticism. What form of suicide do you think I ought to choose?

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 November 1921

9, rue de l'Université, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Since the completion of *Ulysses* I feel more and more tired but I have to hold on till all the proofs are revised. I am extremely irritated by all those printer's errors. Working as I do amid piles of notes at a table in a hotel I cannot possibly do this mechanical part with my wretched eye and a half. Are these to be perpetuated in future editions? I hope not. I am glad the first proofs I sent didn't go astray. I feared either that they had or that you were ill or had read them and disliked them as you did not write. I sent you a new batch yesterday. Will you please read them as quickly as you can and send them back as I sometimes need them to refer to. I think it would spoil the effect of the book for you to read *Ithaca* (in typescript) or *Penelope* (in advance proof) now until you have gone through the rest of the ordeal. I was glad to hear that Messrs Elkin Mathews and Grant Richards have ceased to be connected with me. I hope I shall hear no more of them in this world or the next. The name of the former will not appear in *Ulysses* as publisher of *Chamber Music*. An article in the *New Republic* by Mr Clive Bell has been shown to me. The writer, whom I met once or twice here, in an article on modernity in art excuses himself for not discussing at length the work of Mr Joyce on the ground that his (Mr J.'s) talents are unfortunately too mediocre to justify detailed criticism. I hear also that there is a good deal of latent hostility towards the book among men of letters in England and Ireland (Mr George Russell is reported to have said that it did not contain a single sentence worth reading) but,

judging by the type of their mind so far as I know it, their opinion will change several times before definitely settling down. I wish the ponderous volume were launched to see how it and the other craft behave. In any case I shall not be on board.

I am very grateful for your unremitting loyalty to my troublesome self and interminable composition which is at last to be offered to a mystified world.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

6 November 1921

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Budgen: *Ulysses* is finished. Have you time or do you want to see extracts from *Ithaca*? I have still some weeks' work of revision and proof-reading to do. Saw Suter<sup>1</sup> twice. When do you arrive here? I enclose 20 frs. Will you please do *Ulysses* this last favour? I want,

Any little handbook of fortune telling by cards.

„ „ „ „ British Freemasonry.

Any Catalogue of Whiteley's or Harrod's Stores.

„ „ „ Tottenham Court Road furnishers.

Any bookseller's Catalogue, preferably old.

Can you let me have these as quickly as possible registered? If you arrive within the next ten days or fortnight there will be a lecture on me (with translation of some passages) by Valery Larbaud. I hope you will come soon as there are a few points I want to talk to you about.

Also, if you can find it, any little manual on stamp collecting.

P.S. I hope to be able to help you here.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 December 1921

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: I think everything is going right now. The printer has done more in the past three days than in the fortnight before. Since Saturday there has been endless confusion about the non-arrival and mistranslation of the passages to be read tomorrow night.<sup>2</sup> However with the aid of two typists, Mr Larbaud, Mr Fargue and myself have at

<sup>1</sup> August Suter, the sculptor.

<sup>2</sup> A handbill enclosed with the letter announced a meeting to be held at La Maison des Amis des Livres, 7 rue de l'Odéon: 'Séance consacrée à l'écrivain irlandais, JAMES JOYCE. Conférence par M. Valery Larbaud. Lecture de fragments de *Ulysses* traduits pour la première fois en français,' and warned the public that certain of the pages to be read were unusually daring in expression and 'might very legitimately shock'.



To Harriet Shaw Weaver

DECEMBER 1921

last set everything right. Mr Larbaud, it seems, went to bed at 7 this morning having finished his part. There never was such a tiresome book, I am sure.

As regards *Ithaca* the question of printer's errors is not the chief point. The episode should be read by some person who is a physicist, mathematician and astronomer and a number of other things. I hope to find one however. I think it better not to send you the extracts from it but if you prefer I can forward them. *Penelope* in printed proof (the 4th) is so illegible with interlineations that it would be useless to send it. In any case *Ithaca* should be read first. . . .

I shall write to you again on Thursday after the séance about it and other things.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 December 1921

Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . The séance went very well. In the middle of the *Cyclops* episode the light went out very much as it did for the *Cyclops* himself but the audience was very patient. Strange to say Mr Larbaud's biographical introduction also contained a number of misstatements though I had answered many times the questions he asked me. Nobody seems to be inclined to present me to the world in my unadorned prosaicism. At the last moment he decided to cut part of the *Penelope* fragment but as he told me so only when he was walking to the table I accepted it. I daresay what he read was bad enough in all conscience but there was no sign of any kind of protest and had he read the extra few lines the equilibrium of the solar system would not have been greatly disturbed. . . .

I am sometimes tormented by the fear that the printing-house will be burned or some untoward event occur at the very last moment. Would you like to see the cover of *Ulysses*? I believe there are some typist's errors in that plan I sent you. In one of his allusions Mr Larbaud welded two episodes together. Seemingly such an attitude is compatible with much understanding of the book and friendliness towards its writer. There are only about 180 pages more to print I should say, so that very soon these—and a great many other points can be put to the test by throwing the book to the world.

I am sure that this letter is rather more puzzleheaded than usual but the printer, for some reason, sends me now proofs of *Circe*, *Eumeus* and *Penelope* at the same time without having finished the composition of the first two and I have to work on them simultaneously, different as

they are, so that I remind myself of the man who used to play several instruments with different parts of his body.

I have heard that a parody of the book entitled *Ulysses Junior* appeared in the *New York Herald*. They might have waited till the poor senior was properly 'home from the sea'. I also hear that one of the writers of the futurist group here stimulated by *Ulysses* has begun a work to be entitled *Telemachus*. I wish him joy.

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

8 February 1922

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your kind telegram. Two copies of *Ulysses* (nos. 901 and 902) reached Paris on 2 February and two further copies (nos. 251 and 252) on 5 February. One copy is on show, the other three were taken by subscribers who were leaving for different parts of the world. Since the announcement that the book was out the shop has been in a state of siege—buyers driving up two or three times a day and no copies to give them. After a great deal of telegraphing and telephoning it seems that 7 copies will come today and 30 tomorrow. A more nerveracking conclusion to the history of the book could scarcely have been imagined! The first 10 copies of the *édition de luxe* will not be ready before Saturday so that you will not receive your copy (no. 1) before Tuesday of next week at the earliest. I am glad for my own sake (though hardly for yours) that you are advertising an English edition. I hope it will be possible in that event to correct the numerous misprints. Pound says it is. . . .

Thanks also for the prompt return of the *Penelope* episode (the name of which by another strange coincidence is your own). It did not arrive too late. Your description of it also coincides with my intention—if the epithet 'posthuman' were added.<sup>1</sup> I have rejected the usual interpretation of her as a human apparition—that aspect being better represented by Calypso, Nausikaa and Circe, to say nothing of the pseudo Homeric figures. In conception and technique I tried to depict the earth which is prehuman and presumably posthuman.

With kindest regards

yours very sincerely and to the end importunately.

TO ROBERT McALMON

11 February 1922

*Rue de l'Université, 9, Paris VII*

Dear McAlmon: *Ulysses* was published on the 2 February, my birthday.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Weaver had used the epithet 'prehuman'.

I sent you a telegram that morning to tell you of it and also to thank you for your kind help during the past year. It seems now you left Paris that morning so the telegram must be still at your address here for it was not returned to me.

Only 4 copies of *Ulysses* were sent for the 1st week after publication owing to a mistake about the cover. You can imagine the scenes at the shop! A nerveracking conclusion, indeed. At last some 80 or 100 copies come but I am still in a turmoil helping Miss Beach to get them off and packing parcels in a way they were never packed before. The British Museum ordered a copy and so did the *Times* so that I advise you to go to confession for the last day cannot be far off. The *Dail Eireann* minister of propaganda called on me and wished to know if I intended to return to Ireland—to which I returned an evasive answer. He is proposing me, it seems, for the Nobel prize in his capacity of cabinet minister as soon as the treaty is ratified at Westminster though not in the name of his cabinet. I will take on a small bet that if he does not change his mind when he sees the complete text he will lose his portfolio while I have not the faintest chance of being awarded the prize.

There was a notice of your stories by Pound in the *Dial*. I think it will serve you. . . .

P.S. Your copy will be sent on Monday unless you move. You might run up to Iceland or down to Zanzibar for a few minutes???

TO ROBERT MCALMON

1 March 1922

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear McAlmon: God only knows when I am likely to get that holiday. Darantière is driving me out of any wits I have left. In a month he has not sent me any copies and it is impossible to get press copies out of him. I have to stay on and sign the rest of the *de luxe* lot. Besides I was on the track of two flats. One has collapsed but the other is still possible. How long are you staying there? I hope you are not annoyed at my not writing one way or the other. If you were at this end you would appreciate the situation. Have you finished *Ulysses*? If so I should like to hear your complete opinion. There are heaps of misprints in the last two episodes.

I suppose you have done a bundle by now instead of a bunch.<sup>1</sup> A journalist called on me yesterday to ask what I am writing now!!!

I am sure it is very pleasant down there. The only thing would give

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Mr McAlmon's book of stories: *A Hasty Bunch*.

*To Robert McAlmon*

MARCH 1922

me any consolation is a nice necktie so if you feel inclined to throw any into the winedark sea remember me. A child is easily satisfied. But don't send me more than one or I shall feel very mean. . . .

Please let me hear from you in any case and excuse this bewildered bewildering author.

TO ROBERT MCALMON

N.D. March 1922

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear McAlmon: Thanks for the ring and the ties. I don't mean you to go to Cannes to buy ties for me! God forbid. I thought you always travelled with a trunk full of them and threw out a few dozen a week but evidently I was misled by a rumour.

*The press and the public misled me  
So brand it as slander and lies  
That I am the bloke with the watches  
And that you are the chap with the ties.*

The ring is very nice and episcopal. . . . A notice (first to appear) from *Observer* will be sent to you by Miss Beach. As a result 136 orders came in one day! I hope the edition will soon be shipped off so that I may get a rest. My family go to Ireland for a few months on 1 April. Am still on the track of that flat with hopes. Pound and Shaw are in a letter fight over me. Wyndham Lewis is to arrive tonight. Laurence Vail invited me and family to his wedding breakfast tomorrow. I scarcely know him though I think I met him or her somewhere.

Don't throw *Ulysses* out of the window as you threaten. Pyrrhus was killed in Argos like that. Also Socrates might be passing in the street. I envy you the sun and air and sea. It is dull and unphilosophic here. Write when recovered from Bloomitis.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 March 1922

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: A few lines in haste to acknowledge receipt of *Exiles* second edition.<sup>1</sup> Will you please send a copy to: Mr Richard Wallace, rue Vaneau 52, Paris? Did a copy of this go to the Swedish publisher of the novel? I think copies of *The Observer*<sup>2</sup> should go to

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1921 by the Egoist Press.

<sup>2</sup> Containing a very appreciative article on *Ulysses* by Mr Sisley Huddleston: 'James Joyce and *Ulysses*,' *Observer* (London), 5 March 1922.

Messrs Quinn, Linati and Benco marked with red pencil. The day after the article appeared 145 letters came asking for prospectuses. There is supposed to be an article today in the *Daily Herald* with a sketch which somebody did, unknown to me, while I was meditatively whistling bits of *Tristan and Isolde*. Please thank Miss Marsden for her message of congratulation. I have not been able to rest yet as I help in (or interfere with?) the packing and checking and sometimes address envelopes in a child's handwriting and carry volumes to the post. I cannot rest till the edition is really off and the other press copies sent. This will take a few weeks more. Swiss reviews and critics are of no importance so that I don't think you ought to inconvenience yourself about that *Semaine Littéraire* unless the copies were paid for. . . .

It is very irritating waiting for reviews. I suppose it is because the book is so long. In a second edition the mistakes must be corrected. Some of the blunders and omissions which disfigure *Ithaca* especially are lamentable.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 April 1922

Rue de l'Université 9, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I hope this will reach you in time. I expected that at least *The Dial* would have arrived today with Mr Eliot's article but not even that has come. It must be very disappointing to you that no review of the book has appeared in the English press. I do not count the *Observer* which was merely preparing the way nor the *Sporting Times* whose reputation, by the way, is worse than my own. In fact there is a rumour here that certain critics who had asked for press copies and obtained them had decided to boycott the book. I am inclined to believe it. I read the press cuttings you sent me. There is something rather appropriate in some people's names. It will surprise me very much if that society you mention ever produces *Exiles*. At regular intervals somebody appears suddenly from somewhere professing great enthusiasm for the play and affirming that he is going to put it on. Nothing more is ever heard of him. The question of a stage fee is quite secondary—at least with such a company as this appears to be. I have just had a visit from the proofreader of 'La Sirène', 29 Boulevard Malesherbes (the publisher who has the French version of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*). . . . He says the whole work must be revised by a competent translator of their own choosing and he wants the original text. This should be sent to Mr Paul Lafitte at the above address. Goodness knows what they will make of it between them. Their minds seem to

wander about like the rocks in my episode. One person who is supposed to be reviewing the book (and has read it all) and wants to be strictly accurate, asks me whether the Christian name of Mrs Bloom is Milly or Molly. Another American 'critic' who wanted to interview me (I declined) told me he had read the book with great interest but that he could not understand why Bloom came into it. I explained to him why and he [was] surprised and disappointed for he thought Stephen was *Ulysses*. He had heard some talk of Penelope and asked me who she was. This also I told him but did not convince him entirely because he said rather doubtfully 'But is Penelope a really Irish name?'

Mr Larbaud's article has caused a great deal of stir here and there will be another by Mr Pound in the *Mercure* on the 15 instant. Mr Pound has been engaged in a long wordy war with Mr Shaw over *Ulysses*. They exchanged about a dozen letters in all. Mr Shaw has now closed the correspondence by writing 'I take care of the pence because the pounds won't take care of themselves'. Possibly he has been reading the books distributed by Bloom's bodyguard, R 459 *Pennywise's Way to Wealth*.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 May 1922

Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: I have been so plagued with nerves, toothache etc all last week that I could not write. Here is the authorisation you ask for. I agree with anything you may propose about the English edition. . . . I received Mr Bennett's article and sent him a word of thanks. For the purposes of sales his article is not very useful as it does not give the name and address of the publisher. I always look for this first of all in an article, then at its length and finally at its signature. I wonder if any criticism of the book will be published—apart from these articles. Mr Murry's, as I suspected, broke the blockade.

There are some loose sheets of *Ulysses* lying about. If I sent them to you could you, when you have time, put in the corrections you speak of. That would leave me free for the correction of the text only. But the printer says the changes are to be as few as possible.<sup>1</sup> I am afraid you will have a very tiresome correspondence with him. He pays little attention to personal or commercial interests (his own or others) and is moved chiefly by *amour propre*. Heartrending telegrams mean nothing

<sup>1</sup> The English edition was to be printed from plates made from the type already set up in France.

to him. He will reply (about some totally different matter) three days later and in conclusion beg you to deign to accept the assurance of his most perfect consideration.

I enclose a letter from Mr Pinker's son. I replied that you have the English rights and no abridged edition is to be published.

The manager of the Chelsea Book Club states that he is commissioned by a theatrical manager in London, a Mr Peacock, to pay me an advance of £2000 for a new three act play. I could not write three pages of it. In fact I have decided that I must have some rest as the events of the past four months coming after years of work have exhausted me—especially the last five weeks as I was momentarily expecting to hear of the assassination of my family in Ireland whither they had gone very much against my wish though I consented as it was a visit of my children to grandparents who perhaps might not see them again. As I foresaw they had to flee from the west of Ireland lying flat in a railway carriage amid a fusillade. However, thank goodness, they came back safely.

I am trying to settle my daughter in some summer school and as soon as that is done I shall leave Paris for a month or so, entrusting my son with the task (for which I am unequal) of finding an apartment. I expect to be in London in a week or ten days from now and afterwards to go to the sea.<sup>1</sup>

TO MR EDMUND WILSON

N.D. (?) July 1922

*Paris*

Dear Sir: Your articles in the *New Republic* and *Evening Sun* about *Ulysses* have been read to me, and I desire to express my thanks for your very appreciative and painstaking criticism. Circumstances of ill-health and travel have prevented me till now from making this acknowledgment, and I trust you will excuse the seeming discourtesy.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 September 1922

*Rue de l'Université 9, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: We fled across the channel safely about twenty minutes before a storm. Neptune, hearing I had reached the seacoast, sent out a storm posthaste and my miserable holiday ended in Boulogne where we put up for the night in a gale and downpour. On arriving in Paris we could not find rooms in any hotel of the quarter so I had to come back here. The painters are still knocking on my wall and

<sup>1</sup> A severe eye-attack delayed the visit to England by three months.



*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

SEPTEMBER 1922

wrangling and the dog howling under my window. Dr Borsch<sup>1</sup> is away and I cannot see him till next week. I shall have to take my meals in some other quarter as both yesterday and the day before persons have come over to me after long scrutiny and asked if I am the great etc etc who wrote the etc etc and requested the pleasure of shaking my hand—an art for which I have very little talent.

In spite of the letter you enclose I believe from what I could see with  $\frac{13}{30}$  of normal eyesight ( $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{3}{10}$ ) that there has been trouble here. The version which Mr Rodker gave Miss Beach of this new edition<sup>2</sup> is not that which you gave me. There is no arrangement with Mr André Germain. No corrections whatever of the text are to be made. The scale of expenses and profits seems to be quite different. Miss Beach is rather bewildered by the words 'Paris agent' as she understood that that was Mr Rodker's position.<sup>3</sup> I suppose some of this misunderstanding (inevitable whenever I am the provocative cause) will be cleared up but I should be glad to know as soon as possible whether the few corrections which we agreed to make of hideous blunders are being made. Perhaps a short note, similar to that in the first edition, could be inserted.

I am writing this with one eye shut. There seems to be a very very slight improvement in the vision of the left eye. Perhaps it is only an illusion of mine. As soon as I see Dr Borsch I will let you know.

Would it be too much trouble for you to call some day at my hotel and ask whether the bureau as they call it sent on any letters or papers? Nothing arrived here though I left them my address 12 rue de l'Odéon not knowing where I should stay. Some mail must have come.

The chase being now open my wife and son are out flat-hunting while I, no knobs being available,<sup>4</sup> count the stripes of the wallpaper.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

28 September 1922

*Maison de Famille,  
9 rue de l'Université, Paris VII*

Dear Miss Weaver: Dr Borsch is still away so I cannot see him till Tuesday. One thing goes worse than the last. The sight of the left eye is slightly better but not much. In this absurd city it was almost impossible

<sup>1</sup> Joyce's Paris oculist.

<sup>2</sup> The London-Paris edition.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently Mr Rodker had suggested that Miss Beach should act as Paris agent for this edition but neither she nor the Egoist Press had intended this, the post having already been accepted by Mr Rodker—or the post of 'publisher' and distributor in Paris for the Egoist Press, London. (Note by Miss Weaver)

<sup>4</sup> An allusion to the fact that, owing to eye trouble in London, he had to spend a good deal of time lying on a nodose brass bed in the Euston Hotel.

to be allowed the privilege of paying a huge rent for other people's furniture. However I got a furnished flat for six months as from 1 November, hoping Dr Borsch would let me go to the south but of course I have to wait here. The enclosed pamphlet may interest and amuse you. Will you please send a copy of *Exiles* and *Dubliners* to the address on the card? He is manager of the firm which will publish the French translation of my novel in December and he wants to publish other books of mine. I told you their method of business. Mr Rodker sent me the list of misprints (which I should prefer to errata if it did not involve a slight depreciation of the printer). I am sending it back to him through you as it is better for you to explain my corrections.<sup>1</sup> The lines cancelled in red pencil, bought in Paris, are to stand. These are not misprints but beauties of my style hitherto undreamt of. The red cross at the top is not a signal to posterity to cease fire. It means that the paging is wrong. . . . A revised proof should be sent to you which you could keep so that as soon as the second edition is out the printers could start to alter the plates for a third edition. I did not see<sup>2</sup> any lines from the *Times* article of several years ago. I think it might be inserted for it is a criticism of *Ulysses* if only to teach the editor prudence. All is fair in literature and war. I hope Mr Jaloux<sup>3</sup> sent you a few words. I heard that he told a friend of mine here that he considered *Ulysses* 'au-dessus de tout éloge'. I hope he has written that. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 October 1922

*Hôtel Suisse, Quai des Etats Unis, Nice*

Dear Miss Weaver: I think my sight is getting better here. The day before I left Paris Dr Borsch told me the nebula had split at the top and was thinning slightly in the centre. He says a stay here will do me good. I have therefore decided to give up my flat in Paris and take one here so as not to run the risks of a cold and damp Paris winter. Flats are numerous here and much cheaper than in Paris though they say there will be a run on them when the season begins in a fortnight's time. Living is also much cheaper here and taking into account the climate I think I shall do well to winter here. When I am settled I shall have the dental operations done here if possible or in Marseille or even go to Paris for a week and I hope the result will be to stave off the other operation. . . .

<sup>1</sup> For the second edition of *Ulysses*: the London-Paris edition.

<sup>2</sup> In a leaflet of extracts from press notices of *Ulysses* which the Egoist Press was getting out.

<sup>3</sup> Edmond Jaloux, eminent French author and critic.

At Dijon I spoke to Mr Darantière who thinks that the corrections of plates ought to be begun at once so that whenever a third edition is called for the book can appear letter perfect. He says the cost will be about 1 franc per 'opération' (agreeable word), that is, change of letter, or word or line. . . . Meanwhile if you approve he could begin with your list and my additions. I am reading steadily through the book and am preparing the list though it is not amusing work and I cannot do more than 30 pages a day. . . .

I hope again that all is well with the edition but will say no more as this is a Swiss hotel pen and the electric light has very thoughtfully decided to retire under a bushel.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 October 1922

Hôtel Suisse, Nice

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for your letter and enclosures and also for your telegram to which I shall reply tomorrow. . . . I return that letter and Mr Jaloux's. I shall write to him. I dined with him the night before I left Paris and found him very friendly. I am keeping the letter from Ireland a little longer. I do not exactly like to suggest this to you but I think it would be very useful to me if your correspondence with the writer did not cease. It could be quite formal on your side and on his would become more and more informative perhaps. I think he may have known me. In any case it is the first chance I have had of looking into the back of the minds of his other correspondents. It would also serve for the propaganda of news such as that in the *Evening Standard*, the sale of the second edition and the proposal from the director of the *Théâtre National de l'Odéon* (the full title to be given) and the articles in the *Quarterly*, *English Review*, *Revue de Paris* etc. This is not an idle addition for I do not despair of inflicting a few more blows. I believe I am right in thinking that the longrange gun from Paris is the most effective. This is apparent also in Mr 'John Eglinton's' article in *The Dial*, though the domestic event chronicled in the enclosed cutting<sup>1</sup> also explains the softening of heart towards the longquesting hero of my telephone directory. I suppose it was you who sent Miss Beach the copy of the *Quarterly* which she forwarded. As a criticism or even an attack Mr Leslie's article is rather ineffective but as a leading article (article 1 in an editorial obituary notice) in the most authoritative

<sup>1</sup> John Eglinton (William Kirkpatrick Magee), poet, essayist and critic was born in 1868 in Dublin. Appointed to the staff of the National Library of Ireland in 1895; resigned in 1922. Author of, *inter alia*, *Anglo-Irish Essays* (1917), *Irish Literary Portraits* (1935), a *Memoir of AE* (1937) and *Confidential* (poems), 1951.

review in the Englishspeaking world it is very effective in a way which the writer did not at all intend. In the press extracts I think his statement of the book's reception with 'jocular contempt' in Dublin might be placed near *The Dial's* account of its enthusiastic welcome and in the mere indication of these two accounts to your Antrim correspondent who speaks of the rage with which it has been assailed would probably draw from him some interesting information which in any case he probably wishes to give away. Meanwhile I sketched a letter for Miss Beach to send to the critic of the *Quarterly* stating for his information that copies had been presented to Trinity<sup>1</sup> and the National Library<sup>2</sup> and acknowledged with thanks, that the British Museum ordered and paid for a copy and that only 17 press copies (unstitched, unnumbered and on ordinary paper) were circulated, 5 for the continent, 6 for England and 6 for America and that no press copy was sent to Ireland. The letter ended with a brief mention of the second edition. I am sure all this will seem very disingenuous to you but alas you must speak Helvetian to a Swiss is the experience of this *voyageur malgré lui*.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

23 October 1922

*Hôtel Suisse, Quai des Etats-Unis, Nice*

Dear Aunt Josephine: A few days before I left Paris I got a letter from you which seemed very wrathful. The facts are these. *Ulysses* was published on 2 February. When the edition was sold out Nora said she wanted to go to Ireland to see her mother. I did all I could to dissuade her but her friends here and in Ireland told her it was as simple as anything. Finally as my father also wished to see the children I let them go but made them promise to stay a week or so in London and watch. I managed to hold them up in London for ten days by means of express letters and telegrams. Then they suddenly left for Ireland. They stopped a night in Dublin and Lucia kindly suggested that they should visit my father whose address she remembered. This they did and went on to Galway. In Galway my son was dogged about the streets and as he told me could not sleep at night with the thought that the Zulus, as he calls them, would take him out of bed and shoot him. A drunken officer swaggered up to him blocking the path and asked him 'How does it feel to be a gentleman's son?'. Meanwhile in Paris utterly exhausted as I was after eight years ceaseless labour I was on the verge of lunacy. Needless to say what I had foreseen took place and the next thing was that I got a telegram from London to say they wanted to come

<sup>1</sup> Trinity College, Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> The National Library of Ireland.

back to Paris. The warehouse opposite their lodgings in Galway was seized by rebels, free state troops invaded their bedrooms and planted machine guns in the windows. They ran through the town to the station and escaped in a train lying flat on their bellies (the two females that is) amid a fusillade which continued for an hour from right and left between troops on the train and ambushes along the line. They fled through Dublin in the dark and so came back to Paris. I then sent Lucia to a summer camp on the coast of Normandy for four months and Giorgio to the Austrian Tyrol. After which I collapsed with a furious eye attack lasting until a few weeks ago—but apparently that does not interest. I am here at present in the hope of regaining my sight and my health.

The second cause of your wrath seems to be my book. I am as innocent in this case as in the former. I presented it to you seven months ago but I never heard anything more about it beyond a few words acknowledging receipt and an allusion in your last letter. The market price of the book now in London is £40 and copies signed are worth more. I mention this because Alice<sup>1</sup> told me you had lent it (or given?) and people in Dublin have a way of not returning books. In a few years copies of the first edition will probably be worth £100 each, so book experts say, and hence my remark. This of course has nothing to do with the contents of the book which it seems you have not read. I sent it however as I sent all my other books and at your request in a letter of a year or so ago. There is a difference between a present of a pound of chops and a present of a book like *Ulysses*. You can acknowledge receipt of the present of a pound of chops by simply nodding gratefully, supposing, that is, that you have your mouth full of as much of the chops as it will conveniently hold, but you cannot do so with a large book on account of the difficulty of fitting it into the mouth.

The third point of wrath is the fact that no reply was made to Mabel<sup>2</sup> when she announced her marriage by sending a piece of weddingcake till I dictated a letter from London. That succulent morsel arrived when I was lying in a darkened room in continual pain and danger of loss of sight and continually threatened with an operation. I gave instructions that the letter be answered and our congratulations sent. This was not done. A violent and dangerous illness for months in a hotel in the centre of Paris in the middle of the intense excitement (letters, telegrams, articles) caused by the publication of *Ulysses* explains why there was some slight confusion, I suppose.

I ought not to have been obliged to write this long letter but it is

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Mrs Murray.

<sup>2</sup> Another daughter of Mrs Murray.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

NOVEMBER 1922

affair. I send you my list of corrections pages 1 to 290 which you can perhaps check and forward. At the end of the cahier are the names of group B to whom I should like copies of the new leaflet A (on different coloured paper) to be forwarded. I hope you can read my handwriting as I could only scribble. Has Mr Aldington written an article since he got his press copy? If not could you write to him in view of the third edition? Also Mr Linati whom you could ask if Mr Emilio Cecchi wrote about it in *La Ronda*. I sent you two French notices. I think they should be used, even a few words, also *La Revue de Bourgogne* and if possible *La Semaine Littéraire*, all together about the middle of the leaflet, the more French notices the better. Mr Leslie<sup>1</sup> is also Domini Canis so Mr Colum says. I leave you to make your choice from his article which is having the effect I foresaw. It is the best thing he could have done for the book to give it prestige in England. The fact that it is adverse, in my opinion will not count. In America it will have no effect as the hierarchy of English reviews is not understood there but I think Mr Quinn and Mr Thayer (group B) should have copies along with the *Manchester Guardian* (the entire paper with passage marked in red pencil—to be bought in London or suburbs). I sent back her copy to Miss Beach so can you send me one for myself and also the July number which has an article on Monsieur Proust. Its effect on French critics will be I fancy to get their backs up which is just what I want. In conclusion I think Mr Leslie likes *Ulysses* strange as it may seem but I shall write to you about that later on.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

8 November 1922

[Dictated to Lucia Joyce]

Hôtel Suisse, Nice

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for the cheque (250£)<sup>2</sup> and I am glad you took advantage of the rise in the pound which today stands at 67. I have also received the press-cuttings which might be called 'Noise about Joyce'. I do not think that Mr Noyes<sup>3</sup> has read the book but you can take a few sentences from his article in the *Sunday Chronicle* to add to the press extracts. I think copies of it and the *Evening Standard* ought to be sent to Mr Larbaud (who probably knows Mr Noyes's writings), Mr Jaloux and Mr Pound. For a reason which I will explain to you later I should prefer that you and not I wrote first to Mr Marcel

<sup>1</sup> Mr (now Sir) Shane Leslie, who had written on *Ulysses* in *The Quarterly*. The article signed 'Domini Canis' was in the *Dublin Review*.

<sup>2</sup> Payment on account of royalties on the second edition of *Ulysses*.

<sup>3</sup> Eminent English poet, critic and author.

Rey, sending him a copy of *Exiles* and the inevitable press extracts. I do not think that you ought to keep any copies of the book at your office. I imagine they cannot search your house without a warrant unless with the aid of Miss Marsden's patron saint.<sup>1</sup> That solitary detective is an interesting figure. Is he what the English call a King Beaver, that is an Irish constabularyman with red whiskers, riding a red bicycle?

I shall write you tomorrow or next day about my monotonous eye and my thirtyfifth doctor.

I shall see that my daughter puts the number of your house on the envelope. She is more absentminded than ever since she met the King of Spain.

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

10 November 1922

*Hôtel Suisse, Nice*

Dear Aunt Josephine: This is a shorter letter. I am not annoyed that you call Giorgio and Lucia children, I do so myself. I am glad to hear my book is in a press as other islanders are not like you in your indifference to its market value. You said Charley<sup>2</sup> was reading it and that you would tell me what he said and how he looked after reading it. Is he in the press? If so I hope he gets his meals regularly but how does he manage about shaving? I gather that you have not finished it and neither has Berty<sup>3</sup> but I think Nora will beat you all in the competition. She has got as far as page 27 counting the cover.

You say there is a lot of it you don't understand. I told you to read the *Odyssey* first. As you have not done so I asked my publisher to send you an article which will throw a little light on it. Then buy at once the *Adventures of Ulysses* (which is Homer's story told in simple English much abbreviated) by Charles Lamb. You can read it in a night and can buy it at Gill's or Browne and Nolan's for a couple of shillings. Then have a try at *Ulysses* again.

I asked whether you had lent it because you never wrote me a word about it and the night Alice and Katey dined with us I asked them and understood them to say that someone in Blackrock had it. There were a couple of waiters buzzing around the table at the time so perhaps I did not catch the words accurately.

Now I hope the discourtesy involved in not visiting you and in not writing to acknowledge receipt of the wedding cake is lifted off my

<sup>1</sup> The austere 'Dora' (Defence of the Realm Act, a wartime creation) is probably meant.

<sup>2</sup> One of Joyce's brothers.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Bernard Murray; Mrs Murray's son.

To Mrs William Murray

NOVEMBER 1922

shoulders. There is a suggestion in your letter that all is nice and quiet now and ideal for another visit (compare enclosed remarks by a good Jesuit father who never told a lie in his life) but as the last trip cost me about £200 and very nearly my eyesight too some other mug will foot the next bill. You say that most people now have got a hardening of the heart. It seems so: and a softening of the brain. When Nora's uncle heard the story of her sprawling on the floor and the rale old Irish bullets hopping off the promontory of her back he nearly fell off his chair laughing. Yet he is one of the very few wellwishers I have in the country and would do a great deal to help me as he has often done.

We shall probably meet in London. I expect to go there in the early spring and again in the summer. That is a more sensible plan. We return to Paris on Sunday so when writing next address

12 rue de l'Odéon

Paris VII

c/o Shakespeare and Company

That address will always find me.

Send me any news you like, programmes, pawntickets, press cuttings, handbills. I like reading them.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 November 1922

26 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: The extract from Mr Leslie's article was all right, I think. It is in some valise or trunk but I had bad neuralgia all night or a good part of it and want to write this letter. Did it contain the phrase 'U has yet to take its place in the thought and script of mankind'? I think you could include phrases from Mr Noyes in the *Sunday Chronicle*—it is a press notice, authorised. The names of the critics so far as I can remember are, Pound, Eliot, Colum, Buss, Hemingway, Linati, Benco, Jaloux, Slocombe, Squire, Mais, Aldington, Hueffer, Charles du Bos, Ciolkowska. I don't think the *Times* should get a second copy. Could you have two rubber stamps made like these,

(a) PRESS COPY

and

(b) UNNUMBERED PRESS COPY

and use them (as I did with great delight) in sending out press and other unpaid copy, (a) being stamped sideways towards right corner of fly leaf and title page and (b) in the space left for no . . . ? I think copies ought to be sent to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh and to the Bodleian, Oxford with 'Presented to the ——— by the Publisher' in



your handwriting. I don't know if you wish to initial it on behalf of the mysterious thirteen? Also it would perhaps be well to send a copy (press) to Professor George Saintsbury. I am oldfashioned enough to admire him though he may not return the compliment. He is however quite capable of flinging the tome back through your window, especially if the 1922 vintage has not matured to his liking. I am not sure whether a copy was sent to Dr Brandes. I shall ask.

Before deciding on A of enclosed could Mr Darantière let you have a single page proof with B so as to compare them? He told me in our hurried conversation that all the changes had been now made. I told him he must wait as I had still to get [through] over 500 pages of revision when my eyes let me. Luckily the engine then started and I left him and his secretary laughing and protesting with their hands in the air.

I have received all your letters but not the two *Quarterlies* you mention nor Mr Quinn's second letter. I had better see it and read your reply to the last part of this letter before attacking the problem he raises but in the meantime he should get a note saying that the matter is under consideration and, in view of the urgency, begging him to write or cable of any fresh development.

Now as regards the unpleasant news. I dictated a letter to Miss Beach about a week ago, suggesting that she ask the critics underlined (see other side)<sup>1</sup> whether they had written anything. Mr du Bos is the editor of a review here (*Revue Critique des Idées*). He knows English perfectly (I think he has a Cambridge degree, his mother was English). He obtained his copy in a curious way but I consider it a press copy. As he is a professional journalist and *Ulysses* being what it is, a formal inquiry (in view, let us say, of a future edition, enclosing usual leaflet) seems to me quite legitimate.

The same for Mme Ciolkowska who lives by journalism. I suggest therefore that when you have the other leaflet (or had I better call it a broadsheet?) ready you enclose it to both (and also to Mr Hemingway, if he has sent nothing) c/o Miss Beach with the instructions, 'Kindly forward'.

To return to my dictated letter, Miss Beach replied that she was not interested in a third edition of *Ulysses* and thought that the 'hustling to boom the book' ought to be done by the person or persons who were interested. She went on to say that she had been kept in the dark about the second edition or misled or misinformed that it was sold out, not sold out, that there was to be a third edition, that there was not to be

<sup>1</sup> i.e. first paragraph.

a third edition for a year, that the third edition was nearly ready etc. This part seemed chiefly pointed against Mr Rodker who, I fancy, has enough to do at present putting the King beaver off the track and ought not to be troubled on this score. She went on to say that her shop had been visited by angry booksellers, bibliophiles, collectors, publishers, protesting against the second edition and threatening to bring her up before a French court for having palmed off a bogus edition on them (bogus of an edition said to be unique—the first) and saying that they would boycott it, not sell it, not handle it, not open it etc, that it was a dishonourable fraud to bring out a second edition got up to imitate the first. She ended by saying about my suggestion of an article that the rumours that were current in Paris about *Ulysses* and its author were such that it was more advisable that nothing concerning me or the other be printed in any paper here for some time to come. When I read this I gazed at the buttons of the Swiss concierge until I had discovered the answers of the various questions and then with a deep sigh stood up among my multicoloured multitudinous valises and fare[d] forth once more over the widewayed earth.

Mr Darantière who has been in the business in France all his life and lived by it confirmed my views. *Ulysses* (1st edition) is not a unique edition i.e. luxe, except perhaps for the signed 350 franc copies which, as you may remember, I declined to repeat. It is an extremely cheap (considering paper and type) edition of the equivalent of 8 English novels of standard size (75,000 to 80,000 words) at the normal selling price today or less, as 8 10/- novels would sell at 270 francs a copy. A second edition (of substantially the same size though variable to a slight extent) was decided on and agreed to by all parties when instructions were given, transmitted and received a year ago to make and keep plates. The second edition is differentiated in size and weight and is plainly marked a second edition in two places for any buyer who can read. No bibliophile has the right to tell me how many copies of my book are to be inflicted on a tolerant world. A boycott of booksellers cannot be effective where there is a strong demand on the part of buyers.

As regards Mr Rodker and Miss Barry and Mr Hirschwald<sup>1</sup> and the conflicting rumours I told Miss Beach that I knew very little at first hand as my only correspondence with Mr Rodker had been about a parcel of collars (with which I may perhaps strangle myself if my hero causes me any more trouble) and with you in dodging the heavy-figured cheques for royalties which you had been discharging at my various camouflaged addresses—at this point I allowed several of these draft-

<sup>1</sup> Manager of M. Darantière's printing-house at Dijon.

explosives to fall out of several different pockets—and that I thought by the expression of Mr Darantière's face that his position had been badly hit and that consequently the G H Q report must have some substratum of truth.

As regards the boycott on the part of booksellers I shall add a post-script when my son comes in. He is out with a couple of sinister looking friends making oblique enquiries.

As regards the moral aspect I considered it would have been disastrous to leave matters as they were when Miss Beach wrote. If she had found the answers to her own questions the case would have been different. But the general tone of her letter seemed to me very unpromising. About a hundred influential people (French, American and English) visit the two establishments of Miss Monnier and Miss Beach weekly and there is no reason why rumours to my discredit (undeserved) should be circulated even by implication. I had a short interview with Miss Beach on Wednesday. After a second tomorrow perhaps or Monday I may be able to see whether the storm is abating or not after the blessed oil of catechumens which I poured out upon the surface of the waters.

For many reasons, my own health and peace, the decorum of correspondence, even for the sake of the writers themselves I wish such letters as the one I received were not written. They neither provoke the rupture which they probably do not intend and which I certainly would do everything to avoid in the case of those who have befriended me in time of trouble nor do they evoke any new element into the case since you cannot get a possibly non-existent periwinkle out of his shell with a pin which has no point on it. Possibly the fault is partly mine. I, my eye, my needs and my troublesome book are always there. There is no feast or celebration or meeting of shareholders but at the fatal hour I appear at the door in dubious habiliments, with impedimenta of baggage, a mute expectant family, a patch over one eye howling dismally for aid.

P.S. Here is the report brought in by my son and his friends from three of the English selling shops in Paris:

*Brentano*: No copy of edition 2. Copies very rare.

1 copy of edition 1 at 850 francs.

*Terquem*: No copy of edition 1. All sold. Two copies of edition 2 published at £2 (today 136 frs). Price 200 francs.

*Galignani*: 1 copy of edition at 650 francs. Edition 2 sold out. If obtainable would sell at same price.

There was no sign of any angry attitude about edition 2. J.J.

To Mrs William Murray

DECEMBER 1922

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

21 December 1922

26 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Aunt Josephine: A few lines to wish you a happy Christmas and a good New Year. I shall have to begin mine with an operation but after that I hope my sight will definitely improve. I am glad to know you are well in any case in spite of the lively atmosphere over there. I suppose you received the *Criterion* and *English Review*. The former ought to have posted you right about the book but you ought to get the other book I suggested Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*. I have been trying to collect my notes as well as my poor sight will allow and I find several names of people connected with the family who were of the older generation when I was a boy. I wonder if I sent you an exercise book with the names of these persons at the tops of the pages would you be kind enough (whenever you have a spare moment and anything occurs to your mind) to scribble down in pencil or pen anything noteworthy, details of dress, defects, hobbies, appearance, manner of death, voice, where they lived, etc just as you did for the questions I sent you about Major Powell—in my book Major Tweedy, Mrs Bloom's father? They all belong to a vanished world and most of them seem to have been very curious types. I am in no hurry. You could send me back the book in six months if you like but I would feel greatly obliged if you could fill in any details for me as you are the only one who is likely to know anything about them.

I hope this will find you in the enjoyment of a pleasant Christmas and send you kind greetings from myself and all here.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 December 1922

26 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for the cheque of royalties which I would have acknowledged before now but that I was hoping Mr Jaloux's article would appear. It has not appeared but it may be in the next (1 January) number—the review is fortnightly. . . . It was very kind of you to take all that trouble about my longlost relative. I know nothing about him except what the *patron* of my hotel told me, that a man called, asked did I (writer etc) live there and begged him, the *patron*, to give me his card. As the scrawl on the back seemed to indicate much interest (possibly of a tribal kind) in the book I thought it would be useful to let him see the leaflet.<sup>1</sup> From what you say he is probably a son

<sup>1</sup> Of press notices.

of a certain yachtsman known as Tommy Joyce (a remote cousin of my father's whom, strange to say, he resembled slightly) of Clontarf where I last saw him about a quarter of a century ago at an incomprehensible regatta walking in white shoes with a gait which suggested that he would progress equally well on shipboard in rough weather. This possibly explains why his son drops cards about whenever he comes to Paris. And now enough about them father and son, for one of the breed is more than enough.

I am sorry to hear of the 400 copies<sup>1</sup> seized. Has Mr Quinn been informed of it? Is this seizure legal? Parts of the book (copyrighted in U.S.A.) were condemned by a district court under state law but the Customs is a federal institution and what authority has a Customs official to sequester without compensation valuable foreign mail? . . .

Mr Larbaud told me that he wants to get to work, beginning next February, on what he calls *Fragments d'Ulysse*—that is the translation of certain parts of *Ulysses* and their publication in book form here in a limited edition. I objected that it would make my hero seem a *mutilé de guerre* and he then agreed to modify his plan so as to produce a skeleton of the book, with—but that's a worse image no—a mariner's chart where some regions are fully done, others sketched, others indicated and the whole representative. This plan has two advantages. It will leave it open for him or any other to fill in and complete his work. It will allow me to send out to the world in those parts where he uses critical exegesis certain suggestions as to the scheme and technique which I shall then have the pleasure of rehearing and rereading when they have gone the rounds. The book would be published by Miss Monnier at 100 francs, I think.

It is difficult to know whether this will catch you on Christmas morning but I hope it will. Please accept my thanks for all your kind attention to me in London this year and with them my best wishes for a happy and quiet Christmas after all the trouble *Ulysses* II has given you.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. of *Ulysses*, second (London-Paris) edition.

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# 1923

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 February 1923

26 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: First of all many thanks for your kind wishes for my birthday and for the cheque on account of royalties. I did not write because I thought you would not wish to be troubled by correspondence at present and because the projected operations never took place. I had to find a school for my daughter outside Paris, send her there, instal her and after a week fetch her back out of it as it was very unsatisfactory. She is now attending a lycée here and I hope she will continue music and gymnastics. Then my son was busy looking for a position here with the help of some friends. He found one in the *Banque Nationale de Crédit*. The motto of the company appears to be: All work and no play makes Jack a bright boy. The hours are from 9 to 8 with an interval for lunch but he tells me many of the staff stay on till midnight. Then it had to be arranged about my being admitted to the American hospital as a bogus American (this Dr Borsch is arranging) as the British hospital is badly provided and served. In a way I was glad of all these obstacles for I detest the operations. But next week they must begin—alas!

I have been able to do some reading and note taking with my back to the light but of course it could not go on like that. All I hope now is that they will be successful. I suppose it is best to get rid of this obsession once and for all.

I am very glad to hear that you like the *Book of Kells*. What can I say about the *Odyssey*? I made heaps of notes about it (supposedly) which I could not fit in. I was trying lately to sort these out according to a brandnew system I have invented for the greater complication and torment of myself. But I need eyes for that. It is curious that no critic has followed up Mr Larbaud's clue on the parallelism of the two books. They think it is too good to be true. . . .

I suppose this letter is very unsatisfactory. If only I could wake up and find myself—operated. It is not the pain so much as the idea in itself, the circumstances and the hideous boredom of it. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 March 1923

26 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: I am glad to hear that the recent event in your family is of a happier character. Thank you for sending the book to my brother but why are these copies unnumbered. Is that regular? I am sorry to hear that another 500 copies have been seized.<sup>1</sup> I suppose this means the loss and collapse of half the whole edition. Would it be too much to ask you to send me registered the copy of *La Tribuna* with the article by Mr Cecchi as I am sceptical about the arrival of another copy. I will send it back. Miss Beach tells me Mr Powys Mathers told her there was a second attack on *Ulysses* in *The Sporting Times* stating that the second edition could be bought for 10 shillings. Several readers of that admirable paper sent her Treasury notes.

I continue the dionine treatment with Dr Borsch. I am sure you are blaming me for my cowardice and procrastination. I confess to the first but it is now at Dr Borsch's suggestion that I continue and although he has not increased the dose my sight has slowly improved. I had a long talk with him the other evening. He said that if I had allowed myself to be operated in May<sup>2</sup> in all probability I should have lost the sight of my eye completely. He said I had no glaucoma foudroyant (for which an operation is needed within twentyfour hours) and proved it by saying that I never had any tension worth speaking of since I went to him. He said too that I did well not to be operated in London, that my sight had resisted marvellously and that I am quite healthy!!! He also added that in his opinion the operation during a crisis in Zurich<sup>3</sup> was a mistake (though it was well done) as the exudation flowed over into the incision and reduced the vision of the eye considerably and permanently. The question is almost as complicated as *Ulysses*.

I must have expressed myself badly. I did not mean that I could supply an answer to the question of the relative merits of the two volumes. As Homer has been about 3700 years dead (he went blind from glaucoma according to one of my doctors Dr Berman as iridectomy had not been thought of) we must wait till 5632 A.D. to answer it. I meant that if your reading of the earlier poem has brought up any questions of structure or interpretation I shall be very glad to elucidate the point raised before I forget it myself.

<sup>1</sup> That is, of the London-Paris edition of the autumn of 1922. In all, only 500 copies of that edition were seized and confiscated by the Customs authorities at Folkestone. 'Half the whole edition' is a mistake, as that edition was of 2000, not 1000, copies.

<sup>2</sup> In May 1922 Joyce had had an extremely severe eye attack in Paris.

<sup>3</sup> In August 1917. Not performed by Dr Vogt whom Joyce did not see till some years later.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

MARCH 1923

Yesterday I wrote two pages—the first I have written since the final *Yes of Ulysses*.<sup>1</sup> Having found a pen, with some difficulty I copied them out in a large handwriting on a double sheet of foolscap so that I could read them. *Il lupo perde il pelo ma non il vizio*, the Italians say. The wolf may lose his skin but not his vice or the leopard cannot change his spots.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 June 1923

26 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: In my haste I forgot to include the *New York World* cutting but now I would like to keep it for a day or two. It is a sensational cablegram saying that I am going rapidly blind and striving desperately to write letters a cubit high on a huge piece of cardboard measuring ten acres with a piece of carbon worked by a powerful dynamo. The tears of Americans are solicited for this blind tragic figure 'in his Eiffel Tower apartment'. If they weep over him how loud will be their lamentations when another wireless message tells them that he is 'out of his Eiffel Tower apartment'.

Do you think it is possible for you to get for me (if not to buy, as a loan) a copy of *Morgante the Lesser* by 'Sirius' (pseudonym of Edward Martyn) published 1890? I should like very much to read it when I get to London. I am troubling you because in view of the date it is not a book which Miss Beach could order easily.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

5 July 1923

Alexandra House, Clarence Road, Bognor

Dear Miss Weaver: I must apologise for having been rather illtempered the other morning but in fact before I left Paris I had another tiresome task smoothing over matters between certain American visitors (associated with my book) and certain residents also associated. Perhaps I look too far ahead but it seems to me I have always to carry tactful biscuits in my pockets and then spend a great deal of time distributing them right and left just in the nick of time. I am glad to hear that one of *Ulysses*' creditors has been visited by the god of compunction, attended I hope by the godkin of expedition. In what I said the other morning about the persons in question I did not intend to imply

<sup>1</sup> Those two pages, a sketch of King Roderick O'Connor, which together with three other early sketches (on Kevin, on 'pidgin fella Berkeley' and on Tristan and Isolde) Miss Weaver typed for Joyce when he was in England in August 1923, were not used by him till 1938, when he appended them in an amplified form to the end of section 3 of Part II of *Finnegans Wake* (pages 380-2 of the first edition).



any idea of material untrustworthiness but something much less tangible manifesting itself as indecision in one case and tactlessness in the other (I myself being renowned in five continents for the unapproachable correctness of my local and personal allusions and the Napoleonic rapidity of all my decisions and acts). Anyhow here I am and I like it very much and that is all for the present. The weather is very fine and the country here very restful. I shall remain on in this place (though it is rather queer the way they serve the meals for when you once let the fork out of your hand you have to wrestle with the girl for your plate and they put out all the electric lights at 11 in the bedrooms). . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

19 July 1923

*Alexandra House, Clarence Road, Bognor*

Dear Miss Weaver: I am very sorry to hear you had such a terrible time in the storm. I suppose (or at least hope) there won't be one like it for a long time. That—and the fact that danger in a large city is slight—are the only consolations. They are a dreadful meaningless bore. I hope some Franklin of the future will employ their force for cleaning footballers' boots or some equally menial task.

*Pour commencer* may I have recourse to your offered aid and ask you to type the enclosed (2 copies)? I shall send you the original sheet (now quite illegible) when I have transcribed what is on the back of it. I think it would give me pleasure to see the first page of type.<sup>1</sup> I hope it is legible. I wrote it as well as I could. . . .

Mr de Bosis can see me any time he likes. He himself is so nice looking and so very well washed and dressed and so agreeable and enthusiastic that I shall be very pleased to see him and listen to any proposal he may make as to the translation into any language of anything ever written by anybody.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

9 October 1923

*Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: I sent those four fellows<sup>2</sup> out of the house yesterday and when they come back from the vast I shall send them on. Today I send you the rough sheets with a plan of the verse and a forgotten page

<sup>1</sup> The passage about King Roderick O'Connor, 'the paramount chief polemarch and last preelectric king of Ireland', referred to in the note of p. 202.

<sup>2</sup> 'Mamalujo.' i.e. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

of H.C.E. But please don't read them yet—in fact, they are illegible. On Saturday I shall send the typed copy and the fair copy. I am glad to get rid of them as they gave me a lot of trouble. . . .

Mr John Quinn has been in Paris for the past fortnight but I have not seen him. Mr Hueffer<sup>1</sup> has been made editor of a new Paris review.<sup>2</sup> The editorship was offered by a financial group on condition that nothing of mine was published in it. Mr Hueffer then declined it. Finally the group gave in. Mr Pound (to whom I had shown the pieces I have written) came round to say that the front pages of the first issue were to be reserved for me with a trumpet blast. I had previously declined to allow these pieces to be sent to the *Criterion* and, while I was grateful to Mr Hueffer for the attitude he took up, I felt (as I tried to explain to him) that I could not allow them to be printed yet. The construction is quite different from *Ulysses* where at least the ports of call were known beforehand.

I am sorry that Patrick and [?] Berkeley are unsuccessful in explaining themselves. The answer, I suppose, is that given by Paddy Dignam's apparition: metempsychosis. Or perhaps the theory of history so well set forth (after Hegel and Giambattista Vico) by the four eminent annalists who are even now treading the typepress in sorrow will explain part of my meaning. I work as much as I can because these are not fragments but active elements and when they are more and a little older they will begin to fuse of themselves.

I am rather tired and I have not been well (a heavy cold) for a couple of days. This noisy, dark hotel must be laden with germs. I shall do nothing for a few days. I know nothing more about *Exiles*. I think it was printed in the season's bill. The tiresome hunt for a flat goes on. Boring people give senseless advice and incorrect information, helping themselves out over the din by gestures, until the first gleam of imbecile sarcasm appears on my face at which they desist. The only good news I have is that my son for the past three weeks has been taking lessons in singing, sightreading and theory of music. He has made good progress and his teacher is very sanguine about him.

I hope you are keeping well in this bad weather. If I have forgotten anything in this letter please remind me.

<sup>1</sup> Ford Madox Ford.

<sup>2</sup> *The Transatlantic Review*.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 October 1923

Victoria Palace Hôtel

6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . I am glad to hear that the *Earwicker* absurdity<sup>1</sup> did not make you worse. I think the weather has been atrocious. If it is as bad in London as it has been here and if it continues I despair even of my four evangelists' episode (or sketch) having any effect. It is finished but I am filing the edges off it. The wild hunt<sup>2</sup> still continues in the Paris jungle, stampede of omnibuses and trumpets of taxielephants etc and in this caravanserai peopled by American loudspeakers I compose ridiculous prose writing on a green suitcase which I bought in Bognor. I want to get as many sketches done or get as many boring parties at work<sup>3</sup> as possible before removal somewhere or anywhere after which I suppose I shall do the same again till I am hauled off to the eye clinic. I would be very glad and also very grateful if you would let me know any impression you may have of the passages sent.

I hope you are now much better.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

23 October 1923

Victoria Palace Hôtel

6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your letter and kind appreciation of the foursome episode.<sup>4</sup> It is strange that on the day I sent off to you a picture of an epicene professor of history in an Irish university college seated in the hospice for the dying etc after 'eating a bad crab in the red sea' I received a paper from Dublin containing news of the death at the age of 41 of an old schoolfellow of mine in the hospice for the dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin, professor of law in the university of Galway who, it seems, had lately returned from the West Indies where his health collapsed. More strangely still his name (which he used to say, was an Irish (Celtic) variant of my own) is in English an epicene name being made up of the feminine and masculine personal pronouns—Sheehy. It is as usual rather uncanny. I have written to his father (an ex M.P. for Meath) and did not care to think of it too much. I think the reading of that passage in the future (if it is ever read) is likely to cause less un-

<sup>1</sup> Now, much amplified, the opening pages of Part I, Section 2, of *Finnegans Wake*.

<sup>2</sup> For a flat.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to the 'tunneling' preliminary to the junction of the main lines of the book.

<sup>4</sup> Now (much amplified and incorporating an early sketch of *Tristan and Isolde*) the concluding episode of Part II of *Finnegans Wake*, pages 383–99.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

OCTOBER 1923

happiness to mortals in this world than any reacting of the event which accompanied it (repetitions of which are likely to be more frequent than perusals of my prose).

Mr Hueffer is very insistent I should give him the Earwicker episode. Part of the opposition, it appears, came from the British consul-general here. Perhaps that official thinks I am a popular figure in my native land.

I am gathering my scattered wits for a different essay and have made plans and jigsaw puzzle sketches in the penumbra of this room. It is now raining and blowing hard outside. My cold passed away. I think this weather, bad as it is, is better than the incubation of it.

I will not praise a book again for some time . . . I suppose people cannot see me praising anything which I have not written myself. Ah, dearo, dearo, dear! And poor James!

Mr Quinn invited me to dinner. He asked me about my new book but I did not care to talk as there were others present. A friend of his told me that there is a club in the far east where Chinese ladies (not American as I supposed) meet twice a week to discuss my mistresspiece. Needless to say the said club is in—shavole Shanghai!

Many thanks for the final draft on *Ulysses*.<sup>1</sup> I suppose I should say and thank God there will be no more of him. Miss Beach tells me of crowds asking about him. I wait for the conversation to go farther. It never does. And so. And all. Ah, poor Leo!<sup>2</sup>

P.S. As you will see from the *Irish Statesman* (20 October) Dr Gogarty has also been writing a quartet for sea bass.

TO JOHN QUINN

15 December 1923

Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris

Dear Quinn: I confirm my cable: 'MS complete, letter follows.' As I suspected, there is no mistake. The third part consists of:

- (1) Eumeus
- (2) Ithaca
- (3) Penelope

and all of these you have, according to your letter. (2) and (3) are the two episodes (the first in catechism form, the second in unpunctuated monologue) following the passage you mention in your letter.

Thanks for your draft. It is very kind of you to say you will divide the profits of sale of the *Ulysses* MS with me. That being so, I can only hope

<sup>1</sup> Royalties on London-Paris edition.

<sup>2</sup> Leopold Bloom-Ulysses, obviously.

that, as you have decided to dispose of it, your estimate of its probable selling price will prove to be a fraction, and not a large one, of the figure reached.

Mr Roche wrote to me about a flat which, like Dublin, was dear and dirty. This kind of life is very trying. I keep on writing but the outlook is not bright.

The number of people who are trying to induce themselves or others to produce *Exiles* is increasing, I see. I am sorry you have so much worrying correspondence about it.

Ford has been asking me to give him something for his review, but really I am not ready yet.

I am glad you liked your ocean trip. I prefer what a Dublin barrister once called *terra cotta*.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 December 1923

Victoria Palace Hôtel

6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I enclose a long piece with the final script. The others are in a book, all scrawled over in red pencil. I shall send it when it is full. To do so now would mean tearing out the leaves.

I hope this extract will give you some pleasure in the reading. These last weeks have been really dreadful and we seem to be sinking deeper into the morass. I stopped work in despair for a week and then started again night and day. I work like a person who is stunned. I cannot imagine any position more grotesque. There is no news here of my play or my novel or my book of stories. The fourth edition of *Ulysses* is due in a week or so. Mr Quinn is selling the MS by auction in New York on 15 prox. He estimates it at a fifth of the value of any of the Conrad lots he sold.

The dentist is to make me a new set for nothing as with this one I can neither sing, laugh, shave nor (what is more important to my style of writing) yawn. . . .

I fear we are going to have a wretched Christmas but what is to be done? My sight continues to be good enough. Dr Borsch advises me to wait a few months more before deciding on another operation. It would not be pleasant at this season and in these circumstances.

I hope you found the country a pleasant change and that you are well in health and spirits. In spite of the atmosphere of this 'Norweegickan' hotel I am too. I am working at another piece which will be soon finished and will send it on at once.

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# 1924

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER  
16 January 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: Did you get the MS and typescript sent you a week or so ago? I am sending you more enclosed, also the pages to replace the faulty ones. The passage 'Let us now . . . Shem the penman' follows the words 'the hen saw'. Between the words 'penman' and 'Revered' are three further passages, a description of Shem-Ham-Cain-Egan etc and his penmanship, Anna Livia's visits and collaboration and delivery of the memorial by Shawn the post.

I finished the calligraphy *expertise* a day or two ago but have felt so tired since that I have scarcely energy enough to hold a pen.

The MS of *Ulysses* is to be sold today in New York. I expect Mr Quinn will cable me. The pound was 98.25 yesterday in Paris and the dollar 22.40! The Blooms of the Bourse are very thoughtful.

I hope you are in good health and enjoying a quiet holiday. The first caricature of *Ulysses* I saw appeared in a comic Dublin paper *Dublin Opinion*. A convict has called the warder. The warder says 'We let you off hard labour and gave you Joyce's *Ulysses* to read. What do you want now?' The convict (handing back a large volume): More oakum!

TO ROBERT McALMON  
N.D. (early 1924)

*Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe  
(Montparnasse), Paris*

Dear McAlmon: You will see by enclosed that the flat scheme fell through after a lot of suspense. Quinn did not reply to my cable but finally wrote to say he had sold the MS for \$1975. On the same day he bought back two poems by George Meredith (about 70 pp of MS) for \$1400 or 1500. He offered to send me half of the net proceeds less fees, etc in six months. I wrote declining to accept it. I do not think he will put my letter up for auction.

Ford has come so often to the well and talked about support given me in the past that I have consented to give him the four masters bit (which is only a sidepiece) for his next number. The review is very shabby in my opinion. . . .

I envy you down there in the sun. But it is very far. I could not go alone and Giorgio who badly needs air does not care to leave the others alone and I could not pilot the four and if we went there would be no place to come back and the expense, and there is not a shred of news from those solicitors or from Miss Weaver (who, I fear, must be ill in some way) and the *Ulysses* MS has been a fiasco and there seems no prospect of anything getting settled!

I continue to work but I might as well be a galleyslave, never stopping from 8 a.m. to 12.30 and from 2 to 8 p.m. By doing so at least I avoid meeting people who admire me immensely and will surely find me a flat. . . .

The weather here is like a methodist minister's dream of purgatory. I wish I were there to sit in the sun, and rest. What do you say? I don't like the pension idea. Do you like the red mullets they grill there (rouget)?

TO JOHN QUINN

5 February 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel*  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris

Dear Quinn: Can you find out, directly or indirectly, for what figure Mr (or Dr) Rosenbach will relinquish his grip on his (or my) MS.? It seems to me he may be approachable, as apparently he asks for six months to fumble in other people's trousers in order to find the money. A cable was being framed here, urging you in the name of many persons here to withhold the MS. from sale, but I discountenanced it as the MS. was legally your property, and I can easily understand that, apart from the worry, there must be a heavy loss in selling such a big library as yours, where one successful sale is outbalanced by several disastrous ones. However, as there is a general feeling of stupor and indignation here at the result, I think that the present holder should be sounded even if I have to buy in the MS. myself. . . . Will you please write me by return, or cable, using Scott's code for economy's sake? In any case, please cancel the amount you kindly promised me out of the proceeds of the sale. You have had outlay enough already on account of me—cables, correspondence, defence of the *Little Review*, binding, etc. It must be understood, however, that I will not write in any pages of

To John Quinn

FEBRUARY 1924

the MS. to 'complete' it. The additions were made by me on printed proofs.

I daresay you did well to pass on Mr Gorman's book to Mr Boyd. Mr Boyd, I notice, has added a chapter on me to the new edition of his history of the Irish literary movement. Evidently he has been reading up the subject.

I have not seen Ford for five or six days. He has been pressing me to give him something, but I am not eager for publication at present. I could, perhaps, detach one passage for him, but he fears prosecution and seizure on the charge of blasphemy. The second number of his review came out on Saturday—pancake night. Between lack of funds, printers' errors, absconding secretaries and general misunderstandings, it appears to be shortening people's lives.

Miss Beach, at her own risk, suggestion and expense, brought out a cheap edition of *Ulysses* on 1 January (60 francs). It is selling well here, though, I believe, the Prince of Wales (who was here incognito as Earl of Chester and, of course, recognized by everybody) complained to a Paris bookseller when he saw the volume (which is half the size of the first edition and bound in white with blue lettering—the Greek flag upside down this time) in the window. The reply of Mr Pierre Paul Petitépantant to H.R.H.'s equerry varies according to the hour of the day and the person who tells the tale.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

8 February 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel*  
*6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: I send you some new MS (Shem: Part I, vii), a piece I had omitted, a page to replace one typed and a fresh batch of typescript. I hope it will reach you safely. The fresh text follows after the words 'Shem the penman'. I continue to work on, hopeless as the situation seems. What is to be done with your copy of the new edition of *Ulysses*? Is it not risky to send it by post? Mr Ford in the new Transatlantic Review is taking up the question of the Folkstone seizure which he hopes to bring under government notice, I think. I have consented to give him for the next issue the Mamalujo episode,<sup>1</sup> the only sidepiece I could detach. The correspondent of *Times* here was appealed to and, having examined it, gave his opinion that it would not lead to prosecution for blasphemy.

<sup>1</sup> The four old men or 'foursome' episode referred to in a previous letter to Miss Weaver, dated 23.x.1923.



Mr Quinn sold the MS of *Ulysses* on 14 January. I waited for three days and then cabled. There was no reply. Several friends here cabled to New York but it was impossible to find out anything. At last after ten days a letter came from him saying he had sold the MS for \$1975 (\$25 under the minimum price he had fixed) and on the same day and at the same sale bought back two MS poems of Meredith (50 pp) for \$1400. He added that the buyer Mr Rosenbach would pay in six months and said he would then send me a cheque for half the profit less auctioneers' fees and not counting \$9,—price of the covers in which the MS was laid. I replied declining to accept any money and asking what is Mr Rosenbach's price for delivering up the MS. Apart from annoyance at being balked in certain plans I had made I consider such a sale now and by a wealthy man (who had made me part owner of the MS before the sale) a grossly stupid act which is an alienation of valuable property. It is a pity that I was obliged to write such a letter but what is one to do when a MS of 500,000 words is sold by an admirer who on the same day buys back a few pages of not very meritorious verse by a prose writer for almost the same sum?

I hope you are still keeping well as the tone of your last letter was very discouraged. Perhaps the nightman sketch I send may produce by allopathy a mood of contentment. I am sending this c/o Miss Marsden to whom please give my regards. I hope the weather has improved over there as it has here—to a very slight extent only.

P.S. Of course I cannot find the earlier MS. If I look for it any more I shall be unable to do anything for the day. I saw it yesterday. When I see it again I will shoot it at sight.

TO ITALO SVEVO

20 February 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear Friend: Send the books without delay. I have already spoken of you to Larbaud and Crémieux. Use my name when you write to Seldes and Eliot. Also send a copy to Lauro de Bosis and Enzo Ferrieri, editor of *Il Convegno*, 24 via Santo Spirito, Milan.

Your book will certainly be appreciated. Who will not be able to appreciate the honourable Dr Coprosich (*sanctificetur nomen tuum*) 'who even washed his face'? With such a name he should have performed very different ablutions!

A propos of names: I have given the name of Signora Schmitz to the

*To Italo Svevo*

FEBRUARY 1924

protagonist of the book I am writing. Ask her, however, not to take up arms, either of steel or fire, since the person involved is the Pyrrha of Ireland (or rather of Dublin) whose hair is the river beside which (her name is Anna Liffey) the seventh city of Christianity springs up, the other six being Basovizza, Clapham Junction, Rena Vecia, Limehouse, S. Odorico in the Vale of Tears and San Giacomo in Monte di Pietà.<sup>1</sup>

Return the enclosed clipping after you have read it. Cordial greetings to Signora Schmitz and to yourself.

My best to you.

TO ROBERT McALMON

29 February 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear McAlmon: Thanks for the cheque (£20) which my wife managed to cash at Lloyds as you suggested. I shall be much obliged if you can let me have another now as the rate is high today (104.75). As soon as I have finished the piece I am at I shall write to Miss Weaver about the money again. In any case my solicitors will square up with you on the 25 prox if you will be kind enough (if your balance allows it) to advance till then. Many thanks anyhow.

The T.R.<sup>2</sup> sent me round a proof. O, my goodness! And I will not send it back to the printer as I do not trust his brains. So I wrote for Ford's secretary to come round. No reply. It is grotesque, I think. And I was promised the proof a fortnight ago and told I could revise it twice and tomorrow will be the 1 March.

I hope Bird<sup>3</sup> got down all right and that you are all enjoying yourselves. Whoever comes back here let him bring a few francs worth of sunshine for heaven's sake!

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 March 1924

[*Paris*]

Dear Miss Weaver: I have finished the *Anna Livia* piece. Here it is. After it I have hardly enough energy to hold the pen and as a result of work, worry, bad light, general circumstances and the rest. A few words

<sup>1</sup> *Basovizza* and *S. Odorico*: villages near Trieste; *S. Giacomo* and *Rena Vecia*: two ancient quarters of the city; *Clapham Junction* and *Limehouse*: a suburb and a district in London. *The vale of tears* and *Monte di Pietà* (pawnshop) are Joyce's additions.

<sup>2</sup> *Transatlantic Review*.

<sup>3</sup> Mr William Bird, journalist and founder of the (Paris) Three Mountains Press which published many distinguished writers, including Mr Ezra Pound, in the early 'twenties.

to explain. It is a chattering dialogue across the river by two washer-women who as night falls become a tree and a stone. The river is named Anna Liffey. Some of the words at the beginning are hybrid Danish-English. Dublin is a city founded by Vikings. The Irish name is *Ḃaite Áta Cúat*. Ballyclee = Town of Ford of Hurdles. Her Pandora's box contains the ills flesh is heir to. The stream is quite brown, rich in salmon, very devious, shallow. The splitting up towards the end (seven dams) is the city abuilding. Izzy will be later Isolde (cf. Chapelizod).

I hope you are well and that the piece will please you.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

24 March 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: I hope you got the MS book. I am very glad you like Anna Livia. Mr Larbaud is in a trance about it, he said, and is corresponding with Mr Arnold Bennett. All Pandora's gifts are not maladies. Shaun's map: for this see any postage stamp of the Irish Free State. It is a philatelic curiosity. A territorial stamp it includes the territory of another state, Northern Ireland. In making notes I used signs for the chief characters. It may amuse you to see them so I shall write them on the back of this. I have been very busy revising over and over the proofs of the four old men, *Mamalujo*. It comes out this week.<sup>1</sup> They have now taken a lamp out of my room. Miss Beach was here. I showed her the room. There is nothing to be said. Shaun is going to give me a very great deal of trouble.

⌠ (Earwicker, H C E by moving letter round)

Δ Anna Livia

[ Shem-Cain

Λ Shaun

Σ Snake

P S. Patrick

T Tristan

⊥ Isolde

X Mamalujo

□ This stands for the title but I do not wish to say it yet until the book has written more of itself.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Transatlantic Review*.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

MAY 1924

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

24 May 1924

Victoria Palace Hôtel  
6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: The weather became very hot a few days ago and at once all the windows in the courtyard were flung open and the inmates leaned on the sills talking, shouting, laughing, arguing in all tongues, dominated by two American ladies who discussed loudly selfconsciousness. I endured for four days, then I went out, bought another case, packed and put to storage all my books, gathered my MSS including Shawn (30 pages of my large notebook, foolscap size) which I could not write out again, made a parcel of them and telephoned to Miss Beach who came and removed them hastily so that there is as much literature now in my room as in your office. I was to have gone on with the writing a little longer but the nine months' labour was quite enough for me. In this atmosphere I found my memory, vision, power of attention all gradually getting worse yet I knew that if the books or even the MSS and notebooks were left here I would go on. So I stopped. Hence this fountain pen which I bought when I had left off writing. I am sorry I could not face the copying out of Shawn which is a description of a postman travelling backwards in the night through the events already narrated. It is written in the form of a *via crucis* of 14 stations but in reality it is only a barrel rolling down the river Liffey. To write a book like this I should have a study of my own where I could quickly get at my books and papers. Otherwise it is impossible.

Dr Rosenbach<sup>1</sup> sent me a message asking me what would be my price for the corrected proofs of *Ulysses*. When he receives a reply from me all the rosy brooks will have run dry.

*Rosy Brook he bought a book  
Though he didn't know how to spell it.  
Such is the lure of literature  
To the lad who can buy it and sell it.*

Mr Tuohy<sup>2</sup> came to Paris to make a drawing of me if I consented, on the commission of a friend. He pressed me very hard to pose for my portrait. I argued with him for a long time. I have refused scores of requests to sit to painters and sculptors, having a very profound objection to my own image, needlessly repeated in a picture or bust. In

<sup>1</sup> The famous American book-dealer.

<sup>2</sup> Patrick Tuohy, Irish artist of much ability, who made portraits of several members of Joyce's family.

fact years ago casual glimpses of it in shop mirrors etc used to send me speeding away from it. I think I was right, for underfed, overworked, ill dressed, with septic poisoning gradually undermining my health and unable to attend to it for sheer want of time and want of money I must have been a dreadful spectacle. It is not so bad now, of course, but still I think an artist could employ his brush better. I asked Mr Tuohy whether he wished to paint me or my name. He said he wanted to paint me. I heaved a sigh and consented. I have given him 15 sittings, very tiresome. It will be finished in a week. He is taking it to Dublin where it will be exhibited. It will be in the Paris *Salon* of 1925 with the portrait of my father. Would you like to see it? If so, Mr Tuohy will gladly stop a half day in London to show it to you.

There is much moral difficulty about this operation. I would take the risk if Dr Borsch thinks it necessary now and if I were sure it would be successful. Somehow I have a suspicion it will not do much good but that may be due to my state of dejection. My wife is in a weak state of nerves and I believe the operation will cause her more pain than it will cause me. I do not know what to do. I will speak to Dr Borsch tonight. As soon as it is decided I shall let you know. What will happen after I do not know. I would go away almost anywhere but it seems useless to go until we have some place to come back to.

I will not trouble you with these eternal worries any longer this morning. I am going out to get some fresh air laden with tar, benzine, noise, dust etc—all *gratis*.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER  
27 June 1924

*Victoria Palace Hôtel*  
*6 rue Blaise Desgoffe, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: It is now seventeen days since the operation which was more unpleasant than I had expected either because not enough cocaine was used or because of my nervous state—the latter probably. The eye is still bandaged but I am allowed to read as well as I can with the other. I am very doubtful of the result. So far there is practically no improvement in the vision and it depresses me a great deal. I should like to go away but Dr Borsch continues to assure me that the vision will come back. It is not his fault. I am even glad he made an iridectomy as this is the only safety valve against glaucoma if I get another attack of iritis—which may fate forbid. They say I look very well and some kind person made me a present of an appetite. But I doubt the power of the iris to absorb the deposit in the eye. The long drudgery and disappoint-

ment in Trieste (I scarcely ate anything, taught until late every night and bought one suit of clothes in nine years, but the Irish literary movement has finally had its attention called to my existence) and then the labour of *Ulysses* must have undermined my strength. I was poisoned in more ways than one. I mention this because whenever I am obliged to lie with my eyes closed I see a cinematograph going on and on and it brings back to my memory things I had almost forgotten.

The sight I have now is enough to get about with but it is not enough to do the kind of work I feel impelled to do except very slowly and painfully and in very favourable conditions of light and climate which Paris does not offer. (I enclose a letter from the Nice agency. I sent them back the contract<sup>1</sup> for the insertion of a clause allowing me to sublet and here is the reply. If I may say so the lady does not seem to be a 'nice' mother-in-law.) Still I hope Dr Borsch is right.

There is a group of people who observe what they call Bloom's day—16 June. They sent me hortensias, white and blue, dyed. I have to convince myself that I wrote that book. I used to be able to talk intelligently about it. If ever I try to explain to people now what I am supposed to be writing I see stupefaction freezing them into silence. For instance Shaun, after a long absurd and rather incestuous Lenten lecture to Izzy, his sister, takes leave of her 'with a half a glance of Irish frisky from under the shag of his parallel brows'. These are the words the reader will see but not those he will hear. He also alludes to Shem as my 'soamheis' brother; he means Siamese.

This is a better room, high up and more lightsome. I found that my memory was getting lame so in the clinic I started to learn by heart the Lady of the Lake by sir Walter Scott, Bart. In three days I learnt 500 lines and can repeat them without a mistake. Neither of my children can do this. It is not a sign of intelligence (I must continue with my daughter's pen) but it is very useful. I have invented a whole system of my own—a great deal of it very childish—by which I keep my brains from falling about but I have been forced to drop most of it owing to the grotesque way I live now. I showed Mr Larbaud the signs I was using for my notes  $\square$  HCE  $\Delta$  Anna Livia [ Shem  $\wedge$  Shaun. He laughed at them but it saves time. I hope you will meet him. It is a pleasure to speak with him. He knows what he wants to say, much or little, says it and writes it.

Yes, Mr Tuohy is the person I told you about. I am glad you liked the portrait. I like the folds of the jacket and the tie. He did not tell you all about the ownership of the portrait because he is going to have

<sup>1</sup> For the taking of a flat for the winter.

a little game with a person in Dublin first. As you may have seen by his eyes he is very malicious—in a good sense of the word if it has one. I can imagine the scene and it amuses me also though I would not do it.

I have tried to make this letter cheerful and I will continue to hope.

TO VALÉRY LARBAUD

28 July 1924

*Hôtel de France et Chateaubriand, Saint-Malo*

Dear Larbaud: Miss Monnier sent me a copy of the passage in your letter. Would it be possible to see this complete before publication—it is for publication?

Here is a kind of reply<sup>1</sup> which I shall add to in about three or four days. *Irlandais*: In its widest sense this may mean

- (a) Citizens or subjects of Irish Free State
- (b) „ „ „ „ Northern Ireland
- (c) Irishborn or Irishdescended Americans
- (d) Irish in Great Britain and British Empire (excluding Ireland)
- (e) Irish in foreign countries (Irishborn or Irishdescended)
- (f) The dead Irish ('all Livia's daughters')

But I suppose you mean the average *badaud* of class (a). I think that by now he can probably read (when sober enough) ten street names. Having read *spaid* (sraid) so often he must know that it means street. (An American visitor to Paris might conclude that M. Barrée was the Washington of France from the number of streets named after him.) But unless he has been taught the few strange letters of the Irish alphabet (Δ (a) ρ (d) ξ (g) ρ (r) τ (t)) he cannot read ten letters with certitude: and unless he has been taught the Irish phonetic system he cannot pronounce them, except in single cases of words popularised by political events or folklore: and unless he has learnt Irish he cannot understand even if he reads and pronounces.

The phonetic system is strange. Thus

A) *oioce*: English spelling = *oidliche* (B)

„ pronunciation = *eehya*

„ sense = *night*

French pronunciation *y* (h) *y'a*

Irish is written sometimes as (A) less often as (B).

I shall answer your questions about Breton in a few days but I think Breton, though more spoken, has incorporated more Latin words (for

<sup>1</sup> Probably Valery Larbaud's reply (in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* of January 1925) to some adverse comments published by Ernest Boyd in the *Herald Tribune* (June 1924).

an obvious reason) than Irish has. I think the Latin words in Irish are chiefly

- (1) ecclesiastical—the oldest (sacrap = priest-sacerdos: leabap = book, liber)
- (2) administrative—Norman and Norman-English (post = post: seandap = senate)

As for English words of Anglo-Saxon origin they should be rare. The Irish peasant had no need to change the word uirge (ishgö) into 'water'. And though Breton (when costumed and visited by tourists and blessed by Rome and caliné by S. Pseudonymous and Co) is probably more picturesque, of course Irish as a language is

### FAR SUPERIOR

Will this do? Thanks for your wire about Molly's hairpins. I mean her accents. I was operated on 11 June. No improvement.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

30 July 1924

*Hôtel de France et Chateaubriand, Saint-Malo*

Dear Miss Weaver: The weather here has been very unsettled and so I remained on; but the air is good and fresh and I feel my mind less tired though walking fatigues me the day after. I hope the storm reported in the press did not rage over your part of London. It seems to have come almost at the same time as it did last year when I was in Bognor. We had the fringe of it in Dinard—a place I dislike. I had projected, strangely enough, something like your itinerary—except for Lannion—as I wanted to visit Dinan and Renan's birthplace. I am not sure yet whether I shall do so or not. When the weather is bad I read a little in the town library. I like S. Malo. I dislike places that live on tourist traffic only. I wish I had come here earlier and I hope the weather has not broken. . . .

I have reached nearly the end of the Wembley dinner party.<sup>1</sup> The tangential relationships, the spiral progressions and the presence of the absent remind me of something which perhaps I wrote or ought to have written. I do not know on what side of London Wembley is or from which station it is reached. I am getting accustomed to the neighbourhood of Euston though I suppose that borough is quite ignorant of my existence.

You say you have seen a great many French notices of *Dédalus*. I have seen several but not many as yet. The translation seems to be

<sup>1</sup> A gathering of Weaver brothers and sisters, 'in-laws' and connections. (Note by Miss Weaver.)



good. There is very bad news current about Mr Quinn's health. I hope it is not true. Some people take a delight in circulating sensational news especially when it is bad. I see that Dr Rosybrook bought a weather-beaten timetable a few days ago in London for \$155,000. . . . It is regrettable but Dr R.'s appearance in the composite photograph of Ulysses and his equipage at the last moment is ludicrous—and monstrous when he walks off with the vessel's bill of lading under his arm.

TO RELATIVES OF JOHN QUINN

31 Nassau Street

New York

5 August 1924

[Cablegram]

St. Malo, France

Deeply shocked to hear of death of John Quinn. Please accept my sympathy in grateful remembrance of his friendship and kindness.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 August 1924

Hôtel de France et Chateaubriand, Saint-Malo

Dear Miss Weaver: I did not wish to be the sender of bad news but a few days after my last letter to you the Paris papers announced the death of John Quinn. I sent a cablegram to his relatives (he once mentioned an uncle—a priest, I think). I did not see any notice of him except a short paragraph in the *Irish Statesman*. Mr Ford wrote to me that he had been incapable of attending to any business for several months and that this explains his attitude towards the *Transatlantic Review*<sup>1</sup> which he was supposed to have founded and towards the *Ulysses* MS. I thought the dispersal of his huge library very strange. The catalogues were made out with immense carefulness and impartiality (many of the books uncut). It seemed to me a lamentable affair in every way and, so far as I am concerned, it did me a fair amount of harm with a public which values people by sales. If his judgment had grown weak I hope it was due to business worries rather than to suffering. He was a man who would have hidden both. Nobody understands why he wanted to sell the MS of *Ulysses* especially since he had made a sensational sale of another writer's MSS—Joseph Conrad who has just died also. He had it<sup>2</sup> complete for less than two years. I offered to read to him parts of the book I am writing as I did not want him to think that my unenthusiastic silence about the (then) proposed sale meant a

<sup>1</sup> Then edited by Ford Madox Ford.

<sup>2</sup> The *Ulysses* MS.

want of appreciation for many things he had done for the book. He said he had no time but that he hoped to come over this summer. I could not understand what his attitude was. He talked to me about some wonderful works he had visited in Germany. I forget what they were for as I scarcely heeded his words—taking nitrate out of the air or something of the sort. Then he stopped the car and went into the French Foreign Office. I was greatly shocked to hear of his death as he had many good qualities.

For the last ten days I have been proofreading—the revise of *A Portrait of the Artist* for Mr Cape.<sup>1</sup> Thank goodness it went off today! Now I receive word that the Italian military authorities have called George Joyce to arms. Born in Austria, now Italy, of British subjects, now Irish Free State citizens or not, and resident in France he has a choice of armies. I have been to the vice-consul here . . . but as my experience of Italian government ways is not encouraging I prefer to have this important matter settled at the consulate in Paris.

Can you call at the *Freeman's Journal* or *Irish Times* office in London and get a copy of their paper for Monday 11 August? You will find in it (if they did not suppress it) a rather startling reference to me made by Mr Yeats in crowning with bay the spiritual victors of the Irish Olympic games. I presume as the conferring took place at the Royal Irish Academy that the members of the committee who negatived his proposal were present in full force. (In this connection you may refer to the closing paragraph of the Shem the Penman piece beginning *Pariah* . . . and ending . . . *Anna Livia*.)

I am sorry my cyclopedic face has that worried look. Really I have got some rest and a good deal of sea air. But it is true that I have been thinking and thinking how and how and how can I and can it—all about the fusion of two parts of the book—while my one bedazzled eye searched the sea like Cain—Shem—Tristan—Patrick from his light-house in Boulogne. I hope the solution will presently appear. At least I have never found anything in any other way than sitting with my mouth open picturesquely.

We leave for Quimper—Hôtel de l'Epée—on Monday. After a short stay there I have to go to Paris to see Dr Borsch, my Trieste brother (who may also bring some brown turf), possibly my Dublin brother who has lately remarried and has some relatives-in-law in this country and also to see the H.B.M. and R.I. consuls-general.

It is a miserable day. I wish Mr Pluvius had kept this day till my arrival in London. I have goloshes, a tarpaulin raincoat, a hood, an

<sup>1</sup> Who had taken over from the Egoist Press this and the three earlier books.

umbrella and a pair of yellow spectacles—so won't the Londoners, standing beside the park wall out of the shower's way, be delighted to see me groping by!

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

30 September 1924

*Euston Hotel, London*

Dear Miss Weaver: I hope you had a smooth passage across in spite of Patrick and are now safe and sound in the seclusion of Paris. I send you a copy of the *Fortnightly*. As you will see he<sup>1</sup> has not bought a copy<sup>2</sup>—or rather pretends he has not. His remarks are seriously meant. He ought to be informed that there is now a special cheap edition 565,423 words =  $8 \times 70,877 = 8$  novel lengths, slightly shopsoiled, a genuine bargain going for 60 francs =  $\frac{60}{8} = \frac{30}{4} =$  about  $\frac{3}{4} \times 20/- = 15/- \div 8$  about  $1/11\frac{1}{4}$  per normal novel suitlength real continental style—you can't beat it for the money. A few days ago he told a reporter he had made £10,000 out of Saint Joan or was it out of old Saint Mumpedum?

TO MRS WILLIAM MURRAY

2 November 1924

*8 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII*

Dear Aunt Josephine: On receipt of a letter from Charlie<sup>3</sup> last night I wired to you to tell you how shocked we all were to hear such sudden bad news of your health. I hope he has misled himself about you. I had even hoped to meet you in London a couple of weeks ago. I wrote to Alice<sup>4</sup> and rang her up several times before we left but she was still in Dublin. They did not tell me at the hospital (S. George's) that your grave illness was the cause of her absence. I thought she was simply on holidays. I do not remember your ever having been ill and I sincerely hope your strength will carry you through this severe strain—whatever your illness is, Charlie did not say. I go to England more frequently now and I was looking forward so much to meeting you either there or in Dublin in the near future. Only yesterday morning I was going to write to you—as usual about some point in my childhood as you are one of the two persons in Ireland who could give me information about it. Charlie sent me an extremely kind message from you. I am very deeply touched that you should have considered me worthy of remembrance at such a grave hour. You attached me to you in youth by so many acts of

<sup>1</sup> George Bernard Shaw. See note on letter to Robert McAlmon, of 10 October 1921.

<sup>2</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

<sup>3</sup> One of Joyce's brothers.

<sup>4</sup> A daughter of Mrs Murray.

To Mrs William Murray

NOVEMBER 1924

kindness, by so much help and advice and sympathy, especially after my mother's death, that it seems to me as if your thought of me now is one of reproach. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to talk with you over many things. I cannot employ the usual language or invoke assistance but if I am estranged in that I am still attached to you by many bonds of gratitude and affection and of respect as well. I hope these hurried words may be acceptable to you. I shall feel glad and honoured always if they are.

Nora, Giorgio and Lucia send their best wishes for your recovery. I hope you will see them as I know you would like to.

I am going to wire to Charlie to let me know how you are.

Charlie's letter is so grave that he suggests that I should write to you a word which I cannot bring myself to write. Forgive me if my reluctance to do so is wrong. But I send you this poor word of thanks and I will still hope in spite of the bad news.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 November 1924

8 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for *Penguin Island*. I shall read it again in English. I hope you liked it.

I did not succeed in seeing Dr Borsch till last night. The very latest is that he is to do the operation on me on 27 instant—for cataract. I confess this novelty made me feel somewhat ill. He says I will regain my sight after it. Have I cataract as well? Or was he waiting for it to mature? I know nothing about this or what the results of such an operation are and I am too tired to ask any more questions. *Ainsi soit-il*.

In the meantime I am preparing for it by trying to learn a page of the *Sirens* for the record and by pulling down more earthwork. The gangs are now hammering on all sides.<sup>1</sup> It is a bewildering business. I want to do as much as I can before the execution. Complications to right of me, complications to left of me, complex on the page before me, perplex in the pen beside me, duplex in the meandering eyes of me, stuplex on the face that reads me. And from time to time I lie back and listen to my hair growing white. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Another allusion to the difficulties in fusing together the parts of the book—referred to also in a letter dated 9.xi.1924 (not included). 'I think that at last I have solved one—the first—of the problems presented by my book. In other words one of the partitions between two of the tunnelling parties seems to have given way.'

TO ROBERT MCALMON

21 November 1924

8 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear McAlmon: Glad to hear from you. By what date (latest) do you want my copy and on what date (earliest) will the book<sup>1</sup> be out because I promised to give him<sup>2</sup> a piece for the August number of his review and what I give you will depend on your date, that is, as being a piece earlier or later than his. I hope you will get something from him, Lewis and Pound—in spite of the *faux pas*. But do you think Miss Weaver ought to contribute to a publication dedicated to herself?

There is unpleasant news for me. I have cataract and am to be operated next Saturday. This came on me as a surprise. Borsch did not tell me and I could not understand how my sight went on failing. He says I will get my sight back. These continued operations are dreadful.

<sup>1</sup> *Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers*. Three Mountains Press, Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Ford Madox Ford.

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# 1925

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

1 January 1925

8 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: Tomorrow I shall send you MS and typescript of the first two watches of Mr Shaun (what I read, slightly revised) and the day after MS and typescript of the rest. There is an interruption near the middle (indicated in the MS). I shall be anxious to hear what you think of it. I don't know how I managed to do so much with the operation and the convalescence and holidays. I hope you will write to me about it. Miss Beach will send you a book of spirit talks with Oscar Wilde which will explain one page of it. He does not like *Ulysses*. Mrs Travers Smith, the 'dear lady' of the book, is a daughter of professor Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin.

Here is another Borsch dialogue of yesterday.

Dr B.: How is our eye?

J.J.: *Semper idem*.

Dr B.: (business): Not to me. I have still a fortnight.

J.J.: Ten days, doctor. You still think you'll win.

Dr B.: Sure I'll win.

J.J.: (baffled, beaten, vanquished, overcome, pulverised) smiles broadly.

Dr B.: You'll see all right.

J.J.: It is an obstinate eye, doctor, no?

Dr B.: No fellow is any good if he's not obstinate.

J.J.: (checkmated, silenced, overpowered) smiles broadly: And when do you think you can prescribe for the lenses?

Dr B.: Three weeks or a month after.

I don't know what he means. But he ought to be ambassador for the two Americas. I asked him then if the woman from Bordeaux who was operated about the same time would get her sight. She is a bad case, he said, but there is a little hope for her.

I ought to tell you a few things, The Irish alphabet (ailm, beith, coll, dair etc) is all made up of the names of trees. . . . Bruno Nolano (of Nola) another great southern Italian was quoted in my first pamphlet *The Day of the Rabblement*. His philosophy is a kind of dualism—every

power in nature must evolve an opposite in order to realise itself and opposition brings reunion etc etc. Tristan on his first visit to Ireland turned his name inside out. The Norwegian-Danish language has neither masculine nor feminine: the two genders are common and neuter. The article follows the noun. . . . The words expressing nightmares are from Greek, German, Irish, Japanese, Italian (my niece's childish pronunciation) and Assyrian (the stargroup called the 'gruesome hound'). I speak the latter language very fluently and have several nice volumes of it in the kitchen printed on jampots. Most coastal towns in Ireland (E) are Danish. The good old fellows were often wreckers. In ancient Dublin there was a ceremony similar to that of the Doge wedding the Adriatic sea.

I hope this may help you. You would probably find it out if the piece were in print. It is hard to believe in typescript. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

13 January 1925

8 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for that passage about the rivers. The coincidence you mention about the Dane<sup>1</sup> is strange but I am well used to these things. Here is another. I mentioned to you a Dublin nabob who fed his guests when Lord Mayor off golden plates, sir Benjamin Lee Guinness of the brewery, Dublin's Noah. He restored S. Patrick's cathedral too. He had two sons, lord Ardilaun afterwards and lord Iveagh. My father unseated the former for Dublin city. No conservative was ever returned after. The elder brother . . . was morose and charitable. The younger brother Cecil . . . married another Guinness as his father did before him. I suppose you see the map as I do. I cannot find anything at present about Noah's wife (the medieval figure of the mystery plays is one of the models for Anna Livia) Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Guinness, but thinking of the subject I wondered what the Irish word for Guinness's vineyard's beverage would be. It is *lin dub* or *dub lin*.

I report two dialogues

*Dr Borsch.* How are you?

*J.J.* Slightly inclined to pessimism.

*Dr Borsch.* You don't think etc.

*J.J.* Well . . .

*Dr B.* What will you bet?

*J.J.* Fixing a date.

<sup>1</sup> A river in Cheshire.

*Dr B.* A month. How much will you bet?

*J.J.* O well. . . .

(later)

*J.J.* You removed the front wall of the capsule and the lens?

*Dr B.* Yes

*J.J.* Can a cataract form on the back wall?

*Dr B.* Sure.

*J.J.* Is it likely in my case?

*Dr B.* No. If it did I'd win my bet quicker.

*J.J.* (prolonged smile)

He beats me easily every time. He ought to have written *Ulysses*.

I am in a great hurry to post this tonight and have been writing, writing all day for the past week.

The weather here is terrible. I hope you have better. I will soon send you the rest of Shaun—if the post accepts his bulk.

TO ROBERT McALMON

4 April 1925

8 Avenue Charles Floquet, Paris

Dear McAlmon: I have had a relapse since I saw you but am now better so if you have received the proofs of the book,<sup>1</sup> I should like very much to revise my contribution now that I am between two operations. On Tuesday or Wednesday of next week I shall probably return to the Clinic and one never knows what the result may be. So please mail me those few pages if you have them and I will go through the ordeal with an easier mind.

A rather silly idea came to me about your book which I send on for what it is worth. Is there to be any preface or introduction? It seems to me there is a certain resemblance between the group of writers who collected around Pound, I mean W.L., T.S.E., H.D. etc., and the writers of the Yellow Book Row of half a century ago who collected around Arthur Symons; if he is still writing do you think it will be amusing to have a few pages of preface by him?

<sup>1</sup> *Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers*. Contact Editions, Three Mountains Press, 29 Quai d'Anjou, Paris. This contribution consisted of the first version of the 'Earwicker episode' in *Finnegans Wake*.



TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 April 1925

[In large thick black-pencilled handwriting]

Dear Miss Weaver: I am home again but I cannot report anything yet. There is a slight, very slight return of vision in the operated eye. I believe I have to wait for some weeks yet. The other eye is not yet cured and I cannot read print at all without 'the loan of a lens to see as much as I once saw'. I am heartily tired of iodine, aspirine and scopolamine. In your letter you mention something called warm sunlight. What is it like? There are allusions to it in the works of the great writers.

Will you please send *Leader* on to Miss Beach when read. Dr Sigeron's statement about the Norse in Ireland before S. Patrick justifies my precipitate jumbling of the fifth and tenth centuries in the last phase of Shaun ('Norske He raven flag etc').

I go to the clinic every morning and rue de la Paix every evening. Do you know the poem *Little Jim* 'The cottage was a thatched one.' I rhyme it

*The clinic was a patched one  
Its outside old as rust  
And every stick beneath that roof  
Lay four foot thick in dust.*

I do not think the delay is Dr Borsch's fault. It is either mine or of that group of circumstances called Paris.

I hope this will reach you before you leave the country. I have some proofs to correct for Mr McAlmon and I had better do it before the other eye gets disabled. My lease here has now 19 days to run!

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

13 June 1925

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: There has been so much hammering and moving going on here that I could scarcely hear my thoughts and then I have just dodged an eye attack. In fact when I was last writing to you I felt pain and rushed off to the clinic where the nurse sent me on to Dr Borsch. He said I had incipient conjunctivitis from fatigue probably. Next day it was worse nevertheless he insisted I was not to put off a theatre engagement I had accepted (Chaliapine). I went but had to leave in mid-opera. He then told me it would be nothing if I went about

and amused myself! It got better but I had three or four very unpleasant days.

We are settling down here slowly but there is a dreadful lot to do. The Breton girl having ordered her furniture seems to have left us in the lurch. She does not answer letters. I daresay we shall get right in time. I suppose I ought to have made this move long ago. . . .

I hope you have the *Contact* book. I put in a few more puzzles into my piece.<sup>1</sup> I am working hard at Shem and then I will give Anna Livia to the *Calendar*. Morel will have to type all again as my typist is away. I have got out my sackful of notes but can scarcely read them, the pencillings are so faint. They were written before the thunder stroke.

Tuohy has now sent two telegrams, having discovered that Martinmas is not in Derbyshire, I suppose. He wants to come here to paint me. He certainly wants me to pose myself and he certainly wants himself to pose me for himself and certainly he does now be wanting to paint me posed by himself, himself for myself.

(With apologies to Miss Gertrude Stein)

Is it dreadfully necessary

AND

(I mean that I pose etc) is it useful, I ask  
this

HEAT!?

We all know Mercury will know *when*  
he Kan!

but as Dante saith:

I Inferno is enough. *Basta*, he said, *un' inferno*,  
*perbacco!*

And that bird—

Well!

He oughter know!

≡≡≡ (With apologies to Mr Ezra Pound)

Did Fossett change those words? They was two. Doesn't matter. 'Gromwelling' I said and what? O, ah! Bisexycle. That was the bunch. Hope he does, anyhow. O rats! It's just a fool thing, style. I just shoot it off like: If he aint done it, where's the use? Guess I'm through with that bunch.

(With apologies to Mr Robert McAlmon)

(Re-enter Hamlet)

Have you made a copy of Raymond's letter. I should like to show it

<sup>1</sup> 'Earwicker.'

yesterday we leave tomorrow for Rouen, Hôtel de la Poste. Even here I cannot escape Shaun and I added or changed about a hundred things in Anna Livia which I sent on to Miss Beach who is holding the MS. There will be an article about me in the next *Revue des Deux Mondes*. My wife has been very uneasy here but we did not like to go away in a hurry and yesterday was Lucia's birthday (S. Anna: her name is Lucia Anna) and today is my son's. Maupassant was born here but his mother concealed the fact. The first café we went into had a board up with: *Her fales skandrinavisk* on it and flew a Danish, a Norwegian and Swedish flag. While I was returning from an excursion to S. Valéry the idea for the last watch of Shaun came into my head. But I suppose I ought to ease off. When you return to London I shall explain why I did not send the typescript.

With kindest regards and hopes that Donner and Thor are far from you.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

15 August 1925

Régina Palace Hôtel & d'Angleterre, Arcachon

Dear Miss Weaver: I left Rouen (where we were drenched for 9 days out of twelve) and stopping a night in Niort and Bordeaux reached here. Thunderstorms greeted my stay in Niort and Bordeaux. Here the weather is serene and warm. I wanted to go to London, if possible, before going back to Paris but as *Exiles* will be put on in January or February I decided to come south now (in spite of the heat) and go to London then. The soil here is dry sand and the climate ought to improve me and I am only an hour from Dax where Dr Borsch advised me to go. I hope I can do so for a week or so before I go away. But certainly my sight is curious—even in the good eye. At Fécamp in the ninth row of the stalls I could not see the actors' faces. The morning after I came here I tried to walk down to the beach but had to come back as my sight was overclouded. It is very trying for one's nerves.

The other part of the news is. My concierge writes (without accents) that he is leaving the house. *Envoyer* he writes *envoillez*. Lest I should forget him he enclosed a bill. Mr Gorman, my biographer, has been firing letters and telegrams at me. He wants to come and see me. He is in Victoria Palace Hotel, Paris. Mr Walsh has been holding me up with his delay in printing Shem and now the editor of the *Calendar* has written for the fourth or fifth time to know if he can announce  $\Delta$  (Anna Livia) for October. I think I shall say yes for I want to correct the two pieces at once and get a few minutes of torpor before the next act.

I started to read Mr Gillet's article when my sight was better than it

is today.<sup>1</sup> I read about half and was much amused by it and gave it to my son. He gave it back saying it was not at all amusing. So I then read the rest of it which, in fact, is very harsh. I think the explanation is to be found in a letter he wrote Miss Beach explaining the delay in finishing his article, his reason being 'mais je viens de subir la perte de ma mère'. He makes one or two good points which, however, I could answer. But it does not matter. It will act like the *Quarterly* [article], savage and tartarly.

When are you going to London? Mr Mac Cormack will surely give a concert there and I would like you to hear him. Could someone there look out for you and book a seat for you? My host here is onearmed.

*Rouen is the rainiest place getting*

*Inside all impermeables, wetting*

*Damp marrow in drenched bones.*

*Midwinter soused us coming over Le Mans*

*Our inn at Niort was the Grape of Burgundy*

*But the winepress of the Lord thundered over that grape of Burgundy*

*And we left it in a hurgundy.*

*(Hurry up, Joyce, it's time!)*

*I heard mosquitoes swarm in old Bordeaux*

*So many!*

*I had not thought the earth contained so many*

*(Hurry up, Joyce, it's time)*

*Mr Anthologos, the local gardener,*

*Greycapped, with politeness full of cunning*

*Has made wine these fifty years*

*And told me in his southern French*

*Le petit vin is the surest drink to buy*

*For if 'tis bad*

*Vous ne l'avez pas payé*

*(Hurry up, hurry up, now, now, now!)*

*But we shall have great times,*

*When we return to Clinic, that waste land*

*O Esculapios!*

*(Shan't we? Shan't we? Shan't we?)*

<sup>1</sup> This article, published on 1 August 1925 in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, by the late M. Louis Gillet, a distinguished member of the French Academy, was definitely hostile. Subsequently M. Gillet took a much more favourable view of Joyce's work and the two men became friendly. (Vide letter to Miss Weaver, dated 18 February 1931.) In 1941—during the Occupation—he published *Stèle pour James Joyce* (Editions du Sagittaire, Marseille), a touching tribute to their friendship and one of the best appreciations of the man and his work that have so far appeared.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

29 August 1925

*Regina Palace Hôtel & d'Angleterre  
Arcachon (Gironde)*

Dear Miss Weaver: Many thanks for your letter and enclosures. I know the *Bulletin* well. Do you know the exact address as I should [like] to send a word of thanks. How is it that your [presscutting] agency never includes Irish notices? A consequence of the Free State Act? I am waiting for the proofs of [ and Δ. Many thanks also for the unbreakable script which I may use. As regards the article in the *R. de D. M.* I have been planning that for three years. I tried first the *Revue de Paris*, then the *Revue de France*. It does not matter as the *R. de D. M.* is even better. The tone of the article does not matter much. M. Gillet is a son-in-law of M. René Doumic. He suppresses the fact of my having resurrected M. Dujardin which is unfair but everyone knows it. I think it remarkable that attacks have not been more frequent and bitter. Miss Téry really ought not to have compared my optic to that of Elohim Adonai. I now intend to arrange an article of lower criticism, if possible, a textual analysis of either *Eolus*, *Sirens* or *Cyclops*. After that an illustrated and intelligent caricature and then the book may look after itself as best it can.

I know that Ad ought to be about roads, all about dawn and roads, and go along repeating that to myself all day as I stumble along the roads hoping it will dawn on me how to show up them roads so as everybody'll know as how roads etc.

There was a terrible standup battle here (words and gestures) and the landlord turned all the English guests out of the hotel (I acted as spokesman for them as they could not speak French). It was illegal, the police said, but they thought it better to go. He will ruin his hotel but he does not care. In the middle of the hullabaloo he turned round on me and, with a deep bow, said he had the greatest respect for the 'illustre écrivain and savant and—homme du monde!'—and that his words were not for me (*je répète*, etc). My exquisite voice was heard pouring out exquisite oleaginous phrases (*Oui, Monsieur, mais permettez-moi—Parfaitement, Monsieur, pour vous j'ai le plus grand*) but in the end he bowed and marched out of what he called 'cet aréopage'. They're all gone now but I don't like overmuch my pedestal. He will never rival H.C.E. and, on that subject, little Anna countrymouse keeps me awake half the night.

I hope this may amuse you.

Did you get the *I.S.* and *Corriere* I sent you through Miss Beach. I

hope you will instruct someone to book for the concert. You will not find seats fortyeight hours after the announcement of it.

P.S. The row was about food! Imagine me! J.J.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

27 September 1925

2 Square Robiac,  
192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I am still under the influence of the 'truthcompelling' drug, scopolamine (it is used in Germany and U.S.A. to extort bogus confessions from criminals) and my writing seems to me very spidery. But here is some of the news. When I got back here I found the old concierge gone (according to the landlord he was a robber, 15 years servant to a curé who went mad because he found out that his servant had robbed him of 100,000 francs!) but he had left three nice bills on the table. There was also a letter from the *Calendar* the tenor of which you know. I did not wish to antagonise them on account of Mr Muir's articles and their attitude. Negotiations went on, they pleaded that they were pledged to publish me etc. In fact even when I had withdrawn the MS telegraphically they sent me a galleyproof with it and said they would say my contribution was 'postponed'. This would have meant a private circulation of my mutilated piece in proof around London with no profit of publicity or money (Miss Beach says they offered to pay £48 for the piece if published), a *blamage* with respect to their readers who had been informed in the August and September numbers that a piece of mine would appear, a general impression that I was either half blind or three quarters incapable and a first mild offensive against the *fait accompli* of *Ulysses*. I therefore arranged a pleasing epilogue of which you will hear about the middle of next week.

The *Nouvelle Revue Française* is to publish in December, I think, a first instalment of Morel's translation (they wrote twice asking for it) and the *Navire d'Argent* (November) will publish an article by Jean Prevost on J.J. and la Presse Française.

The German translation of *Dedalus* is to appear also in November and the publishers have written for photographs and drawings.

I cannot make head or tail of Mr Walsh's review *This Quarter*. Miss Beach and I have written and wired with reply prepaid but cannot get any answer. Nobody knows where he is or where *Shem* is. He (Mr Walsh) proposed that Mr Pound correct my proofs. I wrote to Mr Pound assuring him that I wanted nothing better than to check them myself

and asking him would it be possible to have my piece set first. E.P.'s reply was a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* begging all whom it might concern to take note that he had no connection with any review and could not receive any MSS whether in English, American or Javanese. . . .

My eyes are getting better (it was nothing serious) but until Shem and his garrulous mother are settled for life in print I could not rest quiet in Mme de la Vallière's château, rue Cherche-Midi.<sup>1</sup> None of the operations has been very successful yet but another one inflicted on my troubled mind would be a bad addition. The flat is getting to look well in spite of bills but as yet we have not found a girl. One came, stayed till evensong and then said she had had a telegram telling her to go home. She went and came back at matins saying she had had a second telegram telling her to stay where she was. My wife told her she had had a wireless message telling her to send her back to the place where she was before she came to the place where she was not going to stay. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 October 1925

2 Square Robiac  
192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . The tumult and the shoutings still go on but I expect that in ten days the captains and the kings will depart. I hope you got the *Navire d'Argent* and are pleased with my retort courteous. I enclose a letter from the *Calendar* which Miss Beach would like to have back—also an advance notice by a French critic to appear in *Vient de Paraître* (sic) in November. I sent you the *Chicago Tribune*. There have been other allusions since, all at the same time. There is a very curious atmosphere about here since I came back. When I have satisfied myself as to its causes (three of which I suspect) I shall write more.

There is a rumour here . . . that Mr Walsh is in very bad health. . . . It is impossible to get a reply from him and I have no notion where the MS of [2] is at present. I should like to have this settled before I enter the waste land.

Which things being so, I began *Ad* (otherwise the last watch of Shaun) a few days ago and have produced about three foolscapes of hammer and tongs stratification lit up by a fervent prayer to the divinity which shapes our roads in favour of my ponderous protagonist and his minuscule consort.

<sup>1</sup> A humorous appellation of Dr Borsch's eye-clinic.

<sup>2</sup> Shem.

Shall I send you the corrected typescript of  $\Delta$  there or wait till you return? I composed some wondrous devices for  $\Delta$ d during the night and wrote them out in the dark very carefully only to discover that I had made a mosaic on top of other notes so I am now going to bring my astronomical telescope into play.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 October 1925

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: I have been laid up for about ten days with a lamentable sort of cold, a dreary thing of which Paris is full. I hope you have better air up there. Now I am better but still rheumy.

I hope you got the *Revue Nouvelle*. The Hades episode translated by Morel is to appear in the December N.R.F. Two days ago the proof of [ arrived from Como. I corrected it, rubbed on more boot polish and sent it back express. I hope it comes out in a week or so. I ought to go into the clinic then, ought I not?

I send you some advance press opinions of  $\Delta$

My father: He has gone off his head, I am afraid. He has overworked himself. Why did he not go to the bar? He speaks better than he writes.

My brother Charles: Received. Off to Carlow for a few days.

My brother Stanislaus: What are you driving at? To make the English language quite incomprehensible. Literary bolshevism. Too flabby for my taste.

Arthur Power: Always glad to receive anything. Could you place enclosed MSS with your agent?

Laubenstein:<sup>1</sup> No acknowledgment.

E.P.: F.M.F.: E.W.: idem.<sup>2</sup>

Claudel (Paul): I thought I knew English until I read it.

Mrs Wallace: I don't understand a single word. What is it about?

Wallace: I remembered parts I had heard from you.

Huddleston: Why would the English printer not print it?

I am working at  $\Delta$ d still. In a few days, Saturday, I think, the men will have finished here. They brought some furniture for the diningroom and took it back a few days after to stuff it! I never do that when I supply prose to the public. All stuffing done on the premises.

With kindest regards from a bronchially impeded author.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Laubenstein, organist.

<sup>2</sup> Ezra Pound, F. M. Ford, Ernest Walsh.



TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

5 November 1925

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . Nobody here, not even Mr Ford, can solve the problem of *Two Worlds*.<sup>1</sup> Huge advertisements have appeared in several big American and English reviews, the former costing, I am told, \$1000 each! I never wrote a letter or sent any MS to Mr Roth. He wrote (or roth) to me in 1921. I did not answer, I think. He also wrote to me on 25 September asking me to give him something and said he would buy up the forests of Hudson Bay for paper etc. I did not answer. And yet number 1 apparently came out on 15 with a piece of mine in it. I have sent two cables to New York but have got no information yet. An American journalist told me that to cover the expense of such 'billing' there ought to be a circulation of hundreds of thousands of copies and the actual number is 450!

I am having queer experiences with editors. New press opinions of  $\Delta$  are: 'all Greek to us' 'unfortunately I can't read it' 'is it a puzzle?' 'has anybody had the courage to ask J. how many misprints are in it?' 'those French printers!' 'how is your eyesight?' 'charming!'—this last from Mrs Nutting<sup>2</sup> who, however, heard me read it and indeed suggested my voice should be dishd (misprint for 'disced').

Mr Antheil has received a copy of musical supplement to *This Quarter* with some pages of his Cyclops setting. He has not shown it to me yet. I believe Mr Pound got it published for him.

I shall go to see Dr Borsch (of whom I dreamed last night) tomorrow for the first time since I was ill and ask him to let me finish  $\Delta$ d before the next match.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 November 1925

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: There is no news about Mr Roth so I do not know what to do. Mr Antheil received the printed musical supplement to *This Quarter* N<sup>o</sup> 2 which contains some pages of his Cyclops setting but the review is not out. I wish it were before I go clinical. I hear that my typescript and perhaps other mail has gone astray.

I went round (rather halfheartedly) to the clinic to feel my way and found it occupied by a patient, a Boston bulldog on whom Drs Borsch

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Eric Pinker hereafter.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of the painter Myron Nutting.

and Collinson had operated for hernia of the eye. Mme Puard (who, I suspect, is Noah's wife) was then promised a lioncub by Dr Borsch. The dog now trots about with a bandage over his eye and a curious funnel on his head. I saw Dr Borsch and told him I wanted to finish Ad: I asked him could the operation, even if not successful, do any harm to the other eye. He said no. We then arranged provisionally for Monday 23 instant and he said I would be all right for Christmas.

I am using indiarubber to cancel words to avoid difficulties with my MS. What the language will look like when I have finished I don't know. But having declared war I shall go on *jusqu'au bout*.

I enclose two cuttings from Irish papers.

A Mr Basil Woon, whom I met one evening at the house of Mr Slocombe<sup>1</sup> wrote to me a few times and in the end, not to be discourteous, I received him. He said that he did not like making the proposal he had been charged to make on behalf of his employers, a large magazine syndicate. It was that I should give them an article on a certain subject: What you feel and do when you are going blind. I lit a cigarette and thought of a great variety of things. Then in the best manner of Shem I developed a long painful dissertation, punctuated by sighs, excuses, compliments, hypotheses, explanations, silences = no, non, nein.

*Sancta Lucia* (Patron of eyes), *ora pro nobis!*

TO ERIC PINKER

N.D. [?] Autumn 1925

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Mr Pinker: A few weeks ago there appeared in the *Nation* (London), *New Republic* (New York), *Nation* (N.Y.) and other papers a fullpage advertisement of a quarterly *Two Worlds* (15 September, no 1) published by Mr Samuel Roth, 500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. editors, Mr Ford, Mr Pound, and Mr Arthur Symons. It announced in no 1 a first instalment of a new book by me and in no 2 a second instalment. Mr Ford says he knows nothing of the review beyond the advertisement. I never gave Mr Roth anything or even wrote to him. I had a letter from him about four years ago which I did not answer.<sup>2</sup> A second letter, dated 25 September last (ten days later than no 1) arrived asking

<sup>1</sup> George Slocombe, author of *The Tumult and the Shouting*.

<sup>2</sup> A note from Samuel Roth, dated 12 February 1921, and written from the Savoy Hotel, London, was preserved by Joyce and is now in the Lockwood Memorial Library, Buffalo University, New York. Mr Roth points out that of all European writers Joyce has made the most intimate appeal to him. In a postscript he asks why *Ulysses* was not yet in book form.

for a contribution, long or short. I did not answer the letters which on the other hand expressed great admiration and made some extravagant suggestion about buying up forests for paper in order to secure a great publicity: I can make nothing of the affair and I believe neither Mr Pound nor Mr Symons know anything of this use of their names. Can you find out something about it?

When I disposed of the Spanish rights of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* through your father about eight years ago I received a letter which I cannot find. Does 'Spanish rights' mean rights for Spain only or also for the Spanish language (South America)? I ask because a translation is coming out in Madrid. . . .

I am going into hospital for a (seventh) operation on my eye so am notifying you of these few points now as I shall not be able to attend to any correspondence for some time after Thursday next.

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# 1926

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 January 1926

[In large handwriting]

2 Square Robiac  
192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: I have tried to send two bouquets to the two actresses but I know nothing about them neither names nor even the theatre—if it<sup>1</sup> is to be given in a theatre? Of course I cannot travel. Even yet I cannot see a light before my eye and have had continual bouts of neuralgic pain in the wound and oceanfuls of tears. I cannot read or even think and am becoming nicely nervous. Kind people now help me to cross the street and hail taxis for me!! I lie on a couch most of the day, waiting for Ireland's eye<sup>2</sup> this day to do his duty. And I am most completely depressed. I would like to do some work but my state makes me avoid it. I hope the actresses will get two nice bouquets.

But why are you not going to the Euston Hotel? 732 rooms, 2 wings, liveried porters, chatty meteorologist in the lift, whispering lounge, English breakfast, vitellusit, Danish bacon, Irish eggs, American sugar, French milk, Canadian marmalade, Scotch porridge, New Zealand butter, Dutch toast. Mr E. H. Knight, manager. I met him every morning and wished him good kday, Mr Knight. He is a very knice kman.

I will just add an epigram I made. To a person asking if I go to church: O, yes, I go to mass every morning at Notre Dame de Siam and to vespers every evening at Saint Louis le Debonair.

And this limerick:

*There's a coughmixture scopolamine  
And its equal has never been seen  
'Twould make staid Tutankamen  
Laugh and leap like a salmon  
And his mummy hop Scotch on the green.*

<sup>1</sup> *Exiles.*

<sup>2</sup> This is the name of an island off the peninsula of Howth.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 March 1926

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . I am working away at Aabc<sup>1</sup> though the latest report about Mr Roth does not encourage me to carry out my plan of giving him the four watches [of Shaun] complete in exchange for a lump sum of dollars. He told Hemingway that he had used my name and pieces as a draw, that he had drawn 10,000 subscribers all over the States and that he did not think he wanted me any more as his readers (the 10,000) wanted amusing matter of a different kind. I should have an agent over there, I think. . . .

Jo Davidson (the Russo-American sculptor who got *Exiles* put on in New York<sup>2</sup>) is asking Miss Beach to persuade me to sit for him. Opfer<sup>3</sup> (the Dane who did that drawing of Brandes and wanted to do me in oils) has started to do my son instead and an Irish sculptor Knox who saw Lucia performing at the Margaret Morris show wants to do a full figure of her. It never paints but it pours.

My brother now writes he will be here at Easter whether on his honeymoon or not he does not say. In fact a great number of mountains are seeking out the prophet lately. He does not know what to make out of my 'work in progress' but 'hopes for the best'. I suppose that Shane the Leslie has withdrawn a book *Cantab*, denounced by the bishop of Northampton.

My eye is  $\frac{1}{1,000,000,000}$  better since I wrote last. I would like to cast it on the caricature of *Exiles* you mentioned. It has not come.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

21 May 1926

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Aabc came back typed and Ad will be here on Sunday or Monday. To what address can I send them and is the post safe? I have also to send you *Gens de Dublin*. The German version of A'POTAAAYM<sup>4</sup> seems to have gone astray. I sent it to you before the Spanish one. I wish you would read through Aabcd and tell me how they interact.

<sup>1</sup> The first three watches of Shaun.

<sup>2</sup> At the Neighbourhood Playhouse in Grand Street, then conducted by Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn.

<sup>3</sup> Ivan Opfer.

<sup>4</sup> *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

Wyndham Lewis rang me up twice last week. I arranged to meet him at the clinic and we went to a café. He told me he wanted to meet me because he is to bring out a critical review (6 times yearly) *The Tyro-critic* (I hope he will correct the misspelling). It is to be all critical and philosophic and contain no creative work. But he wanted to make an exception in my case and asked me would I give him something. I said I would with great pleasure. I will tell you more about the interview when we next meet. I was much upset that day. My wife and I had a taxi collision an hour before. The front window at my side was smashed and the flying glass cut a neat design round my umbrella. I was unhurt.

If I have not filled in a gap in the typescript before sending it it means that I could not think of the question to insert there. It has bothered me for some time.

I have the book now fairly well planned out in my head. I am as yet uncertain whether I shall start on the twilight games of  $[\Lambda]$  and  $\neg$  which will follow immediately after  $\Delta$  or on K's orisons, to follow  $\Lambda d$ . But my mind is rather exhausted for the moment.

Have you read *Saint Patrice*? There is a book on Bruno (though not on Nolan) by Lewis McIntyre (Macmillan). I do not know if Vico has been translated. I would not pay overmuch attention to these theories, beyond using them for all they are worth, but they have gradually forced themselves on me through circumstances of my own life. I wonder where Vico got his fear of thunderstorms. It is almost unknown to the male Italians I have met.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 June 1926

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I hope you received  $\Lambda abcd$ . I shall be waiting to hear how you like it—if you like it. While reading it could you make a complete list of words misspelt. Some, of course, are intentional, most, but there must be others overlooked by my dim sight. Will you let me know whether the 'plot' begins to emerge from it at all? Between the close of  $\Delta$  at nightfall and  $\Lambda a$  there are three or four other episodes, the children's games, night studies, a scene in the 'public', and a 'lights out in the village'. Have you finished *S. Patrice*? If so, I should like you to read St John Irvine's *Life of Parnell* to begin with. It is not good but you ought to know some of the facts. For instance the word 'hesitency'. Irishmen usually remember the Piggott trial by this catchword. I shall send you Bédier's *Tristan et Iseult* as this too you ought to read. Cain

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

JUNE 1926

and Co, Swift etc and the 'other fellow' I shall leave to your own interpretative discernment. . . .

I hope your sister is still making progress. I think my eye is improving slightly. But I would not for my sight's sake be so advanceful as yet as to take my affirmative eachways as to the preceding.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

15 July 1926

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: We have had a series of visits here, my brother (2 weeks), my sister (3 weeks), my wife's uncle (2 weeks), Mrs Sheehy Skeffington, a Mr Sinclair from Dublin (v. *Ulysses*) and an almost daily succession of MM Orages. I have also had some curious encounters. Some concerts of music from Pound's opera were given and several Anthell concerts about six. Requests for translation rights have come from Hungary, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia and Japan. The Japanese came to see me and was delighted with the japlatin I showed him in Abc.

I hope your sister is still making good progress. I am beginning to perceive dimly objects to the left of me. The progress is dreadfully slow but I think it is there. I send you a copy of *The Day of the Rabblement* but I prefer it to go tomorrow by registered post. It now fetches £7. I saw some letters of mine (in French) advertised in a catalogue at 5 gns and 3 gns. I cannot 'place' them. Protée has gone to the N.R.F. and Morel is doing a piece to appear in '900' an international review coming out in Rome in French. Aabcd (no bids) has been offered to the *Dial*. I have done a piece of the studies, [ coaching  $\Lambda$  how to do Euclid Bk I, 1. I will do a few more pieces, perhaps  $\neg$  picture-history from the family album and parts of  $\bigcirc$  discussing A Pai (I would like to invent a satisfactory fountain pen!) *A Painful Case* and the  $\Pi$ - $\Delta$  household etc. I will leave them in the rough when and if I go away. I ought to go but am afraid to stir. Lucia is in Deauville at the girls' camp. My son is in an accountant's office, pending the stabilisation of his voice.

What have you learned in the hills about  $\Pi$ ,  $\Delta$ ,  $[\cdot]$ ,  $\Lambda$ ,  $\tau$ ,  $\perp$   $\neg$   $\vdash$   $\bigcirc$  etc? It would be of service to me if you could jot down notes from time to time as ideas connecting them may strike you.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 July 1926

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have been expecting a letter from you for some time. I hope you are well and got my letter and Pamphlet<sup>1</sup> signed. Also I hope your sister is making good progress. As for me, *ça va*—but *très doucement*. The Dial telegraphed it would pay  $\frac{1}{2}$ d a word for Aabcd but must see my text first. It has gone and I feel about as diffident as a young lady of 19 at her first coming-out. I finished the Euclid lesson but will not attempt anything more for the present.

It is far too hot and the franc having fallen to 250 has jumped back to 192 in four days and tomorrow is my daughter's birthday (19) and on the next day my son comes of age and Miss Beach has gone to S. Patrick's birthplace, Boulogne, and I am thinking of going to Ostend.

*Gens de Dublin* has gone into an eighth edition and continues to get very good notices! By the way the pieces in Aabcd connected with the Roderick O'Connor passage are respectively pp. 52, 53, 82, 83, 102.<sup>2</sup> If I turned to anything it would be to them now. I certainly have a capacity for work but I wish I had more agility and imagination. I have been for years staring at an old print of the sacrifice of Cain and Abel and it is only a week ago it struck me how tactful it was of Abel to slit the throats of the firstlings (without any divine injunction as yet to kill the Cains of the flock). However I used it in the triangle.<sup>3</sup>

I hope you will write soon to say that you are well and have recovered from my 'prhose'.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 August 1926

Hôtel de l'Océan, Digue de Mer, Ostende

Dear Miss Weaver: The map in the papers does not show your part of England as affected so I hope you did not feel any shock the other morning. We were awake all night nearly on Monday but the worst of the storm was in London. Jeeshie and Kami-nari are very active just now. Miss Beach writes from Les Déserts (Savoy) that the house next to hers was struck. Why do they go there? I wish they were back and the tiresome badtempered summer over. I am by no means ascetic here for I have developed a most Flemish appetite which I trust will not

<sup>1</sup> *The Day of the Rabblement.*

<sup>2</sup> Of the typescript. See pages 380-2 of *Finnegans Wake*.

<sup>3</sup> The Euclid lesson.



always abide with me. Yesterday I ran from Middelkerke to Maria-kerke, a distance of about 6 or 7 kilometres. I could walk for ever along a strand.<sup>1</sup>

There is some news. Mr Roth has now turned *Two Worlds* into a monthly and is publishing *Ulysses* in it. The July number contained the whole *Telemachia*. We do not know what to do. The editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* writes to Miss Beach asking if Mr Roth is authorised to do this and offers to intervene. The number is dedicated to me with profound admiration or something like that! O dear!

There is no news yet from *The Dial*. Mr Patrick Hoey whom I met here behind a chemist's counter recognised me after an interval of 24 years. He was present at a supper given me before I went to Paris in 1902. He is a great admirer of my works and pomps and has all the first editions. He is in fact a very good A all the more as his name is the same as my own. Joyeux, Joyes, Joyce (Irish Sheehy or Hoey, the Irish change J into Sh e.g. James Sheumas, John Shaun etc) He very often uses the identical words I put into A's mouth at the Euclid lesson before coming down here.

If you ever put on my disk I would be much obliged if you or Miss Marsden would note the points of the Irish brogue in it, chiefly on the consonants. I asked Mrs Pound to do so but she may forget it. This would be very useful to me though I did not speak it in my natural voice.

With kindest regards to Miss Marsden and yourself and hopes for your her and my quiet of mind.

TO SYLVIA BEACH

24 August 1926

Ostend

Dear Miss Beach: I am returning your enclosures to me. Do not do anything till you return to Paris and till the *Dial* replies. I think we shall stay here till 1 or 2 prox and then go to Ghent for a few days. In any case we shall remain in Leopoldland. I had a letter from Miss Weaver who is well but her sister's house in Guildford was struck by lightening. I wish the summer was ygangen out as the old song ought to have sung. I send the N. L. to Miss Monnier. When she goes back to Paris she would oblige me if she withdraws Carducci's article from Mr ? and gives it to *La Revue*. I forget what it reviews but Mr Manuel-Lélis is the editor. I met him here a few days ago. I hope you are having a good

<sup>1</sup> In a card from Ostend dated 11.viii.1926 Joyce had remarked: 'This is by far the best place we have been in for a summer holiday—*sauf bonne fin*.'

holiday. You may write here as even if we leave I shall give them our next address.

A curious thing. I was sitting on a rock under the phare a few sunsets ago when a child, a barefoot girl of about four clambered up the slope and insisted on filling my pockets with tiny shells from her apron. I told her in Flemish (I have now taken 43 lessons in it!) that I did not want them but she went on all the same. It was only after I had given her a coin and she had gone that I remembered the lighthouse of Patrick's papa in Boulogne and Caligula's order to his soldiers at the tower to gather up the seashells. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

24 September 1926

*Hôtel Astoria & Claridge,  
rue Royale, Bruxelles*

Dear Miss Weaver: Aabcd was accepted by the *Dial* for 600 dollars and a week later they cabled, declining to print it as it stood whereupon I recalled it. (I enclose it in four pictures from the G.P.O. vestibule here.) I then set to work, in spite of moving about, to finish the  $\Delta$  piece for Wyndham Lewis who wrote to me from Spain that he was coming to Paris to see me. I finished it and sent it to Paris to be typed and hope to correct it tomorrow and send it to you with the MS. I suppose no other review will take Aabcd but I will give it to anyone who will print it. Antwerp I renamed Gnantwerp for I was devoured there by mosquitoes. I liked Ghent and also Brussels. I would like to stay a week in the Ardennes before going back to Paris but I may not do so, as I am not sure when Mr Goyert may arrive in Paris to continue the German translation<sup>1</sup> with me. I am sorry the *Dial* has rejected the pieces as I wanted them to appear slowly and regularly in a prominent place. . . .

I finished my course of 64 Flemish lessons and will use bits of the language I have picked up for friend Sookerson, I think. Have you finished reading Patran and Tristpick and so on? A rather funny idea struck me that you might 'order' a piece and I would do it. The gentlemen of the brush and hammer seem to have worked that way. Dear Sir. I should like to have an oil painting of Mr Tristan carving raw pork for Cornish countrymen or anicebust of Herr Ham contemplating his cold shoulder.

I see you have had more storms in England. I am always glad when summer is gonnien out for that reason. I don't think I have had more than three letters during the past two months, except from Miss Beach

<sup>1</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

SEPTEMBER 1926

who recently wrote to me that a Cambridge student told her some professor there lectured on *Ulysses* and expected every pupil of his to know it like a textbook. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

8 November 1926

2 Square Robiac  
192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I shall not allude to the sad subject of your letter except to say that perhaps it is enough that your sister's improvement has not been completely undone by such a sudden shock as she had. I hope she will go on as before. A good friend of mine in Trieste, count Sordina (to whom with another Greek I owe my liberation from Austria) had practically the same kind of stroke and is now out and about. He must be about sixty, if not more.

I set to work at once on your esteemed order<sup>1</sup> and so hard indeed that I almost stupefied myself and stopped, reclining on a sofa and reading *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* for three whole days. But this morning I started off afresh. I am putting the piece in the place of honour, namely the first pages of the book. Will try to deliver same punctual by Xmas. But cd send sample, viz. page 1, if customer so desires. The book really has no beginning or end. (Trade secret, registered at Stationers Hall.) It ends in the middle of a sentence and begins in the middle of the same sentence. Your piece is the prelude to the *Contact* piece which is continued by the MS you have, the *Criterion*, *This Quarter* and *Navire d'Argent* where the first part of the book ends. The third part you have also Aabcd. I have written only a small part of the second, ending with Roderick O'C. The fourth will be shorter than the others.

The news is. Ernest Walsh died of consumption. Anthel had bad double pneumonia but got over it and is gone to Chamonix. Roth issues a monthly in which he prints a garbled *Ulysses*. He sells, I am informed, over 40,000 copies a month and has already published one third of the whole work. We cabled to John Quinn's successor to enjoin him. After ten days he cabled, declining to take up the case. We are trying to stop the publication by means of friends in the Attorney General's office on other grounds. I gave Aabcd to Mr Galantière to sell in the U.S.A. The Rheinverlag want to rush out next month with a translation<sup>2</sup> of which I have verified 88 pages. They decline to let the translator come here. I

<sup>1</sup> Miss Weaver's 'order' was for a piece to be founded on a tradition concerning what was reputed to be a giant's grave of prehistoric Britain, traces of which had been discovered near Penrith in Cumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

informed them that the German literary press would be circularised with a disclaimer if they did. Now am waiting. Pound has gone to Rapallo and wants to bring out a review. He asked me to send him Aabcd to read. His child is here at nurse. I sent you some papers which you can perhaps send on for the files afterwards.

It is a long time or seems so since I wrote to this address. You may perhaps see me disguised as an Italian organist grinding out the prose-poem under your window maugre the prohibition on the corner.

P.S. *Re* sample vide above. Reply will oblige

respeakfully yours

M. M. Inkpen & Paperasses  
(Writers to the Signet)

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

15 November 1926

brings us back to  
Howth Castle & Environs. Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, had passen-core rearrived on the scraggy isthmus from North Armorica to wielder-fight his penisolate war; nor had stream rocks by the Oconee exaggerated themselfe to Laurens County, Ga, doublin all the time; nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick; not yet, though venisoon after, had a Kidskad buttended a bland old isaac; not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone jonathan. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Shem or Shen brewed by arlight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the water-face.

James Joyce

Paris. 15/xi/926

Dear Madam: Above please find prosepiece ordered in sample form. Also key to same. Hoping said sample meets with your approval

yrs trly

Jeems Joker

Howth (pron Hoaeth) = Dan Hoved (head)

Sir Amory Tristram 1st earl of Howth changed his name to Saint Lawrence, b in Brittany (North Armorica)

Tristan et Iseult, passim

viola in all moods and senses

Dublin, Laurens Co, Georgia, founded by a Dubliner, Peter Sawyer, on  
r. Oconee. Its motto: Doubling all the time.

The flame of Christianity kindled by S. Patrick on Holy Saturday in  
defiance of royal orders

Mishe = I am (Irish) i.e. Christian

Tauf = baptise (German)

Thou art Peter and upon this rock etc (a pun in the original aramaic)

Lat: Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram

Parnell ousted Isaac Butt from leadership

The venison purveyor Jacob got the blessing meant for Esau

Miss Vanhomrigh and Miss Johnson had the same christian name

Sosie = double

Willy brewed a peck of maut

Noah planted the vine and was drunk

John Jameson is the greatest Dublin distiller

Arthur Guinness „ „ „ „ brewer

rory = Irish = red

rory = Latin, roridus = dewy

At the rainbow's end are dew and the colour red: bloody end to the lie in  
Anglo-Irish = no lie

regginbrow = German regenbogen + rainbow

ringsome = German ringsum, around

When all vegetation is covered by the flood there are no eyebrows on the  
face of the Waterworld

exaggerare = to mound up

themselfe = another dublin 5000 inhabitants

Isthmus of Sutton a neck of land between Howth head and the plain

Howth = an island for old geographers

passencore = pas encore and *ricorsi storici* of Vico

rearrived = idem

wielderfight = wiederfechten = refight

bellowed = the response of the peatfire of faith to the windy words of the  
apostle

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# 1927

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

1 February 1927

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I hope your neuralgia is gone, never to return. Your letter gave me a nice little attack of brainache. I conclude you do not like the piece I did? I have been thinking over it. It is all right, I think—the best I could do. I will gladly do another but it must be for the second part or fourth and not till after the first week in March or so, as the editors of *Transition* liked the piece so well that they asked me to follow it up and I agreed to finish off the part between the end of *Contact* and *Criterion* for the second number. Part I will then have been published. Do you not like anything I am writing. Either the end of Part I Δ is something or I am an imbecile in my judgment of language. I am rather discouraged about this as in such a vast and difficult enterprise I need encouragement.

It is possible Pound is right but I cannot go back. I never listened to his objections to *Ulysses* as it was being sent him once I had made up my mind but dodged them as tactfully as I could. He understood certain aspects of that book very quickly and that was more than enough then. He makes brilliant discoveries and howling blunders. . . .

The protest<sup>1</sup> appears tomorrow. It has been cabled to 900 papers in U.S. I feel honoured by many of the signatures and humiliated by some, those of Gentile, Einstein and Croce especially. It is curious about them too on account of Vico. I think perhaps Pound wishes to remain in that small circle of shadow reserved for those whose signatures are 'supererogatory' and I shall write to him so. There are the reserved seats and now let us sit down in peace and wait till the band begins.

*For he's a jolly queer fellow  
And I'm a jolly queer fellow  
And Roth's bad German for yellow  
Which nobody can deny.*

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the International Protest against the unauthorised and mutilated edition of *Ulysses* published by Samuel Roth in the U.S.A.

To *Claud W. Sykes*

FEBRUARY 1927

TO CLAUD W. SYKES

26 February 1927

2 *Square Robiac*  
192 *rue de Grenelle, Paris*

Dear Mr Sykes: Yes. *Ulysses* has been done by the same man. It is not his fault, he is forced to do it on time. The edition will be dear (£10 a copy) very luxurious etc and [?] not scamped. I cannot control them completely but something I can do. Proofs will be sent to you 100 pp at a time. It is very kind of you to say you will look through them. Any ideas that occur you may jot down in the margin. Thanks very much.

I got your novel from your publishers I think and shall start to find out the mystery as soon as this lawsuit is well launched. I hope it sells well. I will send you the opening pages of my new book, a piece which will appear here 15 March. If you can solve its ninety-nine angular mystery will you please let me know. . . .

We are glad to learn Mrs Sykes and yourself are well. At Ostende this summer we met Devries<sup>1</sup> who is there pulling all the teeth and legs he can.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

2 March 1927

2 *Square Robiac*  
192 *rue de Grenelle, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: I am overwhelmed by works and worries. I enclose proofs of *The Giant's Howe* which I hope will please you better in print. Two curious things. Huddleston told me he is of Scandinavian stock and was born in Barrow-in-Furness, where there is a giant's mound. A Chinese student sent me some letterwords I had asked for. The last one is 山. It means 'mountain' and is called 'Chin', the common people's way of pronouncing Hin or Fin.

My desk is loaded with German proofs of *U*. I am trying to get people to read them. I had to revise 山 and read it again for the editors of *Transition*. They liked it so much that they want the suite for the April number and will then reprint May to July the *Criterion*, *This Quarter*, and *Navire* so as to publish seriatim all Part I. I am working away at the suite of 山.

French and German papers published the protest. English and American mostly not: libellous they call it. However an English paper *Humanist* has been found which will print it with facsimile of signatures photographed. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Juda Devries, friend of Joyce in his Zurich days.

Somebody has taken from the works at Dijon the complete final proofs of *U* corrected by me copiously and signed by Miss Beach and me (her property) and a dealer here is offering them for sale. Mr Darantière has been telegraphed for.

New letter from Roth's lawyer and new cable from another lawyer saying he can stop publication of *U* if I wire authorising him. . . .

I gave the set of verses to MacLeish,<sup>1</sup> a young and talented American poet, to read.

Dring! Dring!

Five minutes rest here! Next stop Humphreystown!

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 April 1927

[Postcard]

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I wish you a pleasant Easter up in the north. I finished my revision and have passed 24 hours prostrate more than the priests on Good Friday. I think I have done what I wanted to do. I am glad you liked my punctuality as an engine driver. I have taken this up because I am really one of the greatest engineers, if not the greatest, in the world besides being a musicmaker, philosophist and heaps of other things. All the engines I know are wrong. Simplicity. I am making an engine with only one wheel. No spokes of course. The wheel is a perfect square. You see what I am driving at, don't you? I am awfully solemn about it, mind you, so you must not think it is a silly story about the mouse and the grapes. No, it's a wheel, I tell the world. *And it's all square.*

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

12 May 1927

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Will you please send on to Miss Beach for her archives the papers I sent and also the German and Italian ones I shall send when you have read them. The former is very interesting. My verses have gone to the printer and last night I finished correcting proofs of my new book which will be published in a day or two. I mean instalment 3. The verses in<sup>2</sup>. . . . Look at that! It must be Pound did it, I mean dun<sup>3</sup> it. Seriously these pens are a terror. I can't get one to

<sup>1</sup> Archibald MacLeish; distinguished poet; Pulitzer and Bollingen prizewinner; Librarian of Congress (1939-44), Assistant Secretary of State (1944-48).

<sup>2</sup> A blot here.

<sup>3</sup> A reference to Mr Pound's friend Mr Dunn.



work right. I filled it just before I began. The verses in a week or so. I hope the size of the *libricciattoluccio* will have the same stimulating effects on my colleagues as my *libromaccione* seems to be having and that we shall see plenty of 1 + 1 *volumini* about.

I shall use some of your suggestions about □<sup>1</sup> of which you have a right idea. The title is very simple and as commonplace as can be. It is not Kitty O'Shea as some wit suggested, though it is in two words. I want to think over it more as I propose to make some experiments with it also. . . . My remarks about the engine were not meant as a hint at the title. I meant that I wanted to take up several other arts and crafts and teach everybody how to do everything properly so as to be in the fashion.

I have offered the only copy (printed) of the Dublin edition of *Dubliners*, burned 1912, to Rosenbach and if he buys it I would like to go to the Dutch coast and rest; if that be possible. London gets worse and worse every year for storms in summer. Paris too with all this wireless. Among the latest to express dislike etc of my work is Sidney Schiff.<sup>2</sup> I lay down my pen anyhow and if I knew anyone who I thought had the patience and the wish and the power to write Part II on the lines indicated I think I would leave the chair too and come back in a few years to indicate briefly how Part IV should be done. But who is the person? There is no such absurd person as could replace me except the incorrigible<sup>3</sup> god of sleep and no waster quite so wasteful though there is one much more so. Peer Gynt says at least:

*Han er faderligt syndet imod min Person  
Men økonom!—nej, det er han ikke!*<sup>4</sup>

P.S. I want to see as a test if you can read these 2 lines of Norwegian? It is when the ship stolen from Peer Gynt blows up at sea with all his goods. He is on the strand, stranded.

TO SYLVIA BEACH  
N.D. 1927

No address

Dear Miss Beach: Since you go and pay several hundred francs postage (!) on these scribbles etc of mine it is possible you may wish to have the

<sup>1</sup> □ stands for title of book, then undivulged.

<sup>2</sup> Who wrote under the pseudonym of Stephen Hudson.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to an expression Miss Weaver had used ('incorrigibly absurd') about some of the characters in Part I, sections 2 and 3, which Joyce had mistakenly taken as intended for himself.

<sup>4</sup> Translated in letter of 31 May 1927.

MS of *Dubliners* so I shall give it to you when it arrives. I will sell only the dummy copy of the first edition. I think part of the *Dubliners* MS is Dublin work. I have also a heap of MS in Trieste that I forgot all about until this instant about 1500 pages of the first draft of the *Portrait of the Artist* (utterly unlike the book). I will ask my brother to send it also and you can have it with pleasure. I think I will put a shop price of \$400 on the dummy as Yeats says it would be valuable and not to sell it cheap. Rosenfelt<sup>1</sup> will have to pay it all together or I will not sell it.

Can these words be still cut on the plate after (as sung by Phoblocht)

Music by O. Gianni!

Words by A. Hames;

(the second exclamation made upside down)

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 May 1927

2 Square Robiac

192, rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I am sorry to have to trouble you with a request. I am afraid you will find it tedious but I think you ought to read the proofs of instalment 4. I send you herewith the final MS additions and the proof should be read with *both*, my handwriting will be more familiar than my son's, the final additions are in *green* ink. I shall correct the proofs from the perhaps faulty copy in Elliot Paul's<sup>2</sup> possession at the same time. It will be sent to you in a few days. Also if any of my additions or changes have not appeared in instalments 1, 2 and 3 I should be glad if you would indicate page and line, referring to *transition*.

I leave tomorrow for Holland and will send my address. Mr Donald Friede, owner of Boni and Liveright, offered me this morning \$2000 down and 15% royalties to publish my new book, but I declined.

As regards that book itself and its future completion I have asked Miss Beach to get into closer relations with James Stephens. I started reading one of his last books yesterday *Deirdre*. I thought he wrote *The Return of the Hero* which I liked. His *Charwoman's Daughter* is now out in French. He is a poet and Dublin born. Of course he would never take a fraction of the time or pains I take but so much the better for him and me and possibly for the book itself. If he consented to maintain three or four points which I consider essential and I showed him the threads he could finish the design. JJ and S (the colloquial Irish for John Jameson

<sup>1</sup> Sic. Rosenbach is meant.

<sup>2</sup> The well-known American writer; he was joint editor of *transition*.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

MAY 1927

and Son's Dublin whisky) would be a nice lettering under the title. It would be a great load off my mind. I shall think this over first and wait until the opposition becomes more general and pointed.

*Dulce et decorum est prope mare sedere*—boglatin for it is a sweet and seemly thing to sit down by the sea.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

31 May 1927

Grand Hôtel-Restaurant Victoria, La Haye

Dear Miss Weaver: I have no news yet about the MS but I hope you got it. I got your letter with your guess at Ibsen's (the Swedish writer as Lewis carelessly calls him) lines. Archer's literal translation was, I think:

—*He (God) is fatherly towards me in person*  
*But economical—that he is not!*

the racier version, more in the lilt, would be

—*He feels like a father for yours truly P.G.*  
*But a stickler for thrift—Holy Paul, that he isn't!*

As regards the title, 'one squared' can be used in the 'math' lesson by the writer of Part II if he, she or it is so 'disposed'. The title I projected is much more commonplace and accords with the J J & S and A.G.S. & Co sign and it ought to be fairly plain from a reading of  $\sqcup$ . The sign in this form means H C E interred in the landscape. It is rather singular that for the last three years I have been carrying three photographs of Tuohy's portraits in my pocket—those of my father, myself and James Stephens. The combination of his name from that of mine and my hero in A.P.O.T.A.A.Y.M. is strange enough. I discovered yesterday, through enquiries made in Paris, that he was born in Dublin on the 2 February 1882.

As regards  $\sqcup$  it seems to be rolling round the globe over all kinds of toes. A Boston University professor (?) criticising it says it was just turned off unconsciously in an idle half-hour. Dr Henry Seidl Canby (?) in a long review for the American equivalent of the *Speaker* (??) begins: *Ulysses* was a night book but this seems to be a day book with the rivers of Ireland for chief characters. A writer in a review of it in Laurens County, Georgia, says: We and the Oconee river of all places in the world are in it too. Why, Mr J. and his God alone know! Another writer: 'He has determined to write as a lunatic for lunatics'. A young man called on me before I left Paris, knew a lot of it by heart, recites it

to his friends and was very enthusiastic. I found that he did not understand many of the words. Another (or rather many) says he is imitating Lewis Carroll. I never read him till Mrs Nutting gave me a book, not *Alice*, a few weeks ago—though, of course, I heard bits and scraps. But then I never read Rabelais either though nobody will believe this. I will read them both when I get back. I read a few chapters of a book called *La langue de Rabelais*. I have little inclination at present either to read or write. The last five years with three violent eye attacks, seven operations—the last particularly bad—nine editions of *Ulysses*, the piracy, protest, lawsuit and Pen dinner with its sequel and the French and German translations are quite enough to say nothing of the completion of Pts I & III amid all sorts of changing domiciles etc. I have asked Miss Beach to circulate *transition* among such people as professor Fay, Cazamian etc and I will try to think out some other plans—not for further writing, however. I have tried to keep off the stage as much as possible in the interest of other people's finer feelings but evidently it is not enough. I hope the publication of P. P. (proofs of which are now revised)<sup>1</sup> will be understood as my candidature for a post of minor poet. It will afford a good occasion for several who are that way inclined to let off their batteries against me. They can blow it to pieces. That will relieve them and do me no harm. Though if I may parody R.L.S. who, as you may know, was my stylemaster along with *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and Mr and Mrs Henry Wood:

*As their heads are so full of a number of things  
I am sure they should all be as happy as kings!*

Here is the news. Mr Roth has published a letter in which he states on the authority of Dr Joseph Collins that I am really a jew. Mr Roth is up for preliminary examination today 31 floreal in New York City. Mr Lindbergh, a Norwegian Swedoyank, has arrived in Paris. Mr Lewis has also arrived in Paris and wants to hear Mr Anthell's music if he can get to Mr Anthell's room. . . . Miss Morehead has been boxing a round with Mr Pound. Mr Joyce, author of 'Perce Oreille' and other lyrics, was savagely attacked by a mongrel on the beach at Scheveningen on last Wednesday. I never got such a fright in my life, says poor blind Joyce. My glasses got broken and the dog's master and mistress had a full quarter of an hour's work to beat the animal off. His master repeatedly got him down and hit his head but the animal, pretending to give in, slunk around and made for me again. My wife and Lucia had gone to have tea and I was lying on my overcoat reading the guidebook

<sup>1</sup> *Pomes Penyeach* published by Miss Sylvia Beach in the summer of this year

*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

MAY 1927

and trying to make out where the Hook of Holland was when he rushed at me. His master and I spent a chatty time afterwards groping on our knees in the sand for the debris of my glasses—now restored.

It is a majestic beach indeed. A very restful country too, it seems. The cuisine is funny, ginger with breakfast, cinnamon in the beans, nutmeg in the spinach, pickled cucumbers on sale on the strand, and allspice in everything. Very civil people too. Do you know Johannes Vermeer's *View of Delft*?

P.S. Do you think the man or clergyman who wrote that pamphlet<sup>1</sup> would be interested to see t.1?<sup>2</sup> I am not joking. If so, I would have it sent. What is the local paper there? After all perhaps it might interest somebody somewhere sometime or another. I was going for the last time to explain the piece that Mr Hawk<sup>3</sup> calls 'disgusting, distorted rubbish' but let it go.

TO MICHAEL HEALY

1 July 1927

2 Square Robiac, Paris

My dear Mr Healy: We came back here a week ago driven out of Holland by cyclones in the north and those impressive exhibitions of celestial intemperance known as thunderstorms. . . .

Otherwise we had a pleasant time in Holland. They have reduced work to a minimum there. They seem to be simple, polite and dignified folk. Well set up men and girls and women who laughed all the time, though perhaps my presence there explains their mirth. To see 600 of them in a Square eating silvery raw herrings by moonlight is a sight for Rembrandt. They put drugs from their Indies into everything—cinnamon in cauliflower, spice in spinach, curry which they call kerry—in the gravy and give you ginger and cheese (very good) as soon as they think you have your mouth open.

That dialect I spoke of, I think, is called Shelta. I fancy it is some corrupt Irish written backwards and used by gentlemen who don't pay the rent.

I hope you are keeping well. The clerk of the weather must be a student of Shelta too for seemingly he reads the word summer backwards. . . .

I get about fifty denunciations a week of my new work from all parts

<sup>1</sup> About a prehistoric giant's grave at Penrith.

<sup>2</sup> *transition*, No. 1 (April 1927).

<sup>3</sup> 'Affable Hawk', the pseudonym of the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy when writing his regular column in the *New Statesman*.

ÆTAT 45

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

of the English-as-she-is-speaking world including Australia. I shall try to go away in August. I would like to go to Denmark but it's a long, long way to Copenhagen and the fare's right dear.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

3 July 1927

2 Square Robiac

192, rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . The publication of P.P. is of course held up. Pinker, my 'agent' sent back Aabcd from the U.S.A. No editor there would pay a cent for it. Also the one copy of the 1st burnt edition of *Dubliners* which I sent by MacLeish to America two months ago to be offered to Rosenbach has not yet been sold. I shall not be able to get any royalties of *Ulysses* IX for about six weeks. I have rent and fares and insurance to pay in the course of a week so I wish you could ask Messrs Monro to sell £100 for me and I will wire MacLeish to remit the sale sum to them for my account. Of course I put a stop price on it of \$500.

Everything is greatly strained and tragic here lately. I got about 100 press clippings from all parts of the world, including Australia, ridiculing and attacking *U* and the other pieces. I foresee a good deal of difficulty in navigating *Ulysses* French version in view of recent events but I think I ought to have the opportunity of seeing that done before I finally retreat from here 'carrying my coat under my arm so as to look like a philofficer'.

P.S. If MacLeish's sale comes off before Monday or Tuesday I will wire you. My father's and my portraits were in Salon but I have not collected notices yet. On looking into my pocketbook I find I have lost my own photograph. My father's and Stephens's are there. I will have a photograph taken (of the portrait).

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

14 August 1927

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I am sorry you have had bad news about illness in Miss Marsden's family but I am glad it is over. We have had a sequence of storms here and I have been dragging on from one week to the next. At last I finished the piece for t.6 and had the MS sent you in two parcels. Please let me know if you get it. No 11 is A in his know-all profoundly impressive role for which an 'ever devoted friend' (so his letters

are signed) unrequestedly consented to pose (the appellation 'darling X' has also been addressed to me who am hopelessly given to the use of signorial titles). I wanted it as ballast and the whole piece is to balance Aabcd more accurately. I never worked against time in this way or in such troubling conditions. I think it is right enough. A *doctor* is a bit husky beside the more melodious Shaun of the third part but the words of Trismegistus are harsh too after the songs of MacCormack. . . .

I wish I could get away. In fact I need months and months of rest as I am wound up. My position is a farce. Picasso has not a higher name than I have, I suppose, and he can get 20,000 or 30,000 francs for a few hours' work. I am not worth a penny a line and it seems I cannot even sell such a rare book as *Dubliners* (Dublin). Of course I have turned down a number of lecture tours in America and refused interviews.

I ought to hold on here till spring, I suppose, to see whether the German and French translations come out and how they go if they do. But it becomes more and more of a strain. I know if I go it will collapse. . . .

I am more and more aware of the indignant hostility shown to my experiment in interpreting 'the dark night of the soul'. The personal rancours of disappointed artists who have wasted their talents or perhaps even their genius while I with poorer gifts and a dreadful lot of physical and mental hardships have or seem to have done something would not apply in your [?my] case. . . .

I saw A.E.'s review of P.P. It is not unfriendly though I doubt if he can like very much verse which is not about an idea. I don't think reviews mean much always. Not a single notice appeared in the English press yet a London bookseller ordered 850 copies a few days ago and Dublin took 250. I saw orders from Naples, The Hague, Budapest etc. I suppose on certain types it will make the same impression as its author at the suppertable. One lady who came to pray remained to scoff. 'He looked as if he were drowned' she remarked. *Et ça m'est parfaitement égal*. . . .

As to 'Phoenix'. A viceroy who knew no Irish thought this was the word the Dublin people used and put up the mount of a phoenix in the park. The Irish was *funishgue* = clear water from a well of bright water there.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

14 September 1927

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I did not leave Paris and even now doubt that I can. I found the projected trip London-Torquay too expensive, then rioting broke out here and we did not like to face American-frequented resorts in the south at least till after the 20th when the Legion Parade is over. Foreigners are being rounded up and we have to see to our identity cards. So I sent the children for 10 days to the channel coast and we stayed on here. I was besides working on the revision of [which I finished Monday and had to work over the end of the German translation of *Oxen of the Sun*. It comes out on the 25 instant: 350 copies. . . . MacLeish wrote that he thought the bookseller could raise the price of the *Dubliners* copy so I cabled him to fix it at £200 and pay in that sum to Messrs Monro Saw for repurchase of the last two lots of stock. . . .

My sight is not good, many operations have made [me] more diffident than ever. Some of the hostile criticisms of my new work seem to me imbecile but I would agree to sacrifice  $\frac{1}{4}$  if the rest is read or printed to be read and there is no other way. By 1 April I suppose *Ulysses* will be in a 10th edition and translated into German and French. I suppose I have spent a good 10,000 hours writing Pts 1 and 3 but I could not undertake even to sketch part 2 and the end unless my mind during the time is completely freed from strain. What happens after does not much matter.

There is also the lawsuit. The reason the other writers robbed did not intervene is because they did not care to risk their money in an American court. They will probably make a concerted move if Roth loses.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

28 October 1927

2 Square Robiac

Dear Miss Weaver: I anticipated. I did not really finish with  $\Delta$  till 6 yesterday evening. The final proofreading alone took me five hours. I do not know what to think of it. Hundreds of river names are woven into the text. I think it moves. I hope you will like it and will write me about it as I am considerably wound up.

I have a budget of news but will wait for a day or so until the singsong fades out of my addled head.



*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

OCTOBER 1927

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

29 October 1927

2 Square Robiac

Dear Miss Weaver: I have not yet done with Mrs A.L. t.8 is out I believe but I am still working away on the final revise, as I am to read it to a group of 'critics' on Wednesday next. The stream is now rising to flood point but I find she can carry almost anything. Between t.8 which you will receive and the version there will be at most I suppose a difference of 50 or 60 words or expressions so I am curious to know what impression it makes on you since you heard it first. When I have at last got her off into the Irish sea I shall sigh with relief.

P.S. I got the German *Ulysses*—a most 'kolossal' and princely edition.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

4 November 1927

2 Square Robiac

Dear Miss Weaver: The reading seems to have made a profound impression on the audience (about 25 people of the world's 1500 million) but I have been literally doubled in two from fatigue and cramp ever since—in which plight I am also now. I was much better this morning but began to work again this afternoon. . . .

t.8 has not yet arrived. I read from an advance copy. But from your letter I think you will not be in the mood to read it yet. There is an article in it by a schoolfriend of Pound's to whom the latter had written, he tells me, denouncing my book as 'backwash' and urging him to have nothing to say to it. The article is an unexpected reply. Pound wrote to me a letter about a phrase or expression used, he alleges, by scholastics. I don't know what he means or what it means as he quotes it.

A great number of Irishmen have been ringing my doorbell lately. I am not quite sure what they are all after. I have not had time to think it out on account of Mrs A. L.

It is agreeable to me to think you are back for a few days in Green-halldoor Palace. I wish I was in Euston Castle, putting pomade on my hair to go to see the Drury Lane pantomime of the ovular ogre who sat on a wall etc. As I am not feeling well I will give up trying to be funny for the spasmodic moment and finish this tomorrow.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

9 November 1927

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . I suppose you now have *transition* 8. Since it came out I have woven into the printed text another 152 river names and it is now final as it will appear in the book except that I cannot get the way to render this in the annals 'On this day the Liffey at Essex bridge was completely dry for two minutes'. I asked Miss Beach to send you *Two Worlds* in which Roth jeers at my gibberish which he booms in his advertisements as tremendous.

My state of exhaustion still continues but then I put in three more days on  $\Delta$  since my last letter and in fact I have been obliged to write to the editors of *transition* to ask them to omit me from the next number.

The latest Irishman to ring my bell is 'Cranly' of the *Portrait* etc!<sup>1</sup> The 'Lynch', he tells me, of the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* was fished up out of the Thames some months ago. He seems to have come from Ireland to see me, has never been on the continent before, can't speak any French, has seen nothing in Paris and returns to Ireland after a stay of three days.

I had a rather strange dream the other night. I was looking at a Turk seated in a bazaar. He had a framework on his knees and on one side he had a jumble of all shades of red and yellow skeins and on the other a jumble of greens and blues of all shades. He was picking from right and left very calmly and weaving away. It is evidently a split rainbow and also Parts I and III.

And now may Allah who is infallible guide this epistle of his lowliest and shed upon his scone the quietude of the carpetweaver.

<sup>1</sup> Mr J. F. Byrne, author of *Silent Years*, New York, 1953.

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TO SYLVIA BEACH

22 May 1928

*Grand Hotel, Toulon*

Dear Miss Beach: Many thanks for the drops. The Mistral at Avignon was so strong I was afraid for my eyes but they are all right. It is very fine down here and the Lord keep it so. I did not get a letter from Paul<sup>1</sup> yet but got a kilo of proofs and a letter from Sage. I don't feel a bit inclined to start on them yet. I read in the D.M.<sup>2</sup> that Mr Gabriel Wells, publisher of New York bought some old book at an auction for £5000 and Mr Crosbie Gage of NY a MS notebook of Kipling, for \$5000! Why couldn't either buy that 1st edition of *Dubliners*? Have you any good book in English about Provence? And have you FMF's *Good Soldier*?

I am going to give you some trouble. 1st. Can you buy a cheque on London or Dublin for £5 for my sister Eileen Schaurek, and send it to her, 19 Whitworth Road, Dublin? 2nd. Can you send 250 francs in my name to the Corinth fund, to Mr Photopolous (I think that's his name) treasurer, Greek Legation, Paris? That will be about 860 altogether which please deduct from my credit. It is the least I might do, I think. If I had more I would send more.

I also solved L. C.'s problem about the creatures. On thinking it over I suspect the Jabberwock is really a transformation of the Cheshire Cat which was all grin: Cf. 'the claws that scratch' etc and 'Longtime the Manxmost foe he sought'. Now the leastmanx cat is short of a tail so I suppose a manxmost cat has neither head nor tail. (Like your letter: *Pensée de la Lectrice*.)

P.S. A pity his name is not Photophoros for then he would be another Lucifer in the collection. We eat in a very good restaurant here. It is named 'Au Sourd'!

<sup>1</sup> Mr Elliot Paul, joint editor of *transition*; Mr Robert Sage became an associate editor in October 1929.

<sup>2</sup> *The Daily Mail*.

Fans

Dear Larbaud ? hope all continues well. I  
have had to make a long cross-examination  
on the topic you can imagine but I was on  
the bank at non éprouvé or meune. On report  
you know & the with the fewer protection  
months the better. We would not with the  
place - the best of all possible words - in  
English between " " On in the French version  
"the, as la Polie was alive etc". And when the  
word half passed on from an obscure writer  
p.e. 'orient and immortal what' (for Thomas  
Trahene) which was it help 'Trahene ready  
to be " " there. He will know early in the  
book that I O's mind is full better  
everyone else's of known words. The  
" " " are to be used only in the case  
of a protection in full dress, I think,

i.e. when it is used to prove or to  
contradict or to show etc. do you  
agree?

I am very much occupied with  
Some friend has the portrait of his wife  
(living) by Vermeer as two U. I. Q.  
publishers to my astonishment have  
just made me an offer of \$11,000  
(plus, incidentally dollars) in advance  
royalties on my 'work in progress'.  
Seeing the nature of that work it  
is extraordinary, I think.

I thought we should have  
met soon then. Enjoyed it but it  
was too short. I must get away again.  
A farewell year in Paris in no  
time

With cordial regards to you both  
from us both

Sincerely yours  
James Joyce

4.6.28

P.S. please put your  
Italian address on your next  
letter. The bank has some information  
in it. It is 6 via Cassa di  
Raffa, I

JAMES JOYCE'S HANDWRITING, 1928

Continuation of letter on preceding page

AETAT 46

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

TO VALÉRY LARBAUD

4 June 1928

2 Square Robiac, Paris

Dear Larbaud: I hope all continues well. I have had to undergo a long cross-examination on the topic you can imagine but I was as the lamb *et non aperui os meum*. As regards your questions I think the fewer quotation marks the better. We would not write the phrase—the best of all possible worlds—in English between ‘ ’. Or in the French version ‘M. de la Palice was alive etc.’ And when the words half quoted are from an obscure writer p.e. ‘orient and immortal wheat’ (from Thomas Traherne) what does it help a French reader to see ‘ ’ there. He will know early in the book that S.D.’s mind is full like everyone else’s of borrowed words. The ‘ ’ are to be used only in the case of a quotation in full dress, I think, i.e. when it is used to prove or to contradict or to show etc. Do you agree?

I am *orribilmente occupato*. Italo Svevo sent me the portrait of his wife (Livia) by Veruda and two U.S.A. publishers to my astonishment have just made me an offer of \$11,000 (dico, undicimila dollari) in advance royalties on my ‘work in progress’. Seeing the nature of that work it is extraordinary, I think.

I thought we should have met down there. Enjoyed it but it was too short. I must get away again. A twelvemonth year in Paris is no joke....

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

8 August 1928

Hotel und Restaurant Mirabell  
Salzburg

Dear Miss Weaver: Here is a short note on p130 of *t.13*.

The Maronite (Roman Catholic) liturgy, the language of which is Syrian is at the back of it.<sup>1</sup> On Good Friday the body of Jesus is unscrewed from the cross, placed in a sheet and carried to the sepulchre while girls dressed in white throw flowers at it and a great deal of incense is used. The Maronite ritual is used in Mount Lebanon. Ab departs like Osiris the body of the young god being pelted and incensed. He is seen as already a Yesterday (Gestern, Guesturning [? turning] back his glance amid wails of ‘Today!’ from To Morrow (to-maronite’s wail etc). The apostrophe balances the hyphen Guesturn’s, To-maronites.

This censoring scene is led up to by:

<sup>1</sup> This passage, amplified, figures on pp. 470–1 of *Finnegans Wake*.

licet ut lebanos (p. 12)=this may be used as incense (libanos is Greek for incense)

the 'libans and the sickamours and the babilonias etc' of Izzy's rambling remarks

the words 'at my frank incensive'. 'Idos be' (idos is also Greek for incense and the name of an 'artificial tongue' 'thurily' (for thoroughly) —t(h)us—t(h)uris is Latin for incense.

'Weih?—Up the Shameraugh!' Weihrauch is German for incense.

Here it sounds also shamrock but means a cloudscreen or shamscreen 'licensed and censored' p. 13 etc, also 'sedro' Syriac for [word illegible].

The choir of girls splits in two=those who pronounce Oahsis and those who pronounce Oeyesis (cf Our Father who/which art etc). The Latin is 'Quasi cedrus exaltata sum in Lebanon etc' see A.P.O.T.A.A.Y.M. Belvedere College chapter. There are in all 29 words in the threnody  $6 \times 4 = 24$  and the final 5=29 (Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis!).

This leapyear chorus is repeated lower down in imitation of the Maronite and Latin 'pax' given by embrace of arms. The girls do nothing really but turn one to another, exclaiming one another's name joyfully (Frida! Freda! etc). These are 29 words for 'Peace' taken from or modelled on the following tongues and variations (German, Dano-Norwegian, Provençal, French, Greek, French variations, Malay, Echo, Gipsy, Magyar childrens, Armenian, Senegalese, Latin variation, Irish, Diminutive, N. Breton, S. Breton, Chinese, Pidgin, Arabic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Hindustani and English=O for goodness sake leave off!). This word was actually sighed around the world in that way in 1918.

Please tell me if you like this treatment of the theme.

From SYLVIA BEACH to EDMUND WILSON

20 August 1928

*Shakespeare and Company*  
12, rue de l'Odéon, Paris VI<sup>e</sup>

Dear Mr Wilson: Mr Joyce is ill at Salzburg. He asked me to reply to your letter. He says will you please apply to Mr Gorman. The plan of *Ulysses* has been given to one or two of Mr Joyce's friends, confidentially, and is not to be reproduced in its complete form.

With regard to *Work in Progress*, Mr Joyce wishes me to tell you that he has no contract for its publication in the States except for the little fragment 'Anna Livia Plurabelle' which is to appear in an edition

*To Adrienne Monnier and Sylvia Beach*

SEPTEMBER 1928

underpaid and if they want his article the only way would be to pay on receipt.

Agréez, chère Mademoiselle Monnier, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération

and believe me, my dear Miss Beach,

to be,

your most obedient servant,

und indessen erlaube ich mir an Euch beide die

Versicherung meiner Hochachtung auszudruecken.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 September 1928

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: We got back here a few days ago. . . . The translation<sup>1</sup> is now finished. V.L. sent me a list of difficulties which I solved for him and informed me that he would celebrate his birthday, twenty-ninth of August, by going off his diet of milk and rusks in favour of some wine of the country in my honour and to celebrate both events. . . . The prospectus will be out this week and the volume of nearly a thousand pages in December or January, which in France usually means June, but in this case will probably be speeded up to mean the second of February. She<sup>2</sup> is having it printed by a very old-established printer (1500 and something) at Chartres under the shadow of the cathedral almost. She brought me down there to see the place, which is a few miles from her place in the country, and insisted on lighting a candle for me in the cathedral, all for good luck. She becomes more and more superstitious, thinks that V.L. is bewitched and I wish she could find out who is bewitching me for I have at the present moment, and all for my own self, episcleritis, conjunctivitis, blepharitis and a large boil on my right shoulder. So much for candles. Besides which I am most uncommonly fatigued and it is a physical impossibility for me to attempt revision of the piece for *t-14* which therefore will have to come out without me for they have been ringing me up ever since I got back.

The case against Roth is up for next month. At the last moment almost Connor's partners in N.Y. cabled me that I ought to withdraw the suit for damages as there was no copyright case and get an injunction against use of name. There never was any case on copyright and I understood always that it was to be tried under the law of property but

<sup>1</sup> The French translation of *Ulysses* by Auguste Morel and Valéry Larbaud assisted by Stuart Gilbert.

<sup>2</sup> Mlle Adrienne Monnier, publisher of *Ulysses*.



as it would have been folly for me to have opposed the opinion of American lawyers on the spot and as, on the other hand, I considered that I held to a certain extent a position of trust I instructed them, if they had satisfactory means of knowing that Roth had so disposed of all the money which he had made in America by misuse of my name and mutilation of my text that no considerable part of it could be recovered either under copyright or property laws, to press for some judgment, an injunction against further use of my name with nominal damages of one dollar or whatever is the American equivalent for the English farthing: a judgment, that is, which, when recorded, would establish a precedent in case law in favour of unprotected European writers whose cause in this matter was the same as my own. The bill of costs will now come rolling over the Atlantic. I think they were probably influenced by the number of offers which have been recently made me for publication of *W. in P.* But I had these offers made to them and through them simply in order to substantiate the claim for damages which they were advancing when the case came into court. At all events D.F.<sup>1</sup> has transferred his copyright of my property (and most uncommon kind of him) to me, that is part one, and Conner's partners at my instruction and at my expense have printed and deposited at Washington copyright dummies in my name for the fragments in *t.* 10-12 and 13.

A.L.P.<sup>2</sup> has not yet arrived but I expect her every day. I promised Drinkwater that I would reserve a copy for him though it is not easy to do this with such an edition. Did Miss Beach send you photos he took of us and his letter in which he said that his wife, under the influence of reading me, had announced that she was terribly sick of bluggage. I think it not impossible that he may consent to do a preface for another fragment and I even thought of proposing to Gage [*sic*] that he ask Edgar Wallace to do one, the tortoise and the hare.

I have received three offers to give a series of lectures in Switzerland, two most urgent letters in which that extraordinary person Mr Wilson of Willington announces his willingness to pay mine and my wife's expenses up there and back and hotel expenses and what he calls a royal welcome from the miners and for all I know a present of a few tons of coal also. He sent me some sort of gift, I am not sure whether it is a cartridge pouch or a case for cigars and cigarettes. It is rather embarrassing to reply. I also had a visit from a very high up person of the Russian Embassy here. Full of great admiration and proposing to bring

<sup>1</sup> Donald Friede. This small edition was printed for copyright purposes. See *Bibliography of James Joyce* by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon (1953).

<sup>2</sup> *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

me là-bas. But from all I can gather the condition of that country is dubious enough without inflicting on it the blighting influence of my one-quartered personality.

I have also bad news. Poor Italo Svevo was killed on Thursday last in a motor accident. I have no details yet, only a line from his brother and so I am waiting before I write to his widow. Somehow in the case of Jews I always suspect suicide though there was no reason in his case especially since he came into fame, unless his health had taken a very bad turn.<sup>1</sup> I was very sorry to hear of it but I think his last five or six years were fairly happy.

About fifty pages of Rebecca West's book<sup>2</sup> were read for me yesterday but I cannot judge until I hear the whole essay. I think that *P.P.*<sup>3</sup> had in her case the intended effect of blowing up some bogey bogus personality and that she is quite delighted with the explosion. It is a pity that W.L.<sup>4</sup> did not wait for its publication too as it would probably have mollified his attack. By the way, have you not received any press cuttings lately about his book and can you tell me how many more books he has published since I left Paris a few months ago? There seems to be a mention of me every week in the *New Statesman*. The *Irish Statesman*, which you don't get, had an article about t.13 and some correspondence. Buck Mulligan fell out of an aeroplane with or after or before a Lady Martin. One may joke a little about it because fortunately neither the airman nor the airmaid seems to be any the worse. In fact they fell into a very shallow sea and I suppose are now merman and mermaid. The story seems rather curious but there is a comic poem about it in a Galway paper and the information comes from an allusion in a letter from my mother-in-law whose method of writing is often as cryptic as my own. The plane must have been very low but I am glad that they are both uninjured.

I have probably forgotten several things I wanted to say. I had no iritis of the eyes but the thing I told you, proceeding from outward infection it seems but it is very bothering and troublesome and I have to go to the clinic every morning. Mrs Bécát<sup>5</sup> is making a wonderful carpet for me representing the Liffey flowing through Dublin into the Irish Sea with the arms of Norway, Dublin, Ireland and my own woven into the scheme. There is a case pending in Germany and Switzerland between Rasher of Zurich (I wish somebody would make bacon of him)

<sup>1</sup> Svevo did not commit suicide.

<sup>2</sup> *The Strange Necessity*.

<sup>3</sup> *Pomes Penyeach* (Shakespeare and Company, 1927).

<sup>4</sup> Wyndham Lewis. This refers to his book, *Time and Western Man* (1927).

<sup>5</sup> Mlle Adrienne Monnier's sister.

and the Rheinverlag but I need not weary you about that nor with an account of my holidays.

What are your plans for the autumn and winter? If my eyes do not get better to allow me to work (and what joy there will be in some quarters if they do not) I thought it would be useless for me to stay in Paris doing nothing and that I would go to Torquay but I am always making imaginary journeys. The complete eclipse of my seeing faculties so kindly predicted by A.M.'s young friend from Oxford, the ghost of Banquo, I am warding off by dressing in the three colours of successive stages of cecity as the Germans divide them, namely: green Starr, that is, green blindness, or glaucoma; grey Starr, that is, cataract; and black Starr, that is dissolution of the retina. This therefore forms a nocturnal tri-colour connected by one common colour, green, with Shaun's national flag of peas, rice, egg yolk, the grey of evening balancing the gold of morning and the black of something balancing the white of something else, the egg probably. So I had a jacket made in Munich of a green stuff I bought in Salzburg and the moment I got back to Paris I bought a pair of black and grey shoes and a grey shirt; and I had a pair of grey trousers and I found a black tie and I advertised for a pair of green braces and Lucia gave me a grey silk handkerchief and the girl found a black sombrero and that completed the picture.

I will now close this letter which I ought to have written long ago. It was rather amusing to dictate it because my mind has been a stupid blank for weeks and I have the vapours or the languors or something of that kind. So I hope it will amuse you though I really am not in such good humour as you might suppose from the few damp squibs of humour contained herein.

Just one paragraph more. What about Miss Marsden's book? Is it coming out this year or any part of it? I am glad you have had good weather but a more boring summer I never passed, with one heat wave after another in central Europe. Pound's book of Cantos is out, a most magnificent thing in gold and scarlet at prices ranging from five to fifty pounds. Antheil<sup>1</sup> wrote to me he was coming to Salzburg to see Otto Kahn<sup>2</sup> (who by the way must have most of his time taken up dodging people who want to see him for one purpose only) but he did not come. He writes that the Cologne opera affair at which we are supposed to assist from the Royal Box is a sure thing and that he has some splendid proposals from one of the three greatest publishing combines in Europe.

<sup>1</sup> See note below to letter dated 7 September 1930.

<sup>2</sup> Well known New York financier and patron of the arts.

TO LIVIA SVEVO

24 September 1928

Paris

Dear Mrs Schmitz: A Trieste newspaper has been forwarded to me from Le Havre in which there is a paragraph about the fatal accident to poor Schmitz and the injuries to yourself.

I telegraphed you at your Trieste address although I did not know where you were.

We are all greatly shocked to hear of his death. A very sympathetic notice by Madame Crémieux appeared in the *Nouvelles Littéraires* and I am having a copy sent to you.

I am also asking the editor of *transition* to reprint, by permission of the same paper, Mr Nino Frank's article written when you were last here which is the best literary portrait I can recall of my old friend. I, at least, can see him through the lines of it.

Later on, when time and the remembrance of your own devotion to Italo Svevo have in some way reconciled you to such a loss will you please let me know what success he had with the English and American publishers to whom I had recommended him?

I spoke to his German publisher in Zürich<sup>1</sup> in July and he told me they would bring the book out this autumn.

I hope you have recovered from your shock and your injuries. It is perhaps a poor, but still some consolation, to remember that our meetings here in Paris were so pleasant to us all.

Please remember me if at any time my help can serve to keep alive the memory of my old friend for whom I had always affection and esteem.

To yourself, dear Mrs Schmitz, and to your daughter, all our sympathy.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

23 October 1928

[Dictated]

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: You have been for some weeks without news from me but I have really no special news to send. They have been giving me a three weeks' treatment of injections of arsenic every other day and phosphorus which have given me a ravenous appetite but almost no

<sup>1</sup> The Rhein-Verlag, a Zurich publishing firm managed by Dr Daniel Brody, some of Joyce's letters to whom figure in this collection. The German edition of *Ulysses* was published by the Rhein-Verlag in 1927 (*Privatdruck*) and three years later in an ordinary edition.

additional strength. The idea apparently was to work on my sight [by] raising the general nervous tone but it has not succeeded and although they have changed my lenses I still cannot distinguish a word of print except the large headlines in the newspapers. There seems to be a difference of opinion between the Salzburg oculist, whose report I had sent on, and Dr Collinson but I am no longer interested in differences of opinion and neither I am sure are you. My doctor who by the same token has a rivy name Fontaine (cf. Drinkwater) made a complete examination of me, heart etc, blood pressure and found everything normal and sent on this report also to him with the addition that my resistance (nervous) seemed to have gone the way of least resistance. I am supposed to see him on Saturday or Monday and that is how things stand as this leaves me. Of course I can't do any work though I take two Spanish lessons per diem through the ear in the insane belief that I shall one day soon be able to come to terms with print again. The whole situation here in view of the translation crux or rather cruces and the French edition calls for much more alertness, tact etc than I find ready at my command. The whole edition de luxe is sold out and between 500 and 600 copies already subscribed for, one of the first subscribers being the Papal Nuncio. If he is as merry a fellow as his predecessor in that holy office he ought to like bits of it at least. . . .

I am glad you liked Alp. I bargained with the putter out of this (one cannot say it is published) to send four press copies to the U.K. (O what have I written, as if there was no such gonfaloni in the political world as the green, white and gold) but he does not seem to have carried out my instructions. The fact is that he does not care in the least about English or Irish press notices. He has his faithful regiment of subscribers and would bring out a collected edition of my select pawn tickets as readily as anything else. I have been told however that the literary editor of the *New Statesman*, who a year and a half ago in this paper alluded to me as a rednosed comedian and compared with genuine grief my present work in progress with the wall scribblings of the inmates of Bedlam Asylum, has kindly consented to allow one of his critics, a Mr Cyril Connolly, to write a favorable notice either in that paper or in his own journal, *Life and Letters*. You will receive a copy of *transition* 14 with three articles on my opus by Rodker, Sage and McGreevy.<sup>1</sup> The latter, who did a good deal of copying for me last year, is rather useful in explaining parts of it . . . and another young Irishman, I think you heard of him, Power,<sup>2</sup> explained what it was all about to

<sup>1</sup> Irish writer, now director of the National Gallery of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Power, Irish writer.

A.E. who I perceived used the seven pseudonyms. I should like to have overheard the latter dialogue. I found out by chance that H.G. Wells lives in Paris and as he did me a good service so far back as 1913 I left my card. Madame—I did not catch her name when she rang me up on the telephone—told me he was in London and seemed astonished to hear that we had never met as he always spoke of me in very warm and high terms. ‘He was one of your first admirers, was he not?’ she said. Compare Sisley Huddleston. He is now a miller, hale and bold beside the river Seine where he bought an old mill which he has transformed into a country house. I rarely see him or anybody else though Shaun himself<sup>1</sup> has been three times in the Trianons this last week and you will see by the enclosed photograph that the regional dishes are agreeing with him. We did not meet, however, as he came to lunch and you know that my high code of morals strictly forbids me to lunch and dine in the same place. I hope he will ride up on a thoroughbred Irish stone wall flier one of these evenings.

As regards your copy of Alp I did not sign this or any other copy because my impression is that C.G.<sup>2</sup> is rather particular on this point and if he came to Paris to negotiate for the putting out of another twenty pages of gibberish and asked me if I had signed any copies, as man to man and hand upon heart, I think ‘I’d sank under the flore with infant shame’ if he gave me his Tiger’s eye.

I am glad to hear that you are living and moving in an atmosphere of peace surrounded by the influences of the twentynine daughters of February Fillydyke, to wit Frida, Freda and so on. I am sure you are passing many valuable things through your hands in going through Miss Marsden’s work and if I had sufficient energy to be lively about anything at present I should be as restless as a small boy outside a pantry thinking of all the nice little bits I could pilfer with no loss to her but oh the difference to me, as Mr Wordsworth remarked. I do not know that there will be any occasion for such regret in the future as I told the Transition editors that I saw no prospect of doing any work on proofs in spite of reiterated medical assurances that I am going to see print in five days, ten days, twenty days and so on. . . . Mr Victor Bérard, author of *The Phoenicians and the Odyssey* has expressed a great desire to see me, having been attracted by the *Protée* article in the N.R.F. He is a man of great erudition and he will never recover from his disappointment when he does meet me. I heard yesterday that President Masaryk of the Czechoslovak republic lately entered a literary

<sup>1</sup> Mr John McCormack.

<sup>2</sup> Crosby Gaige.

drawingroom with a copy of *Ulysses* under his arm and delivered a harangue to the writers there assembled, so that a Prague house sent an agent round to Miss Beach hot foot. I am inclined to think there is some truth in this as I heard something of the kind before through Trieste (my brother-in-law was a Czechoslovak) and I know that Masaryk wrote about it in his book *The World Revolution*. I will send you in a day or two the only thing I have written in the last four months, a short description of madness and blindness descending upon Swift composed in what Gilbert calls the damned trinity of colours, with a commentary. It is just fortyseven times as long as the text. Morel and Miss M. had a fine old blow up the other day but as soon as I have got a few more kilos of arsenic inoculated into my time machine I shall approach him and bring him back into the true fold under one shepherd life without end amen.

When you write be sure to send me tidings of peace and goodwill for my ho head hawls and I feel as heavy as John McCormack but having some congenital imbecility in my character I must turn it off with a joke. I have no news as yet from America. As soon as I have I will let you know.

With kindest regards and my best wishes for the speedy appearance of Miss Marsden's first volume

Egotistically and sincerely yours.

#### TWILIGHT OF BLINDNESS MADNESS DESCENDS ON SWIFT

Unslow, malswift, pro mean, proh noblesse, Atrahora, Melancolores, nears; whose glauque eyes glitt bedimmd to imm! whose fingrings creep o'er skull: till, qwench! asterr mist calls estarr and grauw! honath John raves homes glowcoma.<sup>1</sup>

Burmese—

Nyi-ako-mah-thi-ta-thi = twilight

literally, (the time when) younger brother (meets) elder brother, does not recognise him but yet recognises him.

Unslow =inevitably

<sup>1</sup> I well remember Joyce reciting to me this passage, which he had just composed, on an appropriately gloomy October afternoon. He was particularly pleased with, and moved by, it and asked me to type a copy. At my request he gave an exact explanation of each of the words employed and I took this down in the form of a glossary. Before I started on this he asked me the Burmese term for *twilight*, obviously intending to 'work it in' (I had spent many years in Burma and Joyce was interested in that unique and difficult language); hence its intrusion on this page. S.G.

pro mean	} = (ora) pro me, nobis
proh noblesse	
	pro, proh, two Latin forms, usual and unusual, mean and noble
Atrahora	= (Latin) black hour. c.f. Horace— <i>post equitem sedet atra cura</i> , black care sits behind the horseman
Melancolores	= (Greek, Latin, Spanish ending) black, colour, sorrow
glauque	= (Greek, French) owl-sighted, green
glitt	= glimpse of reason or sight
bedimmd, etc	= bedamned, etc
fingrings	= little circles made by fingers touching head, incipient dementia
creep o'er skull	= crepuscule
qwench, etc	= one star (Stella) in being quenched, name-calls another (wench), (Vanessa)
mist calls	= call wrongly, call through the mist, call an opprobrious name (mist, German for dirt)
asterr	= (Greek) a star
estarr	= (German) blindness. Green starr = glaucoma. Grau starr = cataract = grey. Schwarz starr (black) = dissolution of the retina
asterr }	} = Esther (Johnston), Hester (Vanhomrigh)
starr }	
grauw	= (German, Irish) onomatopoetic? grey, love, cold
raves	= delirium, dreams (French <i>rêves</i> )
homes	= those of Stella and Vanessa
glowcoma	= fireside and repose, glaucoma

From H. G. WELLS

23 November 1928

Lou Pidou

Saint Mathieu, Grasse, A.-M.

My dear Joyce: I've been studying you and thinking over you a lot. The outcome is that I don't think I can do anything for the propaganda of your work. I've an enormous respect for your genius dating from your earliest books and I feel now a great personal liking for you but you and I are set upon absolutely different courses. Your training has been Catholic, Irish, revolutionary; mine, such as it was, was scientific, constructive and, I suppose, English. The frame of my mind is a mould wherein a big unifying and concentrating process is possible (increase of power and range by economy and concentration of effort), a *progress* not inevitable but interesting and possible. That game attracted and



holds me. For it, I want language (and statement) as simple and clear as possible. You began Catholic, that is to say you began with a system of values in stark opposition to reality. Your mental existence is obsessed by a monstrous system of contradictions. You really believe in chastity, purity and the personal God and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of . . . ,<sup>1</sup> shit and hell. As I don't believe in these things except as quite provisional values my mind has never been shocked to outcries by the existence of water closets and menstrual bandages—and undeserved misfortunes. And while you were brought up under the delusion of political suppression I was brought up under the delusion of political responsibility. It seems a fine thing to you to defy and break up. To me not in the least.

Now with regard to this literary experiment of yours. It's a considerable thing because you are a very considerable man and you have in your composition a mighty genius for expression which has escaped discipline. But I don't think it gets anywhere. You have turned your back on common men, on their elementary needs and their restricted time and intelligence and you have elaborated. What is the result? Vast riddles. Your last two works have been more amusing and exciting to write than they will ever be to read. Take me as a typical male. Do I get much pleasure from the work? No. Do I feel I am getting something new and illuminating as I do when I read ——'s dreadful translation of Pavlov's badly written book on *Conditioned Reflexes*? No. So I ask: Who the hell is this Joyce who demands so many waking hours of the few thousands I have still to live for a proper appreciation of his quirks and fancies and flashes of rendering?

All this from my point of view. Perhaps you are right and I all wrong. Your work is an extraordinary experiment and I will go out of my way to save it from destruction or restrictive interruption. It has its believers and its following. Let them rejoice in it. To me it is a dead end.

My warmest wishes to you Joyce. I can't follow your banner any more than you can follow mine. But the world is wide and there is room for both of us to be wrong. Yours, H. G. Wells

TO RALPH PINKER

28 November 1928

192 rue de Grenelle  
2 Square Robiac, Paris VII

Dear Mr Pinker: Thanks for your letter. I had already declined this

<sup>1</sup> See note to letter to Frank Budgen dated 16 August 1921.

To Ralph Pinker

DECEMBER 1928

offer of Mr Ginsbourg's<sup>1</sup> (Fifteen per cent royalties, of which a thousand dollars in advance, on a ten dollar publication), made to me here in July. I am advised that I ought not to undersell in America the privately printed fragment (*Anna Livia Plurabelle*, fifty eight pages) of the book I am engaged on, issued, signed to subscribers at fifteen dollars the copy, by Crosby Gaige of New York. If the Viking Press decide to issue the book at the same figure or a higher figure and renew the same terms, I will sign the copy.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

2 December 1928

[Dictated]

2 Square Robiac  
192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have not been able to write to you for a long time for several reasons which you will easily understand. My wife is getting on very well but we return to the clinic tomorrow as there have to be four or five additional days of treatment to complete the cure after which it is believed that she will be thoroughly well. As regards myself I cannot yet read or write anything except books for infants but I am, with some difficulties, trying to follow a pilocarpin cure which is supposed to restore some kind of vision at some period in the future. Nevertheless I had them retype in legal size, twice or three times this, with triple spacing, section three of Shaun, and this, when it has been read to me by three or four people, I shall try to memorise as to pages etc (there are nearly a hundred) and so hope to be able to find the places where I can insert from the twenty notebooks which I have filled up since I wrote this section. The notebooks, written when I was suffering from my eyes or lately, are quite legible to me as they were scribbled with thick black pencil, but the other ones, about thirteen, I am relying on my improved sight to help me over.

I lunched with H. G. Wells the morning we went into the hospital but my mind was too confused to be able to do him or myself justice. He was very friendly and at his request (he had asked if he could become my literary agent or take that side of my present affairs in charge) I had Miss Beach send him the instalments so far in *Transition*. I enclose a letter of his to me<sup>2</sup> which seems to me—I don't know what it seems to me. It would not surprise me if he greatly modified his opinions as a result of future possible conversations. He told me that he had expected to meet a tall fierce aggressive man in a frieze overcoat carrying

<sup>1</sup> Mr Harold K. Guinzburg of The Viking Press, New York.

<sup>2</sup> See copy of it following this letter.

a heavy stick and I think that he probably has a similar phantom hovering between his eyes and my pages. For the moment I will content myself by saying in reply to his letter, which is quite friendly and honest, that I doubt whether his attitude towards words and language is as scientific as he himself ought to wish it to be and also whether the extra expressionism of which he complains, whether liberative or simply terminological exactitude, is at all as common in my country as in his, though perhaps I ought to add, considerably to our loss. To the rest of his remarks, however, I could wholeheartedly subscribe and the more I hear of the political, philosophical, ethical zeal and labours of the brilliant members of Pound's big brass band the more I wonder why I was ever let into it 'with my magic flute'. . . .

Miss Beach is urging me to go to Munich when my wife gets better to see a specialist there, I mean for myself, and even to leave the somewhat curious one I have here in favour of a younger specialist whom Dr Fontaine recommends. You know my sluggish, slimy, slithy, sliddery, stick-in-the-mud disposition. However, we shall see and then perhaps I shall see.

I had a cable from New York to say that the solicitors were arranging the case and that Roth was again in jail but that he is execution proof. . . . As regards ALP I seem to have drawn a critical blank all around. From America there has come nothing so far. I arranged with Gaike to send two review copies to England and to Ireland though he was reluctant to do so, but having lived all my life abroad practically I did not know that English editors do not like to publish reviews of any English books first printed in the United States until also printed in England so perhaps this is the reason or perhaps some review of it may appear in the foreign literary news between a Spanish and a Russian book notice. Being unable to read or write, I have been taking oral lessons in these two languages and also in Danish, this time with a Dane as I wanted to vary the Norwegian pronunciation.

Enough now of myself. I hope Miss Marsden's book<sup>1</sup> came out punctually yesterday and I am looking forward to thieveries on an unheard of scale as soon as I can find an accomplice as rascally minded as myself to read it to me. I don't know what our plans are or may be forced to become after plumpudding mass but you will then be nearer these broadgrades (Dano-English for latitudes) and let us hope that Madame la Manche will be less of a termagant than she has been for some months past. We had some dreadful wind storms here, one when we

<sup>1</sup> *The Definition of the Godhead*, by Dora Marsden. Published by the Egoist Press, London, December 1928.

*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

NOVEMBER 1928

were out in the clinic which threw my wife back a little, accompanied by some unseemly remarks by the Reverend Mr Thor. It is a weird place sometimes at night, especially when they bring in unfortunate people in the small hours who have to be operated upon there and then. The groaning of the lift mingling with the howling of the blast and shrieking of the trees and the cannonading of the hailstorms making anti-music with the frenzied shouts of the French staff, causing the rubber carpeting sound proofed edifice to form a pandemoniacal box for the wren-like twittering of my nerves.

Here endeth this epistle. In order to keep the boat properly balanced I have been eating practically without interruption from morning to night the last six weeks. This is not so much gluttony as a kind of compensation policy on my part and is also jesuitically intentional for when my wife sees me devouring mounds of food she ocularly demonstrates unto herself that she is rapidly improving which whether Lindley Murray like it or not she also is and I also am.

With kindest regards and many thanks from her too for your frequent inquiries.

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# 1929

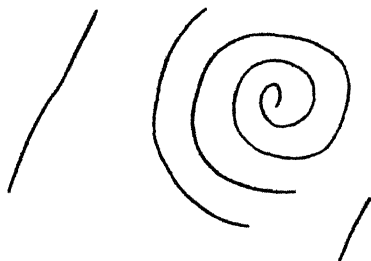
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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER  
27 May 1929

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: O<sup>1</sup> is out today. Up till the last day I had to supervise it and check the references etc made by the 12 yet on opening it this morning I light on the word 'whoreson' classified by . . . among the neologisms coined by W.S. in *Cymbeline*! I gave the title *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* to the Crosbys' book. J.N.W. Sullivan having declined to do the preface I proposed to them C.K. Ogden (author in part of *The Meaning of Meaning*) who did a very useful introduction. Picasso was too busy painting somebody so the next aim was Brancusi. He did a kind of a head of me which the C's didn't much like so he went on and did something like this<sup>2</sup>



O please trun over!

Of course it's not all sideways like that but those are the lines and it's signed and called Symbol of J.J. The book is out on Saturday. I consider the preface a great gain. I got on well with Brancusi (who is something of a fogey like myself) deploring modern feminine fashions, the speed of modern trains etc etc. His design of me will attract certain buyers. But I wish he or Antheil, say, could or would be as explicit as I try to be when people ask me: And what's this here, Guvnor?

I got S.G. to write to Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly*, reminding him of my first step in literature and proposing a chapter (*Hades*) for

<sup>1</sup> Symbol of *Our Exagmination round his Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress*, first published by Shakespeare and Co. (Miss Sylvia Beach), Paris, 1929.

<sup>2</sup> Copied from the original, now in my possession (S.G.).

the review. Courtney died last November but the acting editor was taken by the idea and took S.G.'s article—to appear in July. This is also a nice wide breach made by the long gun you sometimes hear of.

Aldington came to see me. *Des Imagistes* the collection of poems published about 1500 years ago is to come out in a new form, i.e. contributions by the three more or less unknown contributors. I, not having any verse and not wishing to seem un-colleaguelike proposed to give him Kevin's page from Pt II. I have looked for it but can't find it, high or low. So could you please make me a copy when you have time therefor.

There being nothing of mine in the current No. of 'transition' I got Jolas to translate Curtius<sup>1</sup> article for it and put in Beckett's and the glossary part of S.G.'s.

With kindest regards  
(to be continued tomorrow)

Don't fail to read special summer No. tomorrow containing account of A M's picnic, E P's dinner and a hundred other bright features.

*Wenn es ist furchtbar heiss  
Lesen die Jeiss!*<sup>2</sup>

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

28 May 1929

[Continuation]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Lucia's disqualification for the dancing prize was received by a strong protest from a good half of the audience (*not* friends of ours) who called out repeatedly 'Nous réclamons l'irlandaise! Un peu de justice, messieurs!' She got the best notice, I think. Another Paris link has snapped, Mme Puard, my old clinic nurse, having left for a sanatorium. As regards myself I finished the 28 days iodine treatment but have not yet been back to Dr Hartmann. I have had too much to do, being up sometimes till 1.30 fooling over old books of Euclid and algebra. I have arranged to get Faktorovitch (who helps me in these matters) to review the Crosbys' book on condition that he does not produce mere flattery.

<sup>1</sup> Ernst Robert Curtius, Professor at the University of Bonn, and a distinguished scholar in the field of mediaeval literature, was also the most eminent literary critic of his generation in Germany. In 1925, he translated *The Waste Land* and wrote a critical study of that poem; and he was also a pioneer in introducing the work of James Joyce to German readers. He died in 1956 at the age of 70.

<sup>2</sup> Suggested translation (by Mr Richard Ellmann): *When the heat goes from bad to worse/Read Jerce!*

He is a Russian . . . and most obliging but chiefly he represents a class of my readers which ought to have their say, i.e. the foreignborn admirers. To succeed O I am planning X, that is a book of only 4 *long* essays by 4 contributors (as yet I have found only one—Crosby—who has a huge illustrated edition of the *Book of the Dead*, bequeathed to him by his uncle) the subjects to be the treatment of night (cf *B of D*, S. John of the Cross *Dark Night of the Soul*), the mechanics and chemistry, the humour, and I have not yet fixed on the fourth subject. This for 1930, when I shall also, I hope, send out another fragment, this time about  $\pi$ , with another preface,  $\Delta$  and  $\mathcal{K}$  having by that time passed into currency. I have also arranged for the translation into an Italian review of Beckett's article and will try to do the same for Budgen's in a Danish or Swedish one. I have also proposed to a young Dublin artist to do an illustration for the old earwig's funeral (Time, Saturn) which, as you will see, I introduced into the *Ondt and Grace-hoper*. And that, I think, ends my activities for the moment. Do not blame me for all this intriguing. I have little or no support and have to defend a difficult cause, whether right or wrong I no longer know or care two straws. . . .

A.M.<sup>1</sup> wants to get up a country picnic to celebrate Bloomsday and the French *Ulysses*. Two char à banes full of people! I am afraid of the heatwave and storm and would much prefer a glass of milk and a bath bun like the Private Secretary who every day in every way seems to me a better and better Imitation of Christ. Pound says the most outrageously amusing things sometimes. Kicking his long legs around in the drawingroom he upset a little sacred image McGreevy (Lord knows why!) gave me at Xmas so that a thread got twisted round S. Joseph's neck, E.P. exclaiming 'Gee! I never knew that *that* blighter had been hanged too!'

Here I will stop for today because the editor of the *Revue de France* wants to see me in the next room about an article.

I hope you were not at Guildford during that last bad storm I read of.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 July 1929

*Imperial Hotel, Torquay*

Dear Miss Weaver: Everyone seems delighted with this place—especially my wife—but the hotels are very difficult, no single rooms in the smaller ones and the prices especially for August far higher than in France. I got them to make a reduction here for a month's stay and

<sup>1</sup> Adrienne Monnier.

booked a room for you at the same rate from 7 to 14 August. I hope that is right.

I saw J.D.,<sup>1</sup> J.S.<sup>2</sup> and T.S.E.<sup>3</sup> The first is arranging for me to be seen by some famous doctor when I return to London. J.S. coming down here on Saturday for a weekend to talk about giving lectures. He seemed to be much impressed and moved by my proposal to hand over the work to him if I found my sight or the opposition demanded it and said I could rely on him to help me in anything. But he says I will do it and added that A.L.P. is the 'greatest prose ever written by a man'! J.D. told me at dinner he thought the last pages of it one of the greatest things in Eng. literature. I thought it better my proposal to J.S. should come now so that if I am forced to it in the end it may appear less abrupt and more spontaneous.

T.S.E. most friendly. He wants his firm to publish S.G.'s book and to bring out an English papercover edition at 2/- of A.L.P.

Please watch *T.L.S.*, *Spectator*, *New Statesman* and *Catholic News*.

TO VALÉRY LARBAUD

30 July 1929

*Imperial Hotel, Torquay*

Dear Larbaud: It is useless to begin an account of the half year and more I had of worry, expense and nerves in Paris. Our three visits to Hospital etc. It is all over I hope and well over, but I could not fix my mind to write. And then, I had to work literally night and day on Shem and Shaun and then I left, and here in Torquay, not seeing well I fell over a wall a week or so ago and even yet sleep badly from the pain of my arm. Moreover though I can read with some difficulty, my sight is much worse than it was etc. etc. Anyhow we hope Mrs Nebbia and yourself have the opposite story to tell. We return to Paris sometime in September and I ought to go to see an oculist in Barcelona before Christmas, Borsch of Paris being dead. And do tell me when, where and how we are likely to meet for it becomes everyday more impossible to discuss me and what I am trying to do by letter.

First the small news, the French press on *Ulysses* was much better than the German and A.M.<sup>4</sup> hopes to arrange for an ordinary edition in January. I suppose you heard about the commemoration lunch, yourself, Morel and Gilbert being absent however. I was with Morel the night before at the theatre and until one o'clock at Weber's and he pro-

<sup>1</sup> John Drinkwater.

<sup>2</sup> James Stephens.

<sup>3</sup> T. S. Eliot.

<sup>4</sup> Mlle Adrienne Monnier.



misled me he would come but then sent me a telegram saying he had to meet his pupil at a station between Paris and Vannes. I know this was true but he could have come by straining a point. He is not well, has to undergo operations on both legs, lest he become suddenly immobilised and talks of retiring to his island in the Pacific Ocean! It is all rather regrettable don't you think? He is rather sauvage but if he had come it would perhaps have given him some satisfaction. Gide and Jaloux couldn't come but Dujardin, Valéry, Soupault and Romain were there. And L.P.F.<sup>1</sup> was beside me. By the way he spoke to me somewhat wistfully about you, asking me when I heard from you and so on and gave me to understand that though you were still estranged, your public utterances concerning him and his writing were untroubled and serenely appreciative. Of which appreciation he expressed his appreciation. Valéry and he wanted to make speeches but I put a veto on that. There were no English or Americans except the kind lady who is typing this. But there were two riotous young Irishmen and one of them fell deeply under the influence of beer, wine spirits, liqueurs, fresh air, movement and feminine society and was ingloriously abandoned by the Wagonette in one of those temporary palaces which are inseparably associated with the memory of the Emperor Vespasian. Before I go on, Gilbert has an article in the current *Fortnightly*—one of the chapters of his book on my *Ulysses*—Hades, and he wants to place another in French in a Paris review, not the *Revue de Paris*. The chapter being that on the Wandering Rocks. Can you suggest which Review, or do you know anyone in the *Revue de France* for example? A third chapter will appear in October *Transition*, *Aeolus*, and a fourth he wants to place in an American or Italian monthly of the same standing. The whole book has an introduction and eighteen chapters and it ought to come out in English in the late autumn or spring if T. S. Elliot [*sic*] who asked to be allowed to read it for the publisher Faber and Gwyer (the *Criterion*) accepts it.

What you say about the Exag<sup>2</sup> is right enough. I did stand behind those twelve Marshals more or less directing them what lines of research to follow. But up to the present though at least a hundred copies have been freely circulated to the press and pressmen not a single criticism has appeared. My impression is that the paper cover, the grandfather's clock on the title page and the word Exagmination itself for instance incline reviewers to regard it as a joke, though these were all my doing, but some fine morning not a hundred years from now some enterprising

<sup>1</sup> Léon-Paul Fargue.

<sup>2</sup> *Our Exagmination round his Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress*. Shakespeare and Co. (Miss Beach), Paris, 1929.

fellow will discover the etymological history of the orthodox word examination and begin to change his wavering mind on the subject of the book, whereupon one by one others will faintly echo in the wailful choir, 'Siccome i gru van cantando lor lai.'<sup>1</sup>

I hope you got T.T. of S. and S.<sup>2</sup> and liked the edition. What do you think of Ogden's preface and Brancusi's whirligig. From your silence I fancy that at least you find it difficult. It is, and it would be childish to deny it, but I am sending you by the next post a curious book which may or may not look to you like English at first sight and it does not come from any Black Sun Magical press outside England as she is spoken, nor is it written by an escaped continentalized Dubliner inflicted with the incurable levity of youth. It is written by the right honorable Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate to His Majesty the King, English, now aged three score and ten (I mean R.B.) and issued from Oxford where they make the best shirts. It seems to me that it would be interesting to that imaginary Reader let us call him, the Good Terra-firmaite equally at home in Potsdam, Sacré Coeur, Maladetta and whatever is the Portuguese for Devil take the hindmost to read in the most affable of all tongues, because the most accessible, some recording by you of this curious meeting of extremes. What do you think about it? I wish I had some leisure and that both our minds were free from pre-occupation to discuss with you about it. So that I hope we shall soon meet in Paris. I feel that Fargue would be interested in the conversation for his mind has been running fairly constantly in the same direction now for some years but there is in his case the almost fatal objection that he is a man of one language only, though perhaps one could discuss the advantages and disadvantages of this for all eternity. Anyhow I am now hopelessly with the goats and can only think and write capriciously. Depart from me ye bleaters, into everlasting sleep which was prepared for Academicians and their agues!

With kind regards and looking forward as well as backward to the last and next bottles of Vouvray Moncontour . . .

P.S. Prayer to be recited after having read the above:

Lord, send us both the green coat and cocked hat! Amen.

(40 days indulgence)

<sup>1</sup> As the cranes go chanting their lays. *Inferno*, Canto V, l. 46.

<sup>2</sup> *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun*, Black Sun Press, 1929.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

22 September 1929

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Curran: On my return here after a long holiday in England I found your thoughtful present.<sup>1</sup> It was very kind of you to think of me and perhaps I may have it reproduced on the cover of the third of the three or four fragments from *W in P* which I propose to issue at intervals. I hope you had a pleasant vacation but, if it isn't yet ended, that you may possibly pass here on your way home.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

19 October 1929

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have not stopped working yet but I had better send you off some news. Crosby Gaige's successor Wells wrote for another fragment and I am trying to leave the city piece<sup>2</sup> fit to submit to his agent here. I have finished however the work for *Transition* and also my connection with the review as you will see by a note in it. In addition to all this the German publisher arrived and wanted to rush me into a new contract, but I insisted on Goyert's being brought here much to the latter's displeasure in the beginning. He, Gilbert, I and Brody the publisher worked on the German text<sup>3</sup> with the help of Sykes by correspondence. . . . He has now gone back and the first half of the book has gone to press and the second edition is to be out in December. Whatever the Germans are they are certainly quick. . . .

As for domestic news, my wife has to be held down from assaulting different types of French civil and uncivil servants and we have to ring a bell every quarter of an hour to stop her from talking about London. Lucia turned down the Darmstadt offer and seems to have come to the conclusion that she has not the physique for a strenuous dancing career, the result of which has been a month's tears as she thinks that she has thrown away three or four years hard work and is sacrificing a talent. In addition to which apparently she has to undergo an operation to straighten her eye. She wrote to Barcelona about her case and mine.

<sup>1</sup> An eighteenth-century painted woodcarving of the Arms of the City of Dublin. Joyce hung it in the hall of his Square Robiac apartment.

<sup>2</sup> A fragment from *Work in Progress*, published in America in 1930 as *Haveth Childers Everywhere*, and by Faber and Faber in 1931; expanded in *Finnegans Wake*, Part III, iii, pp. 532-54.

<sup>3</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

OCTOBER 1929

The Spanish doctor, evidently a hidalgo, replied at length about her but almost completely ignored me as I suppose the case was too difficult to treat by letter. His terms are about three times as high as those of Paris doctors. There seems to have been a slight improvement while I was in England of my bad eye, which nobody can account for unless it was the result of Professor Euston's treatment, the improvement being slight however. Do you think you could stand reading another sentence about my eye, because I don't think I could write it this evening having just knocked off work on the city piece. An enormously long article appeared in the *Harvard University Review* and one or two others which Miss Beach will send you when she gets duplicates though these are not easy to find here. Have you seen an interview with Moore<sup>1</sup> in the *Sunday Times*? I saw allusions to it in the Paris press but not it. He has written to me once or twice. I have received an invitation to lecture at Oxford but now that I have practically finished for the moment my work in progress (?) I am doubly disinclined to go.

I shall write again in a few days when I get a rest. I knew we were both going to have a rather bad time when we left London lotusland but I hope you are enjoying all the delights of the countryside. I shall feel rather pleasantly stupid eight or ten days from now. The disc<sup>2</sup> hasn't appeared yet. I believe something went wrong in the factory, but it is expected any day. I suppose you read Bennett's article on Alp, he will return to this again I think. Claudite iam rivos which is all the Latin that comes into my head at the moment.

With kindest regards and begging you to remember me to my fellow sufferer Miss Marsden.

P.S. What about the Reverend Mr James Cropper?<sup>3</sup>

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 November 1929

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have been sleeping sixteen hours a day for the past three weeks incapable of thinking, writing, reading or speaking. Here however is a further instalment of news. The second French edition<sup>4</sup> which has been largely subscribed comes out on Xmas Eve.

<sup>1</sup> George Moore.

<sup>2</sup> The record of the last pages of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, read by himself: *Finnegans Wake*, pp. 213-16.

<sup>3</sup> Formerly vicar of St Andrew's, Penrith, and author of a pamphlet referred to in letters to Miss Weaver dated 8 November 1926 and 31 May 1927.

<sup>4</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

There is a great demand for it in Italy. One of Gilbert's chapters, *Æolus*, is to appear in an Italian review. The second German edition<sup>1</sup> is also largely subscribed and is to appear on the first of January, and one of Gilbert's essays is to appear in a German review and one is to appear in a Paris review and he has been reading to me other episodes. The whole book is to be in London in a few weeks. Fargue has written an article about me and is coming here tomorrow when he and I are to set to work to put *Alp* into French, the last eight pages. Ogden sent me a disc but Lucia broke it and we are waiting for the others. One will be sent to you as soon as that H.M.V. factory wakes up. Herbert Hughes the musician was here. He took down from me at the piano my two Irish come-all-yous and is going to set them and publish them as sung by. He also told me that he would arrange to have five of the songs in P.P.<sup>2</sup> set by five English composers including himself (he is from Belfast) and published in one volume. The others are to be by Arthur Bliss, Arnold Bax, and I think he said Vaughan Williams. Eugene Goossens also wrote for leave to set eight more of *Chamber Music*. Nineteen of this book alone were set this year so the title appears to have been justified. My son sang at a semi-private concert a couple of weeks ago and had a big success. I brought the leading tenor of the Paris Opera there, Mr John Sullivan, probably the most powerful dramatic tenor at present alive and a great admirer of mine. He liked him well and is going to push him as much as he can. Lucia . . . hopes that if Margaret Morris comes to Paris, as she is announced to do, she may get a position as instructor at the school. She has plenty of voice too, possibly more than her brother, but she refuses to sing. I shall begin now to howl every afternoon in the hope of wakening myself and not having anything better to do. Did I tell you A.M.<sup>3</sup> is married. He is translating into French *Lady Chatterly's Lover* and is to do the rest of P.P. I cannot get any satisfactory reply from anyone in London about Dujardin's book<sup>4</sup> and the poor man thinks it is all settled, G.M.'s<sup>5</sup> preface and everything. You remember his dedication in *Les Lauriers*. Well he brought me his *Ulysses* and to give him cake for bread I wrote in it 'To E.D. Annonceur de la parole intérieure, le larron impénitent. J.J.' Our girl Laure got married but we've got another one after a great deal of difficulty in this festive season or advent thereto. I may have some further news concerning my sight in a week or so as

<sup>1</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

<sup>2</sup> *Pomes Penyeach*.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Auguste Morel.

<sup>4</sup> *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, published in English as *We'll to the Woods no more*.

<sup>5</sup> George Moore.

Drs Collinson and Fontaine are going to have a consultation. They are all as much in the dark as I am. James Stephens was over here for a week. I saw him nearly every day and explained to him all about the book, at least a great deal, and he promised me that if I found it was madness to continue, in my condition, and saw no other way out, that he would devote himself heart and soul to the completion of it, that is the second part and the epilogue or fourth. I was very glad to speak with him and we will leave it at that for the moment. I am now no longer bound down to *Transition* but I have the Earwicker fragment still hovering over me. Where I am to get the energy within me or the manifold assistance outside me to cope with this fragment for private publication at present I don't know. I hope you like *Transition* and the use I have made of your book on the City churches.

I have had a letter from Schwartz asking me to send him a photograph as he feels so lonely in London. There is a long article in the December *Vanity Fair* about T.H.<sup>1</sup> Speaking of T.H. reminds me of the death of T.P.<sup>2</sup> The rapprochement between myself and very old men is very curious. E.D.,<sup>3</sup> Italo Svevo, G.M., and even T.H. himself. And now the poet-laureate Robert Bridges of his own initiative has sent me a signed copy of his last book *The Testament of Beauty*, dedicated to the King, with an inscription expressing his full sympathy with what I am trying to do. Imagine my astonishment. The coalminers have also written again offering to put us up for a fortnight etc.

I hope you are escaping the wild weather up your part, and that when you have time you will write to me sending me your own news. Having said which he laid his head on the table and lapsed into the arms of Murphy.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hardy.

<sup>2</sup> T. P. O'Connor, editor of *T.P.'s Weekly*.

<sup>3</sup> Edouard Dujardin.

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# 1930

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 March 1930

[Dictated]

2 Square Robiac

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: It is some months since you heard from me but I sent you a few messages in that time. I finished the revision of the fragment for publication last night at seven, and, I suspect, my literary career at the same time. . . .

Now let me tell you what has been done in these last few months. The second German edition of *Ulysses* came out and the third is to come out in June. The second French edition came out and the publisher appears to be quite happy about it. Gilbert has finished the revision of his first proofs and his book is to come out the third week in April.<sup>1</sup> A L P is announced to appear on May 1st. I offered H.C.E.<sup>2</sup> to the Fountain Press, successors to Crosby Gaige. They declined to pay the price asked, whereupon I gave it to Babou and Kahane of Paris, who will bring it out on the 12th April. Hearing this, the Fountain Press partner in Paris came to me and asked for a fourth fragment after having just turned down the third! I gave him an evasive answer whereupon he found out Messrs Babou and Kahane and bought up half the edition in advance. Messrs Babou and Kahane *plus* Mr Adams then wrote to me via Pinker, making me an offer for an advance on the completed book and I also received a similar offer through the *Chicago Tribune* from a house in America named Selt, proposing what they called a stiff sum in advance and expressing their willingness to wait seven years for the completed manuscript. I shall return to the offer transmitted by Pinker about forty pages later on, when I get back to the rue de l'Odéon. Other things done are—the Polish and Czech translations have been arranged. *Exiles* was produced in Berlin at the Deutsches Volkstheater on the 9th. They invited me to be present but I did not go. It is to be produced in Milan on the 15 April. The English translation of Dujardin's book

<sup>1</sup> James Joyce's *Ulysses*, *A Study*.

<sup>2</sup> *Haveth Childers Everywhere* (a fragment, like *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, of *Finnegans Wake*).

will be published by the Mandrake Press with a preface by George Moore and a note about my connexion with the book. Two of Gilbert's chapters have appeared in French, in *Echanges* and the *Revue de Genève*, but it is scarcely worth while sending them since the English book will be in your hands in a few weeks. I think it probable that Fourcade my French publisher will do this in French. He gave a big dinner for me some days ago, one of the best I ever saw on a table. But I was anything but a success and when I tell you that I left before the champagne you will be able to judge in what kind of a mood I was. However I sent madame a bouquet next morning and I will ask them to dine with me in a more quiet way soon. . . .

When I ceased contributing to *Transition* I felt a sudden kind of drop as I was determined not to try to attack the second part in such an ill-equipped state (the revision of this last fragment has been a frightful job, extending over two months day and night sometimes till one in the morning, with seven different people helping me to do seven different parts of the labour, but of course such a condition of affairs could not possibly continue). In this frame of mind I first heard Sullivan singing and for the last four and a half months I have been working incessantly to try to get him past the Italian ring which protects the London, New York and Chicago opera houses. In temperament he is intractable, quarrelsome, disconnected, contemptuous, inclined to bullying, undiplomatic, but on the other hand good humoured, sociable, unaffected, amusing and well-informed. He supports a family connection of eleven people and is fifty years of age. In these circumstances it was necessary for me to force the pace and I did so. I got him very fine notices in the *Morning Post* (twice), *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Irish Independent*, *Irish Statesman*, *Chicago Daily Tribune*, *New York World*, *New York Sun* (twice), *Daily Mail*, *New York Times* with photograph, *l'Intransigeant* and *La Rampe* of Paris. I have made a side attack on the Chicago and New York operas. As a result I have obtained for him his first engagement in Dublin; he is to sing there on April 27th, for which he gets £120, five times as much as he draws at the Paris opera. Also Sir T. Beecham whom I got to send over two critics to hear him has promised to engage him for the English production of *William Tell*, probably at the same figure, and Adams, who has a finger in theatrical pies also, has promised, chiefly with an eye on my book, to arrange a series of symphonic concerts for him in the United States. All this, for a person who really exerted himself and did not know very well the milieu in which he was working, involved a tremendous amount of telephoning, writing, interviewing, newspaper hunting, theatre-going, entertaining



and being entertained. As a result of all that and the revision of H C E, I am quite flattened out and in fact for the last two days have been having quite a series of miniature fainting fits, lasting only a few seconds. Sullivan, thank goodness, has gone to Africa for a few weeks, but in any case I shall ease off when he comes back, for I have set in motion all the machines I could think of. I think there is more behind the state of tension I alluded to in the beginning than my well known inability to keep accounts straight. For a few weeks it was smilingly tolerated as a fad, but when it was seen that I went farther and stronger, the impression was made that I had gone slightly soft in the head. My introduction of Sullivan down there dispelled that impression, thanks to his breezy French manner and general air of having escaped from a boardingschool at the age of forty-nine. But when I again resumed the campaign, the former impression came back. You must know that the opera in Paris is considered, not without some reason, by the Paris intellectuals as beneath contempt and the spectacle of the immensely illustrious author of *Ulysses* endeavouring to hustle crowds of journalists and protesting admirers into that oldfashioned playhouse to hear antiquated music sung by oldtimer Sullivan was too much. No doubt I may have exaggerated in my exertions for him and perhaps made myself ridiculous in the eyes of soberthinking people, but I do not care very much, for it is incomparably the greatest human voice I have ever heard, beside which Chaliapine is braggadocio and McCormack insignificant. On one of the evenings he sang when Miss Beach and Miss Monnier were present I said, it may seem incautiously, when asked by the latter why I had done all I had for a person they considered unknown, that since I had come to Paris I had been introduced (i.e. by them) to a great number of recognised geniuses, without specifying names, in literature, music, painting and sculpture, and that for me all these persons were quite sympathetic and friendly, but that they were all, for me, perhaps, but that there was no perhaps about Sullivan's voice. I said this purposely, first because I have always insisted that I know little about literature, less about music, nothing about painting and less than nothing about sculpture; but I do know something about singing, I think. And secondly because I am being continually placed in difficult situations which I am not quickwitted enough to know how to handle by the sudden exaltations and depressions of the Odéon Bourse, not, of course, where I am concerned, because they have never wavered in their loyalty to me. The second cause is this—I have spent a lot of money and diplomatic efforts in securing for myself a copyright of *Work in Progress* in the United States. I have it, but they have me too,

just as I had it and they had it in the Roth case. To maintain my copyright there, I have no option. I must publish first through an American firm. Adams, who is a lawyer, knows this and Conner<sup>1</sup> had told me so already. . . . But Miss Beach naturally feels that the book that she has been waiting for and has helped me so much with, is not being energetically enough given to her by me. This is not a case for energy but for prudence and some form of compromise, American wealth, law and power being what they are. The third point is my apparent indifference concerning the *Ulysses* editions, articles and publications, apart from their sales, and my inclination to cease where I am and let someone else write the rest. I cannot discuss this last point now, for these last days I am light in the head.

I do not think that if I cease working there is much point in my continuing to live in Paris. It involves continual sacrifice of capital for one thing, which up till now was covered over by an output on my part, so that I do not think I shall renew the lease of this apartment, and as for my books it is useless to transport immense loads of what I cannot read so that I think I shall keep only the signed gift books and good old dictionaries. These questions I shall now think over, having nothing else to do, as I have to decide by May. I will now end this letter and I hope it has not bored you too much . . .

TO GEORGE ANTHEIL<sup>2</sup>

7 September 1930

*Les Golf Hôtels, Etretat*

Dear Antheil: Many thanks for MS song which I sent off to Hughes. I will write to you about it from Paris where I return on Wednesday. I am sending you Byron's *Cain* to look over. I think it could be the basis of a fine libretto. As you have never heard Sullivan sing in opera you cannot have an idea of the effect created by his stage presence, diction and voice combined. If you decide on the subject I suggest there is only one singer in the world capable of presenting such a figure. I wish we could talk over the idea together.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Conner, an American lawyer in Paris.

<sup>2</sup> George Antheil, composer of seven symphonies and several operas, is generally recognized as one of the leading figures in the world of modern music. His *ballet mécanique* (whose *première* at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris, the writer of this note—and, I think, Joyce—attended) was certainly the outstanding musical event of the 1927 season. The letters to Mr Antheil are interesting for the light they throw on Joyce's attitude to music, which (as it seemed to me) appealed to him chiefly as a vehicle for celebrating the (preferably tenor) human voice.

TO GEORGE ANTHEIL<sup>1</sup>

23 September 1930

192, rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Antheil: Many thanks for your fine setting of my verses for the book. Hughes likes it very much. There are just two small points which are not clear to me. Why have you put such a strong musical stress on the preposition in the phrase 'Arches on soaring arches' this gives the idea that for the Almighty the construction of the Heaven was a work of great difficulty. Also why a similar stress on the definite article in the phrase 'From the adoring waste of souls'? When the definite article is stressed like this it sounds like the second personal pronoun in the objective case, or a superlative form of the article. But I did not mean *the* waste of souls (i.e. the one which won the gold medal) and still less an address to the Almighty 'From THEE adoring waste'.

How are you getting on with the *Anna Livia* symphony, and how long are you to be down there? If you are there on the 20th of October you should go to Marseilles to hear Sullivan in *La Juive*.

Now as regards *Cain*, I agree with you with regard to Byron's drama so far as the second act goes. This could not be sung and I think you would have to do some kind of a figured intermezzo. But the first and third acts cut a great deal seem to me to be capable of great stage effect. As I hear it you would need a second tenor for Abel, a baritone for Lucifer and a base [*sic*] for Adam. But I do not know what kind of a voice you imagine the Angel of the Lord could have. Perhaps you could borrow the loudspeaker they have in Rouen station. If you feel attracted to the subject could you not start on some of the themes, the opening sacrifice, the fire and whirlwind, Eve's malediction, the music around Enoch and Cain's exit? I may be wrong but I think that with such an interpreter as Sullivan would be and with the power you have to your elbow it ought to create an immense effect. I am sending a copy of the play to Sullivan to read. Beecham heard him the other night and told me he had the most amazing tenor voice he ever heard. But at the present turn of his career which I think is favourable it is of vital necessity that he should create a new and striking part. Possibly I am meddling in other men's matters, a singer's and a musician's, but sometimes the words of a fool can be twisted into wisdom.

<sup>1</sup> Letter typed by Joyce's friend, Paul Léon.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

27 September 1930

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: You did not send me any cuttings about my accident so I did not know what to correct. I was crossing the Esplanade des Invalides about 4 p.m. in a taxi alone and a private car ran into it. I was flung violently forward and then as violently back but escaped any glass in the eye. I had a big bump on my forehead and a bad pain in my back, but the doctor who examined me said there was no internal injury. Since I came back here my wife has been looking for a servant and I have been trying to extract money from publishers. Two of the three have now finally disgorged and I hope the third one will do the same. . . . Jouvett wants to put on *Exiles*. Sullivan to the relief of all my friends is leaving the Paris Opera in a fortnight. I was there for the reported last of *Guillaume Tell* the other night with Sir Thomas Beecham and Lady Cunard. The former told me in coming out that it was the most amazing tenor he had ever listened to, and wrote me that he had decided to do for him what he could in England. . . .

Professor Vogt, I understand, does not want to operate me this month of which I am very glad as I do not feel up to it. . . . I understand from Miss Monnier that there is a big conspiracy on at the *Nouvelle Revue Française* to make a boost of Lawrence's book *Lady Chatterbox's Lover*, which is to be brought out in a form exactly similar to Lazy Molly's ditto-ditto accompanied by a campaign of articles in papers and reviews, the publication to be in French. This scheme is what Bloom would call Utopian and I cannot understand how they can expect any sensible person to pay hundreds of francs for such a production when the genuine article much more effectively done can be had in any back shop in Paris for one tenth of the money.

Carducci, Darius Milhaud and Antheil are setting pieces for Hughes' book.<sup>1</sup> The Rheinverlag wrote to Jung for a preface to the German edition of Gilbert's book. He replied with a very long and hostile attack . . . which they are much upset about, but I want them to use it. . . .

Can you ring up Gorman and ask him to find out whether Arthur Symons<sup>2</sup> ever got my letter as I am not sure of his address. I have been

<sup>1</sup> 'The Joyce Book': *Pomes Penyeach* set to music by thirteen different composers. Edited by Herbert Hughes. The Sylvan Press, March 1933.

<sup>2</sup> The Epilogue to 'The Joyce Book' was written by the eminent writer and poet Arthur Symons who did so much for Joyce at the outset of his career. (See German's biography.)

very listless since that accident and will not write any more for the present. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 November, 1930

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris VII

Dear Miss Weaver: I enclose the final sheet of the first draft of about two thirds of the first section of Part II (2,200 words) which came out like drops of blood. Excuse me for not having written but I have had a dreadful amount of worry all this last month. . . . I think the piece I sent you<sup>1</sup> is the gayest and lightest thing I have done in spite of the circumstances. . . .

The scheme of the piece I sent you is the game we used to call Angels and Devils or colours. The Angels, girls, are grouped behind the Angel, Shawn, and the Devil has to come over three times and ask for a colour. If the colour he asks for has been chosen by any girl she has to run and he tries to catch her. As far as I have written he has come twice and been twice baffled. The piece is full of rhythms taken from English singing games. When first baffled vindictively he thinks of publishing blackmail stuff about his father, mother etc etc etc. The second time he maunders off into sentimental poetry<sup>2</sup> of what I actually wrote at the age of nine: 'My cot alas that dear old shady home where oft in youthful sport I played, upon thy verdant grassy fields all day or lingered for a moment in thy bosom shade etc etc etc.' This is interrupted by a violent pang of toothache after which he throws a fit. When he is baffled a second time the girl angels sing a hymn of liberation around Shawn. The page enclosed is still another version of a beautiful sentence from Edgar Quinet which I already refashioned in *Transition* part one beginning 'since the days of Hiber and Hairyman etc'. E.Q. says that the wild flowers on the ruins of Carthage, Numancia etc have survived the political rises and falls of Empires. In this case the wild flowers are the lirts of children. Note specially the treatment of the double rainbow in which the iritic colours are first normal and then reversed.

With kindest regards and the hope that you are not annoyed with me for my silence.

<sup>1</sup> Part II, section 1, of *Finnegans Wake*.

<sup>2</sup> Seemingly a word omitted. Perhaps 'bits'.

*To George Antheil*

DECEMBER 1930

TO GEORGE ANTHEIL

7 December 1930

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Antheil: Please let me know whether you have heard Sullivan in opera and if you got photographed together as I suggested. Dosch-Fleuret wants to write a big article about your new scheme for the *New York World*. People here think that the combination Cain-Byron-Antheil-Sullivan with myself thrown in as scissors-man would be the greatest event in the artistic future. Let me know also if you are satisfied with my adaptation of act 1 before I start on act 3. Act 2 will find its own way afterwards. I think I have found a male soprano for the angel of the Lord. In spite of Pound's discouraging reply I believe you have here the great opportunity of your career as a composer. A magnificent subject never treated before in opera, the work and name of a great poet and the most remarkable operatic voice in the world of our time. I almost thought of going down to see you after Xmas but four journeys this year have depleted my bank and my son is going to be married. Still perhaps I may go for a few weeks with my wife and Mrs Sullivan in January. Write to me by return in any case. The scene between Cain and Lucifer in act 1 can be cut more if [you] like. Sullivan is at the Hôtel du Louvre.

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# 1931

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TO GEORGE ANTHEIL

3 January 1931

192, rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Antheil: I hope that you and Mrs Antheil are now quite recovered from your indispositions which must have been particularly trying at a time like Xmas. My own was not too brilliant this year and perhaps if we had had the pleasure of your company it would have gone more to my liking for as you know I like to santificare le feste. My son married a few days before and we had too many celebrations crowded together.

Miss Beach has telephoned this evening that she has had a letter from you in which you, perhaps out of consideration for me, express your willingness to go on with the Cain opera though you seem to regard it as hopeless for the German stage unless I write the libretto. I would never have the bad manners to rewrite the text of a great English poet. Somebody must curtail the text of the first and third acts and if it is to the advantage of the scheme in general my name may be used. I am quite content to go down to posterity as a scissors and paste man for that seems to me a harsh but not unjust description. The second act is more difficult. In my opinion this will have to be done choreographically. I wish you however to understand that you are under no obligations whatsoever either to Sullivan or to me for the production of your opera in Germany. If you had been able to hear him in Paris as we arranged or in Marseilles as I had hoped you would the way out of the difficulty would have been found at once by your ear. If you write Cain's part in the pure tenor tradition German singers will be automatically excluded.

It would be most unfair on my part to try to influence you in any way as to your future plans so please discount me altogether. I offered this suggestion to you because you asked me for one and because certain parts of your music seemed to me to be akin to the voice which is causing all this unnecessary correspondence. If you feel that you cannot write this opera at once, with enthusiasm and with spiritual profit to yourself and your art without any consideration for the veering tastes of impresarios please say so without hesitation and allow me to offer poor Byron and poorer Sullivan elsewhere.

I enclose a notice, which please return to me with your reply, from a Genoese paper of last week about Sullivan's reappearance in the land of song after seven years in the musical wilderness. Quite a lot of Ligurian spray will dash the quays of La Superba before any sex-appealing hack from Covent Garden or the Metropolitan obtains from the only audience in the world which knows what singing is one tithe of that recognition.

I got up out of bed at three o'clock a.m. to type this and will now ring down the curtain for this night, sending you both in valediction my best wishes for the coming year and again asking you to let me hear from you by return of post.

One point more. You will be in error if you imagine that I have any real influence with the wealthy musicophiles in London and New York who control the destinies of opera in those cities. My experience of them so far is that they are uncommonly pleased to accept from me signed editions de luxe of my literary works and that when they are told what notes a singer is actually emitting at any given moment, their faces express the most sympathetic interest.

From LUCIA JOYCE to SIGNORA LIVIA SVEVO

25 January 1931

[Transcribed as written]

Dear Mrs Schmitz: Giorgio duly received your kind and charming present and wrote to thank you for it though you do not seem to have got his letter, before leaving for his honeymoon in Germany. My father replied to Miss de Zoëte<sup>1</sup> several weeks ago. A long time ago he made it a rule that he would not write a preface<sup>2</sup> to his own or another's book or notes of explanation or give an interview or deliver a lecture. He has in fact refused several times offers for highly paid lecture tours in german, english and american cities to say nothing of France. He says, moreover that a preface from him would damn the book in the eyes of readers in England and America for whom he is still a pariah and by whom his present method of writing is considered 'una vera senilità.' As for the title he agrees with you that Senility is impossible. He suggests As a Man Grows Older or Goodbye, Deo Gratias. And if these titles seem far from the original he says that the cavatina in *Rigoletto* La donna è mobile is sung on the english operatic stage as Fair shines the moon

<sup>1</sup> Beryl de Zoëte, translator of Italo Svevo's novel *Senilità*, which was eventually published with Joyce's suggested title *As a Man Grows Older*, with a preface by Stanislaus Joyce.

<sup>2</sup> A letter (now at the University of Buffalo) dated 15.3.31 from Valery Larbaud shows that he (V.L.) also requested Joyce to write the preface to the English translation of *Senilità*.



tonight. He spoke to his friend Mr Ford Maddox Ford (address 32 rue de Vaugirard, Paris VI<sup>e</sup>) who has consented to do the preface but [needs] a copy of both books in english and italian before he does it. Mr Ford is perhaps the best known and most successful lecturer among english authors in the United States. He is also of a certain age himself and can write an admirable 'causerie'. My father says that if you will have three copies of Zeno and three copies of the proofs of Senilità (in english) sent to him by the publishers he will do his best to have it noticed at great length in two leading american and english papers. He will also recommend the book to his german czech and polish publishers and show it to many influential men of letters.

My mother joins me in sending you friendly greetings and good wishes for the coming year. Lucia Joyce.

P.S. Or better he thinks Adieu Deo Gratias.

TO JAMES STEPHENS

31 January 1931

*192 rue de Grenelle, Paris*

Dear Stephens: I hope I was not too preoccupied last night. The fact is that I am nervously exhausted as I have not slept well for three months. I enclose the notice I spoke of which please send back and with it I am leaving two bottles of Swiss wine in anticipation of the 2nd prox. I do not know what is going to happen on that date but please keep it open and if nothing happens then the fault will be mine.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

16 February 1931

[Dictated]

*192 rue de Grenelle, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: This is the first instalment of a long serial letter covering the last few months. . . . Thanks for your good wishes for the New Year and second of February. I had a bad New Year and the worst birthday in history as I had no money and so was not able to make the usual reunion of all my friends here. I sat in the corner of the drawing room sulking and waiting for the arrival of camel loads of presents and volleys of telegrams but that was the good it did me. Towards evening my son and daughter-in-law arrived and taking compassion on me led me out to the Trianons. They had just come back from a honeymoon in Germany. I have sent away fourfifths of my books, keeping only dictionaries and books of reference. I also sent away my pictures to my son

To Harriet Shaw Weaver

FEBRUARY 1931

and sofas and odd objects of furniture. Besides which I am distributing sticks, cigarette-holders, prints and other mementos. I have also given the piano to my son. I am looking for a goodsized barrel in which to live, preferably a Guinness's one. Everybody that I know seems to be either sick, broken or crazy when not all three together. Larbaud seems to be very ill. He is locked up in his flat and will not see anybody. . . . I have been working a great deal at this<sup>1</sup> with Léon and Soupault and there is tremendous excitement about it, I believe, in the N.R.F. Miss Monnier is arranging a séance at which it is to be read by her or by an actress with my original English also and a speech by Soupault, after which I am to dance the Highland fling. I have also been working with Gorman for his biography, raking up documents and memories. He has written all over the globe and got lots of material. . . . My main interest is to see that the facts and dates are correct and this is the best opportunity. I am also trying to conclude section I of Part II but such an amount of reading seems to be necessary before my old flying machine grumbles up into the air. Personally the only thing that encourages me is my belief that what I have written up to the present is a good deal better than any other first draft I made. My insomnia is better. I have almost given up Sullivan's case as hopeless though I hate being beaten. . . . Sullivan had an immense success in Italy. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 February 1931

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: (To continue) . . . I shall return to my house question and plans in my next. Meanwhile the *Anna Livia* disk is to be broadcast shortly from the Munich station which is to pay me 3,000 francs, and an hour's talk on me also from the Berlin station for which however I get nothing, the talk being by Ivan Goll, except perhaps inward groans from the listeners. . . .

The most curious thing has yet to come. I was asked by Miss Beach to go to some readings by Edith Sitwell and while I was sitting well (this pun is the property of Paul Léon, copyrighted under act March 1905 in the U.S.A.) in the back of the auditorium all ears for Edith a tall bearded man came over to me and began to apologise for an article he had written about me six years before. He was Louis Gillet,<sup>2</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> The French version of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

<sup>2</sup> See note on page 231.

literary editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of which his father-in-law René Doumic is the head center, that revue being something like Lambeth Palace and Buckingham idem rolled into one. You may remember the late Sir Edmund Gosse wrote him a dictatorial letter forbidding him to mention my name in his pages. Gillet exhibited the letter publicly after Gosse's death. He told me that he had now read my book several times and was preparing another article about it and also one about my present book. He seemed to be astonished by the lack of hostility shown by me when we met and invited me to dinner. He has also written me several letters and sent me copies of his books dedicated to me, one of them to the etc etc etc with humility and devotion from L.G. who is trying to spread his washing proper. We have to dine with him and Soupault tomorrow night for which purpose a dinner fund is being subscribed on both sides of the rue de l'Odéon, the actual host not having the necessary money. When Miss Monnier heard of all this she contemplated the ceiling and gave forth a litany of *extraordinaires* which ought to have been broadcast also.

I enclose some rubbish found in a sack, that lay in the house that Joyce leaves.<sup>1</sup>

(To be continued)

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

4 March 1931

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I have not heard from you since the dispatch of the first two instalments of this letter and I wonder whether your silence is due to illness or annoyance at the muddle I have got into. I sincerely hope it is the latter. As it happens ships are going down every day and this rather saves my face as I can lyingly affirm that my present gêne comes from being coinvolved in the general débâcle. The enclosed two letters will also prove to you the reality of the complete collapse of my Covent Garden schemes and of my American prospects for the moment. . . . I also received a still more unpleasant letter which I cannot send you because I sent it to the Trieste police through my brother. Some person apparently wrote me one or two letters which I did not read. I thought they were about *Ulysses* and I never read Italian criticisms of anything except of singing. But evidently they were not, for the letter I have sent to my brother was the most violent epistle (I

<sup>1</sup> Early drafts of sections of *Finnegans Wake*.

*To Harriet Shaw Weaver*

MARCH 1931

should not even have read it but that my son was there when it came) in which the writer either a lunatic or a blackmailer or both accuses me of being the assassin of his father and of not having sent any money to some engine-driver or railway guard named Kobletz, his own name is Janni Corte, and he calls me most terrible names invoking all kinds of maledictions and diseases on my daughter and myself. The letter in scrawl was addressed to me c/o Shakespear Cy with a wrong address Paris, but it reached Miss Beach's shop. I will tell you more about it when I know more. My wife is very upset about it, also about the bother of leaving the flat as she now seems to think that I shall not be able to stand either the climate or the environment of London very long. However the boats are burnt for the present at least. However as I expect to be in London within a few weeks from now I can explain things to you better. I could not go to Zurich for another operation in this unsettled state. The dinner with Gillet was not a great success as I was too preoccupied. But the French translation of A.L.P. is now finished and I think it must be one of the masterpieces of translation. I had to preside over it as also over the German one besides helping Gilbert to put together some article for a Cambridge review and Gorman with his *Biography* to say nothing of arranging all my correspondence and notes and trying to follow with various readers the books I am using for the present fragment which include Marie Corelli, Swedenborg, St Thomas, the Sudanese war, Indian outcasts, Women under English Law, a description of St Helena, Flammarion's *The End of the World*, scores of children's singing games from Germany, France, England and Italy and so on. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 March 1931

[Dictated]

192 rue de Grenelle, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I understand that both Miss Monnier and Miss Beach have written to you to come over for the séance on the twenty-sixth which for all I know may celebrate the close of my Paris career, just as that of the 7th of December, 1921,<sup>1</sup> opened it. Everything is at sixes and sevens here. Both Colum and his wife are being treated by Dr Fontaine, the former for general fatigue, and the latter for a sprained ankle. Gorman is confined to bed or practically so and will not be about again for five or six weeks. . . . Gilbert is leaving Paris in a day or two for the south, so that I have nobody to help me with the

<sup>1</sup> When M. Valéry Larbaud gave a lecture on *Ulysses*.

TO SYLVIA BEACH

10 May 1931

28B Campden Grove, Kensington, London

Dear Miss Beach: I have taken this tiny place at a low rent, about I forget how much, till 25 September. I return Mr S's letter. I sent Miss Monnier several signed copies of H. C. E.<sup>1</sup> for distribution. When I receive the 7 copies of the N. R. F. I shall sign and return. Can you [not] extract a letter or a p. c. from Babou<sup>2</sup> even in exchange for my present to say that he authorizes publication here? If the piece falls into other hands tomorrow I shall be victimized by that wretched contract I signed. It is useless to apply to Léon on that or any other subject till the end of June next. I telephoned him and telegraphed but in vain.

Did J. Paulhan get my letter asking him to send the French A. L. P. to George Moore? If he has not done so it ought not now to be sent. I got a most furious letter from G. M. which Gilbert will show. And A. L. P. in French will only make him worse. I replied sweetly and suavely. Old men have a right to their anger. . . . And yes a copy of A. L. P. in French should go to Sullivan. I think Miss Monnier should record the reading of A. L. P. for Coppola and sell the discs. My plan for pleasantly surprising Mr Colum has fallen through temporarily. I have not seen anybody here save T. S. E. and Hughes.

TO G. MOLYNEUX PALMER

26 June 1931

28B Campden Grove, Kensington, W.8

Dear Mr Palmer: Your MS is locked up in Paris and I shall not be able to get at it till my return there in October. I did not hear the broadcasting you speak of. It is a great pity you were not able to proceed with the publication I had arranged with Slivinsky<sup>3</sup> in Paris some years ago. Still I hope you will find a publisher in England for the songs. If I can do anything to that end please let me know as I liked them very much.

<sup>1</sup> *Haveth Childers Everywhere*. This obviously refers to the Faber and Faber edition published 8 May 1931.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Babou and Jack Kahane had published in Paris, June 1930, a limited de luxe edition of H. C. E.

<sup>3</sup> Jan Slivinsky, whose little art gallery 'Le Sacre du Printemps' in the Rue de Vieux Colombier was a rendezvous of artists, composers and writers (of the avant-garde persuasion) from all parts of the world in the late 1920's.

TO ADRIENNE MONNIER

'St Swithin le Bandit' [i.e. 15 July] 1931

Londres

Chère Mademoiselle Monnier: L'article de Gillet me semble fort bien. Je ne l'ai pas tout lu mais écrirai demain, mais il faut changer la traduction vers la fin: l'anglais est:

*Lead, kindly fowl!* etc

Or, la référence est à l'hymne fameux de Newman *Lead, kindly light* dans lequel le futur cardinal annonce le commencement de sa conversion à l'église catholique. Le type qui correspond selon moi le plus exactement à Newman, quoique sa conversion fût dans la direction opposée, est Renan qui de son côté annonce cette conversion vers l'hellénisme préchrétien dans la fameuse prière sur l'Acropole. Je propose que vous soumettiez à M. Gillet la traduction suivante:

*Précède et prie pour nous, bénigne acropoule!*

En tout cas *sois notre guide, cher oiseau* ne peut pas rester.<sup>1</sup>

L'alexandrin remplace assez bien je crois les trois mesures lentes du demi vers anglais.

TO DANIEL BRODY

30 July 1931

28B Campden Grove, Kensington

Dear Mr Brody:<sup>2</sup> I confirm my wire of Saturday while awaiting your letter. I see that I.K. translated this text from an English MS. Who is she? Who is the editor of this respectable organ? And where do they buy their wares? *Vielleicht ein Traum*<sup>3</sup> aber gewiss eine Schweinerei.

<sup>1</sup> However, in the event, M. Gillet decided that this was the better version.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Brody, the eminent Zurich publisher who took over in 1929 the Rhein-Verlag, which published *Ulysses* in the German translation.

<sup>3</sup> A short story published on 19 July 1931 in the Frankfurter Zeitung under the name of James Joyce (translated by Irene Kafka). Subsequently this newspaper announced that the author was Michael Joyce and the 'James' a printer's error. I read the story in question (Joyce showed it to me) and think 'gewiss eine Schweinerei' over-severe; but Joyce was naturally annoyed at the usurpation of his name. In another letter (5 August 1931) Joyce wrote to Dr Brody: 'What was the literarischer Leiter of the Frankfurter Zeitung doing for a living before he became literarischer Leiter of the Frankfurter Zeitung? And how well he must understand and appreciate my writings if he passed the text in question! Nothing emerges as to Michael Joyce. There is a Michael Scott (not to be confused with Walter Scott) mentioned in Dante's *Inferno*.' Dr Brody points out an interesting coincidence (of the kind that would have rejoiced the author's heart): the fact, announced in a Basel newspaper, that an Irish architect, Mr Michael Scott, had recently bought the famous Martello Tower which figures in the opening episodes of *Ulysses*, with a view to making of it a 'Joyce Museum'.

To T. S. Eliot

AUGUST 1931

TO T. S. ELIOT

11 August 1931

*Lord Warden Hotel, Dover*

Dear Eliot: The enclosed explain themselves. Do you know any energetic journalist who could give the F.Z. affair the ventilation it needs.<sup>1</sup> The paper does not wish to publish an apology and proposes to pay as compensation the translator's fee to me! The MS is an impudent forgery.

Have you found out what your sales manager's indistinct epistle means?

I like this old town very much.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

27 September 1931

*'La Résidence'*

*41 Avenue Pierre Ier de Serbie, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: It is thought here that if the halfwitted MacDonald goes to the country the £ will come down to 60. The whole world, it seems, is to be at sixes and sevens while he and the other two playboys scramble for office. Nobody knows what way things may move so I shall try to get into a small furnished flat for 3 or 4 months and wait. It would be folly to enter into a 3-6-9 years lease in the midst of this turmoil of exchanges.

People here seem surprised at our return. They understood from Miss Beach and A.M. that I was passing through Paris on 'a brief visit' and that I had transported my furniture to London where I now had a home. I told them both that I had stored my things here and would return at the end of September, which I did. . . .

McGee<sup>2</sup> and Guiney met us on the Dover pier. We were passed through a side gate, no passport, and up to the observation saloon of the boat. McGee came to Calais with us. We got off by a back gangway, had no customs inspection and found a reserved carriage for Paris, the 400 other passengers gaping in wonder. He also made my wife a present of a volume of Italian verse!

<sup>1</sup> See letter of 30 July to Dr Brody.

<sup>2</sup> At that time manager of the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover (where the Joyces had stayed several times) and a great admirer of Joyce's work. Both Mr McGee and Mr Guiney were Irish.

TO GEORG GOYERT

9 October 1931

'La Résidence'

41 Avenue Pierre 1er de Serbie, Paris

Dear Mr Goyert: I got both your letters but did not know what to reply.

First, I have not seen any of your translation of A.L.P. so can form no judgment.

Second, as regards your financial position I do not imagine I could find the money for you. The whole world is in crisis. Here we are in a hotel, looking for a flat after 12 years in Paris. I have been cheated out of 6 months rent in London but everyone has the same story to tell. I hope things improve soon.<sup>1</sup>

I have a sister and 3 children and part of a brother's family dependent on me. The only country that seems to be prospering is this one but no doubt it will go into the maelstrom too.

*Ora pro nobis.*

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 December 1931

2 Avenue S. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: I am glad to have your good news. Raw vegetables were created by the Lord to be thrown at Covent Garden tenors. Just a line to say that after a lot of talk, protests and exchanges of views between sir John Reith, the archbishop of York, Mr Whitley and Harold Nicolson the B.B.C. has changed its babycilly mind and the lecture is to be given at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday. Nicolson writes a long letter but the upshot is that owing to his attitude towards me (Galsworthy seems to be mixed up in the affair too but H.N. flatly refused to substitute him for me. I told you my impression of him. He seems to me

<sup>1</sup> 1931, the year of the devaluation of the British currency, was a disastrous one for residents abroad whose income reached them in British pounds. Miss Weaver has kindly supplied information regarding the matter mentioned in this paragraph. 'I don't understand what Mr Joyce meant by saying to Mr Goyert that he had been cheated out of 6 months' rent in London. He took the Kensington flat in May 1931 and they were in it till September, only a few weeks before he wrote to Mr Goyert. He let it that autumn and had intended to return to it in April 1932 but Lucia's breakdown prevented this as you know. I think he had taken it for 18 months and the agents succeeded in getting rid of it for him before the time was up as he no longer wanted it. . . . I had one or two proofs that autumn (1931) that Mr Joyce was in an irritated state of mind which perhaps led to a certain exaggeration in statements. He was having a most annoying time in connection with lawsuits over the Roth case and *Ulysses*.' (Also, as the writer of these lines remembers, he was much upset by the diminution of his income owing to the devaluation. The '3 children' in the next paragraph must be due to a misreading or a slip of the pen on the writer's part.)



To Harriet Shaw Weaver

DECEMBER 1931

to be a very good and humane type who probably regards me as [a] dreadful person as if middleclass mediocrity were not legible enough on my shopwalker's countenance) where the Dickens is the nominative I started with—H.N. has had his name struck off the list of speakers for the B.B.C. Have these good people not a few more pressing things to attend to just now instead of fooling around each other about my prose?

More anon.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 December 1931

2 Avenue S. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: There was no French outburst on the evening of the 17 Nov. Only laughter. I was annoyed because it was absurd to get up a big dinner and invite a dozen people to hear two sentences. The outbursts are mostly on the other side of the channel at the moment as you may see by the anti-French cartoon in the London press. Affairs will become bad if this country is dragged into the general ruin against its will as must happen in the end.

After 3 weeks' wrangling H.N.'s talk did come off. He has acted admirably, I think, and a telegram of felicitation on his victory and on his courageous lecture was sent him in the name of my French admirers. He spoke for 40 minutes, quoted passages from *U* and put on the A.L.P. disc. He advocated the abolition of official censors and the creation of a small jury of men and women of letters and said that to persist in the present attitude towards a work like *U* (which he said he was forbidden to mention by name) was to court the ridicule of other nations.

Messrs Mashed Parsnips<sup>1</sup> continue to pester Mr Monro<sup>2</sup> with footling little bills of gas etc and he keeps on sending them over on a wet wicket and I keep batting them back to long on. O that flat! . . .

My impressions of that wretched warbler S. who disgraced the pure boards of Kitchen Garden Opera once and for all will appear in the *New Statesman* any week.<sup>3</sup>

This is my son's wedding anniversary so I went out with Colum to see a film *L'Afrique vous parle*. I think I have done a good job for Lucia. She has made initial letters for all the poems in P.P. on large sheets and I wrote the text. These are to be reproduced in facsimile only 25 and Mrs Crosby (who went to N.Y. a few days ago) will try to sell the sets at 60\$ or if not she will sell them at 30\$ and have 50 made. If all goes well

<sup>1</sup> A misnomer for some estate agents through whom the Kensington flat was taken.

<sup>2</sup> Solicitor—and cricketer.

<sup>3</sup> Appeared in the *New Statesman* of 27 February 1932 under the title of 'From a Banned Writer to a Banned Singer'.

over the cost of reproduction the N.Y. dealer will make 5000 frs, Mrs C. 5000 frs and Lucia 10,000 frs. The letters are very beautiful. This was an idea of mine.

Now I must run out to see Soupault who is ill. . . .

Confusion to carrots and long life to everybody.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 December 1931

2 Avenue S. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . Soupault, who goes returns [*sic*] to U.S.A. in a month proposed to put the French consul-general of N.Y. on the track of the new Roth edition, it being a *contrefaçon* of a French printer's output just as a falsified perfume would be and a meeting was arranged between him, Miss Monnier and Miss Beach, Léon and myself. . . .

[Miss Monnier] told me that the N.R.F. angered at her refusal to give them *U* had decided to favour Lawrence's *Lady Chatterli's* [*sic*] *Lover* which is coming out in French. I also received a letter from a man in England who has nearly completed a long study and exegesis of this work and has obtained opinions about it from G.B.S., A.H., O.S., M.M. and E.T.C. and wants an opinion from me. These are all to be printed in front of this study and exegesis of this work. In the middle of my own work have I got to listen to this. I read the first 2 pages of the usual sloppy English which is a piece of propaganda in favour of something which, outside of D.H.L.'s country at any rate, makes all the propaganda for itself.

T.S.E. has been appointed professor at Harvard and is to leave England next year. Good Lord! Have I to deal with those printers face to face?

TO T. S. ELIOT

23 December 1931

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Eliot: My friend, M. Louis Gillet, is going to London this week in connection with the French art show and he would like very much to meet you. You will remember his recent article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* about my *Work in Progress* (of which he is [*sic*] literary editor) and I think it is certainly a most remarkable document, full of good will and common sense. You may also remember an article by him in the same review on *Ulysses* some years ago which provoked a letter of protestation from the late Sir Edmund Gosse. A page of this letter (the whole text of which I have not seen) was exhibited at an exposition de

To T. S. Eliot

DECEMBER 1931

manuscripts of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* two years ago and caused a certain hilarity. I think you will like to meet him for he is in sympathy with what we are all trying in our different ways to do.

TO DR KENNETH REDDIN, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin

27 December 1931

[Telegram]

Paris

My father dangerously ill Drumcondra Hospital. Diagnosis uncertain. Will you please arrange he gets best medical specialists. All expenses my charge. My thanks advance. James Joyce 2 avenue St Philibert, Paris.

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# 1932

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TO T. S. ELIOT

1 January 1932

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Eliot: Excuse me if I am backward in my work and correspondence. I have been through a bad time telephoning and wiring to Dublin about my father. To my great grief he died on Tuesday. He had an intense love for me and it adds anew to my grief and remorse that I did not go to Dublin to see him for so many years. I kept him constantly under the illusion that I would come and was always in correspondence with him but an instinct which I believed in held me back from going, much as I longed to. *Dubliners* was banned there in 1912 on the advice of a person who was assuring me at the time of his great friendship. When my wife and children went there in 1922, against my wish, they had to flee for their lives, lying flat on the floor of a railway carriage while rival parties shot at each other across their heads and quite lately I have had experience of malignancy and treachery on the part of people to whom I had done nothing but friendly acts. I did not feel myself safe and my wife and son opposed my going.

I have been very broken down these last days and I feel that a poor heart which was true and faithful to me is no more.

I will prepare the end of Pt. I after a few days' rest.

I have heard about your Harvard appointment. I offer my congratulations if the appointment is pleasant for you and I hope Mrs Eliot and yourself will have all luck and happiness this year.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

2 January 1932

2 Avenue Saint Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Curran: Forgive me if I do not write to you for a few days. I want to write to you a long letter but I am still far too broken down to attempt it. I hope you received my solicitors' cabled remittance (£20) and that you will let me know what I owe you. . . .

I thank you from my heart for your great kindness to me in this dark hour.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the death of Joyce's father. In December 1931 Mr Curran had been in telephonic communication with Joyce (in Paris) during his (Joyce's) father's fatal illness.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 January 1932

2 Avenue S. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: Thanks for your message of sympathy. I spent the four days after Xmas sending messages to my father by wire and letter and by telephone to the hospital every evening. The weeks since then have been passed in prostration of mind. Gilbert came here four or five times but I could not collect my thoughts or do anything. I am thinking of abandoning work altogether and leaving the thing unfinished with blanks. Worries and jealousies and my own mistakes. Why go on writing about a place I did not dare to go to at such a moment, where not three persons know me or understand me (in the obituary notice the editor of the *Independent* raised objection to the allusion to me)? . . . My father had an extraordinary affection for me. He was the silliest man I ever knew and yet cruelly shrewd. He thought and talked of me up to his last breath. I was very fond of him always, being a sinner myself, and even liked his faults. Hundreds of pages and scores of characters in my books came from him. His dry (or rather wet) wit and his expression of face convulsed me often with laughter. When he got the copy I sent him of *Tales Told* etc (so they write me) he looked a long time at Brancusi's Portrait of J.J.<sup>1</sup> and finally remarked: Jim has changed more than I thought. I got from him his portraits, a waistcoat, a good tenor voice, and an extravagant licentious disposition (out of which, however, the greater part of any talent I may have springs) but, apart from these, something else I cannot define. But if an observer thought of my father and myself and my son too physically, though we are all very different, he could perhaps define it. It is a great consolation to me to have such a good son. His grandfather was very fond of him and kept his photograph beside mine on the mantelpiece.

I knew he was old. But I thought he would live longer. It is not his death that crushed me so much but self-accusation. . . .

[Miss Beach] rang me up a day or so ago in great excitement about my 'jubilee'. People had come from Berlin where they were going to do something or other. She said she had intended to leave Paris for a holiday but if I liked she would cancel that and organise something here too. I was too dejected to make a reply.

I am glad this letter did not cause the collapse the other I wrote caused. But it tired me a little.

I hope your own news is good.

<sup>1</sup> A spiral convolution (see letter to Miss Weaver of 27 May 1929).

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

28 January 1932

2 Avenue S. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . Mr Robert Kastor<sup>1</sup> arrived in Marseille from N.Y. the other day. He rang up Giorgio (he is a stockbroker in N.Y.) to say he had an offer in his pocket to me from a friend of his in N.Y. (Cerf, who published *Dubliners* and *Portrait* in Modern Library) which he would bring to Paris. . . .

I shall not make a statement at the 'jubilee' celebration because apparently there will be none. Brody<sup>2</sup> wrote about it last October already but nothing was done. Miss Beach went away 12 days ago. She came back yesterday. Helen can do nothing. My wife wanted to do something here but we cannot. . . .

There is an offer for the Danish and Norwegian and Swedish rights of *Ulysses*, for the Danish and Norwegian of *Portrait* and the Spanish of *Exiles*.

I am still tired and dejected.

Mrs Crosby is back. She could do nothing with Lucia's letters and my text in MS.

P.S. I forgot to say Jolas is bringing out a *Transition* number which is to be an attack on Goethe (whose centenary it is) and a homage to me. Not being able to stop this I made it a condition that a portrait of G. and a French caricature of me should be in it. After a long talk he agreed to this. He is printing a translation of Gillet's article. I also bargained that he should print passages from the three recent personal attacks on me by Lennon, O.G. and 'One who knows him'. Finally he agreed to do so—and not to comment.

I have passed a very gloomy month of this jubilee year which opened with my father's burial. I still believe that if the two specialists I got to see him on Sunday had seen him on Tuesday he might have got through for he was in great form on Boxing Day, playing with his dog Boxer and saying he would come home on Sunday. Everyone liked him except some of his unnatural self-righteous kindred.

There was a relief the other night when Sullivan (who was in town for 24 hours) came round with his wife and son and took us out to dinner. . . . In the end I livened up for he too, like my father, is a Cork man and a tenor. He told me they had to have a police cordon at the stage door in the Lyons theatre when he sang *The Jewess* on Xmas night but he swore he would never send me another critique lest I should start again.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Helen Joyce's brother.

<sup>2</sup> Dr Brody of the Rheinverlag.

To T. S. Eliot

FEBRUARY 1932

TO T. S. ELIOT

13 February 1932

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Eliot: I asked Léon to send you the news. My daughter-in-law's brother, a N.Y. stockbroker, is bringing me a personal offer for the U.S. publication of *Ulysses* on the 21 instant from a friend of his, Mr Bennett Serf [*sic*] who has two books of mine<sup>1</sup> in his *Modern Library* which he took away from the helpless Huebsch. I am at present owner of all the rights of *Ulysses*.

I send you an article which has just come out in *Le Correspondant* which, as you probably know, is the oldest review in France. I never met Mr Rops.<sup>2</sup> Gillet says the next thing will be a long laudation in *Etudes*. *The Fortnightly*, on the other hand, has an article on *W i P* by Gilbert (paid for also) for the last 25 months. I suppose they have board meetings about it 52 times a year.

Can you throw any light on this other problem. It is said here that *Ulysses*, though banned for sale in England, is on the programme for some Cambridge examinations and that the professors lend copies to the students.

I hope Mrs Eliot and yourself are well. I am somewhat better and am trying to get on with my work.

P.S. Desmond Harmsworth showed me a book *J.J. and the Common Reader* by — Duff, which he thinks of publishing if I do not object. I told him to go ahead but mentioned you. It would be well to find out from Gorman's N.Y. publishers what has become of him and his biography.

TO T. S. ELIOT

22 February 1932

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Paris (XVI)

Dear Elliot [*sic*]: Thanks for your letter and advice about Mr Glass's proposal which for the moment I shall follow and also for your congratulations.

I have not yet replied to Budgen but he wants me to do so and I think the inclusion of letters invades Gorman's ground. Moreover counting Jordan Smith, Stuart Gilbert, Gorman's two books, Louis Golding and Charles Duff, Budgen's would be the seventh book in the field. I should like to see his illustrations and he could do a good text if he chooses a line different from the others.

<sup>1</sup> *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Dubliners* were published in the Modern Library under a licence from the Viking Press.

<sup>2</sup> M. Daniel Rops, well-known Catholic scholar and writer.

Some time ago some member of your firm wrote to ask me if I had a poem to be published separately in a leaflet series. I replied that I had not. A few days ago however I wrote the enclosed, the first piece of verse I have inflicted on anybody for eight years, a short poem on the birth of my grandson. Would it suit? If not please send it back.

As regards the proposal to publish episodes of *Ulysses* in the *Criterion Miscellany* I am against it. First it implies that I have recognised the right of any authorities in either of Bull's islands to dictate to me what and how I am to write. I never did and never will. Secondly the episodes are of unequal length, thirdly I think that at least seven of the eight episodes would not pass the censor. I see by the press that this nobleman announces his intention of banning films which contain pictures of 'bedroom scenes, hardships of prison life and the Prince of Wales', there is only one argument with such idiots. Fourthly *Ulysses* is a book with a beginning, middle and an end and should be presented as such. The case is quite different with *W.i.P.* which has neither beginning nor end. I would agree to a private edition of *Ulysses* to start with if the text is unabridged and unaltered and I imagine that if the price were high enough the Home Office would take no action. There are a few little worries coming its way shortly which will probably give them food for thought. For the last twenty eight years I have been listening to or reading protests from Outre-Manche in which the stallwarts swore they would never print and never publish what I was writing and I have always found that in the end they settle down and make a good hearty meal of their own words. And why not, since it is the best language in the world for general nutriment? *Buon pro faccia!*

TO FRANK BUDGEN

1 March 1932

2 Avenue Saint Philibert, Paris XVI

Dear Budgen: Thanks for your kind message of sympathy but I prefer not to open up this subject, even after two months. As you know, I have often spoken to you about my father and you can imagine what I felt about [it]. What a pity he did not live long enough to know of the birth of his great grandson!

Now as regards your projected book, if Gorman and Louis Golding finish their biographies of me and if Harmsworth publishes Charles Duff's J.J. and the plain reader with a preface by Herbert Read yours will be the seventh book mainly about a text which is unobtainable in England. I suggest that you first have a look at Gilbert's book and Paul Jordan Smith's *Key to Ulysses* so that you can strike a line for



*To Frank Budgen*

MARCH 1932

yourself. I am opposed to the inclusion of correspondence as this invades Gorman's ground, but you can use the correspondence for the formation of your text. I should very much like to see your illustrations. I think your method of approach will probably be an original one but I think you will have to be on your guard with any English publisher for all he wants is claptrap and gossip. Can you outline your book to me a little more precisely after this letter.

I renew my birthday wishes now that we are both golden jubilarians. My eyes are not very well, a slight attack of episcleritis from a neglected blast but much better these last few days.

Best regards to Mrs Budgen and yourself and also the Sargents.

TO T. S. ELIOT

4 March 1932

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Elliot [*sic*]: Many thanks indeed for your kind word about my little poem. By all means dispose of it as you say though really it is Pinker who should do this. Anyhow it is as broad as it is long since I repay him his commission though you have all the trouble. The chief point is that you like the verse.

Can you give me the address of Lady Otteline Morel [*sic*] and Sidney Schiff. I will tell you what I want it for in my next letter. It is really for my daughter I want it or rather for her publisher!!!

Cerf offers me an advance of £700.— of 15% royalties for the American *Ulysses*, the publication to be immediate and he taking all risks. The text unabridged and unaltered. I hear there is an offer coming from Harcourt Brace and somebody else. There was another offer, same terms but with conditions from Morrow. I shall decide within the next few days.

If there is no prospect of your firm doing a high priced private edition of *Ulysses* as was suggested that evening have you any objection if I ask Pinker to offer it in this way to Chatto and Windus who McGreevy tells me did something like this for a book of Proust's? He says the Home Office took no steps against it. Will you let me hear from you as soon as possible as it is very important that *Ulysses* should appear in England while the other book is maturing.

Harmsworth will bring out in May Duff's book with a preface by Herbert Read. . . .

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

20 April 1932

*Hôtel Belmont, rue de Bassano, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . As regards the flat it would be very kind if you went to the agents (you may use the window pole to explain my point of view) and ask them to try to get it off my hands. I never liked the flat much though I liked the gardens near by. . . . When I get enough money and manage to settle Lucia [?] we will return to the Euston Hotel or wherever else my wife wants to go. That grove was inhabited by mummies. Campden Grave, it should be called. London is not made for divided houses. The little sooty dwellings with their backs to the railway line etc etc are genuine; so is Portland Place. But houses like that were never built to be run on the continental system and as flats they are fakes.

I have arranged for Lucia to see Dr Fontaine and a nerve specialist. I shall try to set up a home for her here though she [is] terribly difficult but she is really a child and I think the lettrines she did are exquisite. Prof R. Piccoli, Ital. prof. at Cambridge called yesterday; he has translated P.P. into Italian and his wife has set the 13 poems to music. Just like boatrace night.

There are several things I wanted to see in London but it will have to be put off for the moment. I hope we find something as I should like 10 days' rest out of this.

If anyone will pay the price you say so much the better but if not better 2 gns a week than nothing.<sup>1</sup> . . .

TO JAMES STEPHENS

7 May 1932

*Hôtel Belmont, rue de Bassano, Paris*

Dear Stephens: Here is your poem<sup>2</sup> in German, Latin, Norwegian, Italian and French. Can you add your Irish version so as, with the English, to make a rainbow and we might present it to ourselves in a brochure for our jubilee year.<sup>3</sup>

The Latin contains violations of quantity (lines 4 and 5 for example) but this really does not matter in the rhymed doggerel which a classic poet would call church verse.

<sup>1</sup> For the flat in Campden Grove, alluded to above, which Mr and Mrs Joyce had taken in May 1931 and had let for the following autumn and winter, intending to return to London in the spring of 1932. This plan had to be changed, however, on account of their daughter's illness and they never came to England again.

<sup>2</sup> *Stephen's Green.*

<sup>3</sup> Joyce and James Stephens were born on the same day in the same year (1882).

In the German 'liess los' sounds rather free and vulgar. It is really 'let a shout' but I prefer it to the verb 'stossen' which is more elegant.

In the Italian I made the wind a bandit cousin of Fra Diavolo. He puts three fingers in his mouth to balance the three 'kills'. This I also balanced by the collision of 3 vowels in line 5.

As regards the Norwegian that language has changed in spelling almost as much (I mean since I began to study it in Dublin) as English has since 1600. I have followed the orthography Ibsen used which is now nearer Danish than Norwegian. Those two races still preserve pagan terms. They have no word for Christmas (which they call 'Jul') or for the Last Day or General Judgment. This they call 'Ragnarok'. So line 4 means that the trees think the crack of doom is upon them. Also this typewriter cannot reproduce such Norwegian letters as 'ø' or 'å'.

[The five versions (with the original prefixed) are as follows:]

*The wind stood up and gave a shout.  
He whistled on his fingers and  
Kicked the withered leaves about  
And thumped the branches with his hand  
And said he'd kill and kill.  
And so he will and so he will.*

*Les Verts de Jacques*

*Le vent d'un saut lance son cri,  
Se siffle sur les doigts et puis  
Trépigne les feuilles d'automne,  
Craque les branches qu'il assomme.  
Je tuerai, crie-t-il, holà!  
Et vous verrez s'il le fera!*

J.J.

*Der Wind stand auf, liess los einen Schrei,  
Pfiff mit den Fingern schrill dabei  
Wirbelte duerres Laub durch den Wald  
Und haemmerte Aeste mit Riesengewalt.  
Zum tod, heult, zu Tod and Mord!  
Und meint es ernst: ein Wind, ein Wort.*

J.J.

*Surgit Boreas digitorum  
Fistulam faciens et clamorem.*

*Pes pugno certat par (oremus!)  
Foliis quatit omne nemus.*

*Caedam, ait, caedam, caedam!  
Nos ne habeat ille praedam.*

J.J.

*Vinden staar op med en vild Huru,  
Han piber paa fingerne og nu*

*Sparker bladenes flyvende flok.  
Traerne troer han er Ragnarok.*

*Skovens liv og blod vil han draebe og drikke.  
Hvad der bliver at goere, det ved jeg ikke.*

J.J.

*Balza in piè Fra Vento e grida.  
Tre dita in bocca fischia la sfida.*

*Tira calci, pesta botte:  
Ridda di foglie e frasche rotte.*

*Ammazzerò, ei urla, O gente!  
E diuraddio costui non mente.*

J.J.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

17 June 1932

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Budgen: I have just heard from Mrs Suter that you are awaiting a word from me. I am still here but very rushed and worried about Lucia who had a nervous breakdown a month ago. She is at Hay-les-Roses for quiet. I should like you to see her initials (see enclosed). They will come out on 15 August, 19 copies having been sold to date. Louis Gillet, art critic for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wrote to me about them: 'J'admire ces lettrines comme une merveille d'atavisme. On dirait des caprices d'un vieil enlumineur irlandais. . . . La T est étonnante. Vous me direz ce que je dois en faire. J'ai peur que nos artistes aient peu de chose à apprendre à cette jeune fille que guide la main de Saint Patrice ou Saint Colomban.'

To Frank Budgen

JUNE 1932

Of course I can find time to see you and will be glad to talk with you but of course also I cannot give any engagement of any sort to an English publisher.

Nine persons seem to be engaged in doing books about me at present.

But how can you do the drawings without having visited Dublin?

Bloomsday + 1, 1932

To T. S. ELIOT

20 June 1932

2 Avenue St. Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Eliot: . . . I cannot go to Zurich, of course, though Vogt sent me a message to come. A French cook took my London flat for 3 months. I am giving it up anyway. I worked all the winter and wish I could go on. Giorgio and family are in the south of France. Gorman seems to have vanished. Two Japanese pirated editions of *Ulysses* have appeared this spring and 13,000 copies have been sold to date. Is Japan a signatory to the Berne convention or not? *Ulysses* stands under French law. The pirates allege that European books become public property in Japan after 10 years. You remember somebody in your office advised me to ask certain terms. The Japanese found these terms and advance absurd as my lease had only 6 months to run. *U* was published 2/2/1922 and the first Japanese edition came out in Tokyo on 5/2/1932. No news from the American publishers. . . .

The moment I have any good news I will send it. John Lane is 'considering' *Ulysses* with the assistance of a Home Office man and a police solicitor. It is rather unfair and most un-English that the army and navy, the fire brigade and the Worshipful Fraternity of Frothblowers are not represented on their committee of public safety.

To HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

27 June 1932

2 Avenue Saint Philibert, Passy, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . The Dublin congress was relayed here and the concierge heard it all, MacCormack included, but the girls in the surrounding flats were making such an infernal din washing up plates to go off with their best boys and see the Grand Prix that I didn't hear much except a lusty 'secula seculorum'. If I ever have a stud that would be a fine name for a sure Grand Prix winner. An Irish owner won, I hear. To judge by the grin on the pope's proxy's face he is the man in the million who is enjoying it all to the top of his *cappellone*. The English

Press exhorts the 55,555 protestant sects to get up a similar demonstration and that ought to be some show especially if the Greek and Russian orthodox persuasions could be persuaded to go halves and Miss Aimée MacPherson could be induced to be 'featured'. The pope was to have broadcast to Dublin with his 'unfallable upon his alloilable' but the chief engineer of the netherworld played aitch he double ell with the ether so that he was not heard. No I agree. It is not cricket. I believe in free speech, the talker allnightly, disturber of everything else and in —.

*coupé*

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

10 July 1932

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zurich*

Dear Miss Weaver: I smuggled Lucia and her nurse out of the clinic, through Paris and to Austria. Here is the first result. Everyone in Paris is huffy because I would not allow her to be seen while she was there. . . . I really do not know what to do about *U*. The U.S. plan seems to have foundered. The 11th edition is finished but Miss Beach does not wish to settle up the royalties a/c (a minor matter since I have some money) till after her holidays and will make no move towards a 12th edition while if I do so it will mean an explosion. It is the only book in her shop that goes on selling.

To return to Lucia. We have to prepare a retreat for her in case she has a fresh collapse. So we want to go to Neuchatel to see a place there. We ourselves want to stay near Lucerne. The moving out of Paris, with fees and fares and pensions in advance cost me 10,000 frs. I spoke to Mr Brauchbar, an old friend of mine here and pupil, the richest silk merchant in Switzerland and he promised to do what he could about Lucia's stuff. . . . He also subscribed for a copy of her book.

Whether my plan in double-crossing the 3 doctors succeeds or fails I shall be blamed—if it succeeds for having allowed her to go into the clinic, if it fails for having thwarted the doctors.

Vogt was in Amsterdam for an operation but will see me tomorrow. It pours and pours and pours in floods here and I am nervous about my eye which everybody finds better. Why does the best ophthalmologist in Europe live in the worst eye-climate?

Mr Herriot kissed Fräulein X yesterday at Lausanne and Britain, headed by Mrs Dolores Barney [?], is all for disarmament and we are going to have a lovely time. Unfortunately cloudburst no 111 has just announced itself. There has not been any thunder and lightning. God save the King.

To T. S. Eliot

JULY 1932

TO T. S. ELIOT

13 July 1932

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich*

Dear Eliot: . . . Vogt saw me and you will get from Léon an account of the very unpleasant surprise that awaited me here. He is keeping me under observation.

What am I to do about my book? Of course I can always refund the advance if I have to abandon it. But I want to finish it. Impossible to write in such circumstances. I may have to remain 4-6 months here. I hope you do not believe it is any bad faith on my part.

And the money it all costs! Good Lord! And this place is so dear. I mean Switzerland. We stop at this hotel because my wife is exhausted by it all and must have a week or so rest and comfort. . . .

I really do not know what to do about *W.i.P.*

FROM PAUL LÉON TO RALPH PINKER

14 July 1932

*27, rue Casimir-Périer (VII<sup>e</sup>)*

Dear Mr Pinker: Mr Joyce has asked me to write to you on the following matter. All during the last three months or more he has been under a terrible strain caused by his daughter's health who is suffering from a severe breakdown. In fact her nerves were in such condition that the utmost care and particular attention were necessary to bring her on the way of what it is hoped is the road to a speedy recovery. Among the many devices attempted one is to make her use her talents in any sort of applied art which would permit her to have a success of her own and thus recreate in her some confidence in herself.

I am glad to say that among other things that were attempted even before her breakdown was the idea of decorating books and she has actually developed a very original style. From the enclosed circular note you will see that a good editor here is launching a book decorated by her. It is a very limited edition and out of the entire lot some 18 copies have already been subscribed.

Mr Joyce has the idea that it would be a great thing to offer her the decoration of another book and this time without his intervention at all. His idea is to make her do the 26 capitals of the alphabet and to approach a reputed English poet entrusting him to make verses for children beginning with each letter. Such book could then be sold at say 18/- or £1.- as a Christmas gift. It would be essential for the book to be published in England and without Mr Joyce's intervention. (The latter in view of Miss Joyce's sentiment.)

Mr Joyce would like to know what you think of this idea and what your suggestion could be as regards a possible author and an eventual publisher. Do you think the idea a practical one and can it reckon on obtaining a hearing? The idea itself is, in my opinion, a good one and I am sure it could be worked, but you of course are a better judge on the present conditions of the London market.

Mr Joyce is at present in Zürich and should you prefer to write to him direct his address is Carlton Elite hotel, Zürich, Switzerland. Please do answer me a few words too. The news about Mr Joyce's eyesight are not comforting lately and this added to the strain he has been living under during the last few months is quite sad.

TO STUART GILBERT

22 July 1932

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich*

Dear Gilbert: I showed Beckett's acrostic<sup>1</sup> to Mr and Mrs Jolas. The latter thought it poor, the former thinks it acid and not funny. I think it is all right—though if I may suggest anything it seems to me 'tickled to death' is better than 'giggling to death' though the 'g' is nearer 'j'.

The news about Lucia was satisfactory enough till today when she announces her arrival here with the nurse next Friday. I wish she would stay where she is. I have written to Dr Codet about her as, of course, I am nervy all the time at having taken her out of his hands on my own responsibility.

The news about my right eye is bad. I have not gone back to Vogt. He says I should have left other things aside and come to him before. How can I possibly make an engagement with him now even if he does decide to risk the two difficult operations which he fears he cannot even make?

I wrote to Faber and Faber offering to refund them the £150 advance on *Work in Progress* and scrap the contract. I hate to have this on my mind too. I am proposing to my 'estate agents' to pay off the whole of the lease less discount and let the flat furnished for 1 gn. a week and then sell the sticks. Off with my flat, so much for Kensington!

I am not surprised McGreevy does not want to write any more about me—especially for nothing. Why should he? Goll's article is pretty bad but . . . 's, . . . 's, . . . 's,<sup>2</sup> etc. portraits are also bad. As I wrote to Miss Weaver: es tut mir leid aber es ist absolut nichts zu machen. Un chef de rayon à la Samaritaine. Vous désirez, Madame? Blancs, n'est-ce pas?

<sup>1</sup> On the name JAMES JOYCE. Mr Samuel Beckett has no copy of it and has forgotten how it ran.

<sup>2</sup> The names omitted are those of three of Joyce's friends, now living, and he certainly would not have wished them to be publicized in this context.



*To Stuart Gilbert*

JULY 1932

Au fond, dans le petit coin. O pardon, Monsieur le Président, je croyais que vous étiez Madame la Boulangère. Un canon? parfaitement. Suivez-moi par ici! O excusez-moi, mon petit moutard! Je t'ai fait du mal? Laisse-moi te caresser, ça passera. Merdre de merdre, c'est un bouledogue anglais! O ouch! O ouch! Comment, Monsieur le Directeur, mes huit jours? Mais je suis bouleversé. Sapristi! Je viens de renverser la Tour Eiffel des mouchoirs à 2 frs 75! . . .

TO DANIEL BRODY

29 August 1932

*Hotel Löwen, Feldkirch*

Dear Mr Brody: I am sorry to learn of the death of Mrs McCormick. She was very kind to me at a difficult moment and was a woman of considerable distinction. I do not know what happened afterwards though I suspect, but this does not obliterate her act prompted by humanity and generosity. . . .

I am sending you some of my daughter's designs for wall paper. The chief thing is that these should not fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons. In looking at them you must remember that she never had a drawing lesson in her life and that they are first attempts.

Her book of lettrines comes out this week. I am also sending a specimen page proof of one and a prospectus which you could perhaps give to a good bookseller in Munich. This page is to be sent back to me six weeks from now c/o my Paris lawyer, Mr Paul Léon, 27 rue Casimir-Perier, Paris VII.

So far as I heard 20 of the 25 copies have been bought before publication and there remain only 5. Still, I should like a Munich shop to show the page though I expect the rest of the edition will go off in Paris and London in a week or so. She is at work on a complete alphabet for which I am anxious to find a proper text, short verses for children, or fables or merely acrological rhymes. I thought of Walter de la Mare, James Stephens or possibly L. P. Fargue.

Please let me know if all reaches you safely.

I return friendly greetings to Mrs Brody and yourself and hope Munich is cooler than this oven.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

6 September 1932

*Hotel Löwen, Feldkirch*

Dear Miss Weaver: I hope you got my wire for the 1st. What changes since we last dined on that date at Kettner's!

We leave for Z'ch tomorrow. Same hotel. The fares Feldkirch-Nice are so high that we will have to go 2nd, crush or not. Even then they come to over £30. . . .

Vogt is in Holland, receiving great honour, I hear. I had a letter from him and he wants to see me. Sent him the notices. He will be back in Z'ch on Sunday, Borach says. . . .

The Japanese sent me a cheque for 200 yen (£10, circa) for their depredations.<sup>1</sup> I am sending it back with a Chinese curse on it and them. . . .

I have been working all day since I came here. It is a risk to present oneself to the writing public (for those are my readers) after some years and in such a whirl. But I will do it. By the next post you will get the first proof (unfinished) which please read and return to Mrs Jolas. As regards blame every young writer in the world, I suppose, blames me for having written *U*. So Jolas says, anyhow. . . .

TO W. B. YEATS

5 October 1932

*Hôtel Metropole, Nice*

Dear Yeats: Many thanks for your letter and the kind words you use. It is now thirty years since you first held out to me your helping hand. Please convey my thanks also to Mr Shaw whom I have never met.

I hope that the Academy of Irish Letters (if that is its title) which you are both founding, will have the success it aims at. My case, however, being as it was and probably will be, I see no reason why my name should have arisen at all in connection with such an academy: and I feel quite clearly that I have no right whatsoever to nominate myself as a member of it.

I am returning under separate cover the rules you were good enough to send me.

I hope your health keeps good. For myself I have to go back to Zurich every three months about my eyes. Still, I work as best I can.

FROM PAUL LÉON TO RALPH PINKER

31 October, 1932

*27, rue Casimir-Périer, (VII)*

Dear Mr Pinker: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 28-th. inst and to thank you for its contents which are very gratifying. Mr Joyce was pleased with the arrangement you have made but may I point out a matter that has its importance for the editor. As they are

<sup>1</sup> Pirated publications of *Ulysses*.

Paul Léon to Ralph Pinker

OCTOBER 1932

printing only two tales the title should be *Two Tales of Shem and Shaun* and as usual Mr Joyce insists on having the subtitle *From Work in Progress* added.

As regards the filming of *Ulysses* I thoroughly concur with your point of view but I would not be so sure with regard the film rights in the U.S.A. Would you please try and find out definitely from your brother how the matter stands legally. If his reply will be favourable to us i.e. if these rights are really Mr Joyce's he could begin negotiations and if they run satisfactorily I can promise you that I will do my very best to prevail upon Mr Joyce to alter his present attitude which is principally due to the fact that he cannot see how the idea can be realised. If we see our way a little clearer it will be easier for me to explain it to him and try to obtain his consent.

You would greatly oblige me by sending me an extra copy of *Chamber Music* which I will pay you for by return.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 November 1932

Hôtel Lord Byron, Paris, VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: As I have a free moment I begin this letter which I shall probably continue tomorrow. No trace of the MS. Your bundle of notes came safely. Jolas is afraid some unscrupulous person may have the MS and wants me to complete the instalment without delay. I typed the last four pages from memory and shall have to start again on the notes tomorrow with what calm you can imagine. Unfortunately S.G. cannot help me. The Albatross Press flung the whole printed text of *Ulysses* (about 900 pp)<sup>1</sup> into his hall yesterday and he has to check it. It will be published on 1 December. Faber and Faber are bringing out for Xmas 'The Mookse' and 'The Ondt'—2 *Tales Told of S and S*. At my suggestion Kahane sent over to Bumpus, Oxford Street, by post in 2 parcels Lucia's book of *lettrines*, the cover and the pages separately. They arrived. I wrote to Pinker, Putnam, Faber and Cape to go and see them and see if they could give her any work. Only F has replied so far. They find the work too highbrow for the English market so I sent them some simpler and more banal designs she had done. As it happens Reece the co-head (what a word!) of the A. Press is a real authority on miniature, I mean in the Italian sense, i.e. illumination. I had him to dinner with Lucia. He liked her alphabet and has written to the manager of Burns and Oates about using these *lettrines* for a reprint of Chaucer's

<sup>1</sup> The Odyssey Press edition (1932); with the text 'specially revised at the author's request' by Stuart Gilbert.

A.B.C. poem. I wanted to try the O.U.P.<sup>1</sup> also. I had got Kahane<sup>2</sup> to promise the manager Hubert Foss a copy of P.P. Now he tells me he has not got enough sheets to make up a copy. I am debating whether I ought not buy in a copy and inscribe it as was promised in the hope that his press would like the initials so much that they would do a reprint of A.B.C. Reece lent Lucia a stack of books about this kind of work. She has also bought books on Chinese and Japanese art and Mrs Wallace, falling out of a blue sky . . . lent her a book poor Wallace had on the same subject. In addition to Miss Moschos who has charge of Lucia from 10 till 1 I have had to get another girl (French) to take charge of her from 4 to 7 as I was really afraid my wife would collapse under the strain. Miss Moschos is still tolerated. I suppose because she has plenty of gossip (I always found her civil and obliging). If she and Fargue want to make a million quickly all they have to do is to sit down and collaborate and print their recollections. . . . George (to which please add Anthel) is over here in an expensive American automobile. . . . I merely asked if he had completed the score of *Ulysses* to which I got the answer that he was engaged to make a tour of the Western States. After a while Miss Monnier came in . . . tragically pessimistic. She told me there was going to be war between France and Spain and that she had private means of knowing that the people in Madrid had thrown tomatoes at Mr Herriot. I said I hoped they were à la provençale (i.e. with garlic. H is lord mayor of Lyons in his spare time if he ever has any). . . .

I pretend to take her<sup>3</sup> lightly. In fact I am sure she tells a good few lies and does a fair amount of comedy but so do most girls in one way or another. I gave her 4000 frs out of my cheque to buy a fur coat as I think that will do her inferiority complex more good than a visit to a psycho-analyst. But it is all rather trying to me (who am very far from being a model myself) and I do wish I was settled in a home, sweet home with a piano to which I could sing *Come into the Garden*, *Maud* every evening at 6 p.m.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 November 1932

[Dictated]

42 rue Galilée, Paris VIII

Dear Miss Weaver: The MS never turned up. However I set to work on the notes you kindly sent over and patched it all up again. I fired them off in envelopes which I hope you got safely. I have also written an intervening passage and hope to complete the whole fragment tomorrow or

<sup>1</sup> Oxford University Press.

<sup>2</sup> Jack Kahane, British novelist and enterprising publisher.

<sup>3</sup> Lucia.

next day. Faber and Faber do not want the Dutch press to bring it out in a de luxe edition as they want to have an option on it first. It may be possible as Léon suggests to combine the two firms' offers though personally I doubt whether an English publishing firm would agree to put its imprint on type set up on the continent. I am rather puzzled about the evident anxiety of F. & F. to bring out chunks of my gibberish but evidently there is some demand for it. . . .

One copy hors commerce was destined for the manager of the O.U.P. Mr Hubert Foss and in fact he was written to and asked to send his christian name so that the copy might be inscribed. I particularly wanted him to receive this as I thought his firm could give Lucia an opening, but there are only four sheets available and to send these would be offensive while to send nothing still more so. K. refuses to be any more out of pocket quite naturally (in fact though he is a sharp business man he did his job very well and so did the French producers and so did my daughter) but between the British customs, the tergiversations of the subscribers, who imagine the end of the world is at hand and have not the brains to know that the book is better than a currency note. . . .

I shall have to be 1,500 frcs. out of pocket for the moment. I made it a condition with either F. & F. and the Dutch firm that in case of the editing of the 'fragment there should be an initial and a tail piece. The whole affair continues to be a terrible strain and I am really a blind man walking in a fog. I do not know as much about illumination as I think I know about singing but S. was child's play in comparison with this. I wonder what kind of people you encounter for wherever I walk I tread on thistles of envy, suspicion, jealousy, hatred and so on. You will be rightly alarmed to hear that Lucia the other night expressed her intention of going over to stay with you!!!! I have still kept her away from the doctors and the nurses but lord knows whether I am doing right or not. I hope that when she gets the check in the morning she will start to work again. Unfortunately this form of art is very costly so I am trying to interest her in black and white. I who cannot distinguish one person from another. I gave her Beardsley's *Under the Hill* but it is not his best. You need not reply to all this rigmarole. Unfortunately too she seems to have antagonised a great number of people including her immediate relatives and as usual I am the fellow in the middle of the rain holding out both hands though whether she is not right in her blunt outspokenness or not is a question my head is too addled to answer.

An edition de luxe of the new *Ulysses* 25 copies and 10 hors de com-

merce on hand-made paper will come out in a week's time. One copy is being printed for you.

From PAUL LÉON to RALPH PINKER

27 December 1932

27 rue Casimir-Périer, Paris

Dear Mr Pinker: I have not answered until now to you various letters the receipt of which I now acknowledge with thanks because I am still waiting for the proofs of the new fragment which have not reached me yet. I therefore am answering you to day taking up the matters in succession as I fear it would otherwise be delayed too long.

#### POMES PENYEACH

Mr Joyce is very pleased with the prompt solution you have given about this book and is in full agreement about the terms. There is however one point which I would like to raise in order to avoid any difficulty later as has been the case with the *Two Tales*. Mr Joyce would like the cover of the book to be of the same colour as the Shakespeare edition is now. Otherwise he does not raise any points i.e. the book can be either in cardboard or merely paper covered as were ALP and HCE neither has he any wishes about the size but the colour of the cover should be the same light green. I think you have a copy of the present edition otherwise I could mail you one.

#### FRAGMENT

You can absolutely reassure your brother and Huebsch since all the fragments published up to now i.e. ALP, HCE. the *Two Tales* and the new one will constitute in all not more than a hundred pages and this is about one twentieth of the entire book. In the publishing of these fragments I think the interests both of publisher and author concur as they make, as your brother says, the public acquainted with the language of Mr Joyce and their mouth water.

#### ITALIAN TRANSLATION

Mr Joyce agrees to an italian translation of *Ulysses* but I want to caution you to be very careful in concluding the contract. The Italians seem to be very difficult persons to deal with. Up to now they have been publishing parts and scraps of *Ulysses* without paying Mr Joyce anything at all. I do think that the agreement cannot contain a basis of royalties but should be concluded for a lump sum. Before you hear anything more definite or precise I do not think there is even use of

*Paul Léon to Ralph Pinker*

DECEMBER 1932

going to the expense of sending them a copy. By the way have the Czech paid what they owe and are there any royalties coming in soon?

I think I have thus dealt with all the questions. I will write you further as soon as I get the proofs and will send a copy of them to Mr Morley also.

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# 1933

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 January 1933

[Dictated]

as from 27 rue Casimir-Perier, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: . . . Do not count too much on my daughter's promises but I think she has a book bound [by herself] and put away somewhere and that it will come to light sooner or later.

I had a long by others foreseen nervous collapse on Saturday from which I am still recovering though unfortunately it seems to have temporarily greatly weakened my sight and in this wise. My wife had promised to accompany me to Rouen on Friday to hear Sullivan sing *Sigurd*, an old repertory opera which is seldom heard nowadays, by Constantin Reyer. That morning however she again became nervous about Lucia and asked me to get another companion who turned up in the person of a young Indo-Chinese prince a nephew of the king of Cambodia [*sic*] and a cousin of Tita Rasi who changed his name to René Ulysse eleven years ago. Rouen was full of grippe and the theater [a] coughing booth, the call boy coming before the curtain after each act to demand indulgence for another singer who had fallen a victim. Only S. seemed unaffected. He had a gorgeous suit of golden armour, a high goldcrested helm, rubies about his chest from the footlights a big pair of high yellow boots and an enormous ballooning sky-blue mantle in which he tramped up and down with nervous emphasis sending everybody and anybody to the general musical right about. Next day when he was seeing us off at the station I began to feel ill and before the train was a quarter of an hour out I was in full collapse. The little Chinese prince was very kind about it, he is a medical student here, but when we got home he was surprised to see that I had neither a temperature nor any flu symptoms. Next day Sunday I was still without fever though a little better but Sunday night and Monday morning bowled me out. My wife had gone to the opera, the Paris one I mean, with Mrs Jolas to hear *La Traviata* and I did not sleep until after she came in at one thirty. Then began a night of mild horrors including sleeplessness, hallucinations of the ear (how I deserve that) and sometimes of the eye too. I did not



wish to disturb my wife who was in another room but evidently I must have emitted sounds of woe and affright for Miss Moscos told me today that frequently between two and six thirty she heard these sounds and stole down the corridor to my bedroom door to listen expecting I would call for help and then stole back again. This explains that not all the sounds I heard were imaginary. But worst of all next morning while I was near the telephone in the corridor I got myself all up in a moment into a state of terrified alarm on account of something that was taking place, grabbed my overcoat and hat and got down into the snowing streets followed by the shivering Miss Moscos, the only at that hour fully clad female of my household and ten minutes afterwards I was standing before the partially shaved writer of the present Mr Paul Léon trying to tell him of the danger I was in. A good deal of telephoning then went on over the Paris wires among the scattered lodges of my family and friends. Doctor Fontaine was out of town so Léon got his doctor to come to see me who says I never had any grippe at all, though the cold of the journey may have precipitated my nervous breakdown. He attributes it chiefly to my abuse of somniferents (I'd even gone so far as to take six of these before going to bed in order to ensure sleep) then when going to Rouen I all of a sudden cut them out altogether which he said was a good intention with a bad effect for the change around was altogether too sudden total abolition to which the system had become accustomed now for nearly twelve months. The problem was partly solved by putting Miss Moscos into the chamber of horrors (concerning her my wife says 'If you take something to make you sleep apparently she takes something to keep her awake') and removing me and my wife into the room previously occupied by Lucia and Miss Moscos. I hope this new version of musical chairs will allow me to rest. Dr Debray says I must have three days of consecutive sleep. I have to remain at home for about a week if all goes well though I have not been put on a diet yet I am still quite weak enough. One good effect anyhow it seems to have had is to have produced an obvious amount of solicitude on the part of that subtle et barbare person—my daughter. I slept seven hours on Monday and perhaps six last night for he has given me an innocuous and non-toxic preparation which apparently suits me.

This is on the whole a nice cheerful kind of a letter but though time seems to be very bad with everybody Lucia has certainly, at least I think so, made a good deal of progress both at her new trade<sup>1</sup> and in general.

<sup>1</sup> Bookbinding.

The OUP is still thinking about it. Cape refused Pomes Penyeach which Faber and Faber are bringing out. . . .

I hope somebody will start brightening up this most brushworthy old world of ours including the inhabitants thereof and myself among them. I am told the flu in England is in a severer form than the tiresome epidemic we are having over here so I especially hope you are escaping it. Cinemas seem to be the best hothouses for this germ. Giorgio seems to have caught his there with the result that the whole family have it except S.J.<sup>1</sup>

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

23 January 1933

[Telegram sent by Mr Paul Léon]

*Paris*

Miss Weaver 74 Gloucester Place London

If not too late please send 121 Ebury Street Pimlico London wreath two guineas sending cheque only leaves green brown but excluding ivy absolutely stop inscription to George Moore from James Joyce Paris.

FROM MISS MOSCHOS TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

29 January 1933

*42 rue de Galilée, Paris*

Dear Miss Weaver: Mr Joyce thanks you very much for the wreath you sent for Mr G. Moore's funeral<sup>2</sup>—but there was no mention of it in any of the London newspapers he saw of Thursday.

Mr Joyce was very vexed as for once he wanted his name to appear.

Mr Joyce would be very glad if you look at a public library—the Thursday issue of:

the *Daily Telegraph*

„ *Daily Mail*

„ *Daily Herald*

„ *Daily News*

„ *Express*

and if you could also send him the Irish newspapers of last Thursday.

He says the whole affair is an enigma to him: not a single one of the late Mr Moore's colleagues in literature in England or friends in Ireland were represented or present.

Mr Joyce is now better but the doctors don't allow him to work yet.

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Joyce, his grandson.

<sup>2</sup> George Moore died on 21 January 1933 and was cremated on the 25th at Golders Green. His ashes were taken to Castle Island near Moore Hall on 26 May 1933.

There is a very modern and satisfactory hotel just opposite this house called the Hôtel Galilée. Mrs Joyce saw it and thinks you would prefer it to the Belmont—but perhaps you are more accustomed there—in any case here are enclosed two cards.

I hope you are quite well.

Yours sincerely

Myrsine Moschos

P.S. Mr Joyce says the check for £2 was sent to you on Wednesday and if there is any balance perhaps you could send him *Salome Walz* [*sic*] by Archibald Joyce (which you would find in any shop in Charing Cross Road).

To W. K. MAGEE

6 February 1933

42 rue Galilée, Paris (VIII)

Dear Magee: I am writing to know whether you can give me any information about George Moore's funeral. I read your name in the list of mourners published in the *Morning Post* but apparently no other man of letters was either present or represented and none of his Irish friends and colleagues seems to have taken any part in the proceedings. As you know I made the acquaintance of George Moore only a few years before his death<sup>1</sup> and I hope that I behaved towards him during the three or four visits I paid him with the respect due to his age personality and achievements. At his suggestion I tried here to have his *Aphrodite in Aulis* translated into French. I spoke to my own publisher here and also to Louis Gillet, the literary editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and a friend of Moore's and also to the principal french translator of *Ulysses* an old friend of mine and an excellent English scholar. But all this was of no avail, and the time of crisis was also unfavourable to a limited deluxe edition which seemed the only solution. Of course I was unable to be present at the funeral but on learning of his death I telephoned to London and had a large chaplet wreath of cistapalm and barberry leaves green and brown mixed with an inscription to him and my name. It seems strange that although this was sent to his house long before the funeral no mention of it is made among the floral tributes cited by the press. It has been suggested to me that this list was handed to the press by his family who . . . and finish the sentence for yourself. I know

<sup>1</sup> Sept. 1929 when Joyce was in London, cf. *Letters of George Moore* ed. John Eglinton, 1942. Letters from George Moore to Joyce are preserved at the Lockwood Memorial Library, Buffalo University, New York.

nothing about his family and care less. I simply wished to pay a tribute to his memory; perhaps you can enlighten me.

I hope all is well with you and yours. Since I saw you I have become a grandfather. A little poem by me appeared in the December *Criterion* and if you care to see it I will send it to you.

TO PADRAIC COLUM

19 February 1933

42 rue Galilée, Paris 8

Dear Colum: This is to thank you for your part of the *Joyce Book*. Gillet to whom I showed it liked your preface.

I am writing under difficulties on the mantelpiece. Very little ink. No envelopes.

Thanks for your wire on the 2nd. I am sorry Mrs Colum caught the grippe but am glad she is over it.

As regards the alphabet I proposed to Burns and Oates 3 months ago that they should use these letters for a reprint of Chaucer's poem A.B.C. (an ottava rima prayer to the Madonna) and offered them (on the sly) £100 guarantee. No reply.

As regards *Pomes Penyeach* with Lucia's lettrines of all my rich admirers in all the world only 2 bought and paid for copies—Miss Weaver (once rich) and Brauchbar of Zurich. . . . I sent Lucia 1000 frs through Kahane. I am also going to buy 3 copies and present them to Prof. Vogt's daughter, the Bibliothèque Nationale and British Museum Library. I previously bought another which I presented to the director of the Oxford University Press.

On hearing of Moore's death I telephoned to London and sent a large wreath of palms. Not only was all mention of this absent from the list handed to the press but no member of the family thought it fit within a month to acknowledge receipt of it. I wrote to Magee about it and then had a letter from G.M.'s executor, saying that he was not responsible, that he gave express instructions about my wreath and that he could not understand why it had not been mentioned in the papers with the others or why the family etc. He agreed with me that the absence of G.M.'s colleagues and friends was unaccountable. Only one man of letters, Garnett, and none of his other colleagues was either present or represented and, of course, nobody from beyond S. Patrick's Canal or, should I say, Canaille.

To W. K. Magee

MARCH 1933

TO W. K. MAGEE

21 March 1933

42 rue Galilée, Paris VIII

Dear Magee: I owe you a letter but I have been wretchedly, though not gravely, ill. Moore's executor wrote me a letter of apology but why pursue the matter? I did what I thought was right in view of his age and eminence.

Yes, your article in *Life and Letters* was read to me (I can write but can read only with the greatest difficulty). I found it very friendly and the criticism very sound probably though most of the statements of fact are inaccurate. This, however, is of no importance.

I send you a photograph and a leaflet which may amuse you. Apart from the O.U.P. book there is a very curious edition of *Pomes Penyeach* with capitals by my daughter on show at Bumpus's, Oxford Street. If you are ever in London perhaps you will look at it.

I suppose you are right about *Ecce Puer*. One English reviewer (probably a Scotch bard after office hours) described it as 'some insignificant verses about Father Christmas'.

Did I give you a little edition of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, signed by me? I mean, when we met in the Euston Hotel? If I did so, will you give me in exchange a signed copy of *Pebbles from a Brook*? I was trying to have this translated into Italian when the European war broke out. I should greatly appreciate it.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

17 July 1933

St Gotthard Hotel, Zurich

Dear Budgen: Am back here in the city of S.S. Felix and Regula (=Prosperity and Order). They were martyred on the rivershore opposite the Helmhaus. What Taylor says is right *re* K. You should see K: he is a numero. Allude to the Baroness (?) S.L.<sup>1</sup> as the Lady of the Lake (she was also Lord of the Isles). She gave me a whole trunk full of stuff which I used largely in *Circe*. By the way I don't think you give the reader any idea of the awful stupidity and clumsiness of that English paper. The print, the illustrations etc all so dreadfully *suet pudding*. However, I got some of the absurdest things in *Circe* out of it.

Several weeks ago I sent 50 francs to Bâle for pamphlets about the Alt-Katholische Kirche to be sent to you in London and also 50 francs to London for a copy of *Music and Letters* with Count Carducci's article

<sup>1</sup> 'Lady St Leger,' who owned two islands in the Lago Maggiore. 'She talked English fluently,' Mr Budgen informs me, 'but I thought with a Mittel Europa accent.'

to be sent to you. If you have not got them I have spent 100 francs for nothing, so send off a line express to Léon, 25 rue Casimir-Perier, Paris, VII. . . .

I can't read your P.S.

I worked out still another book touching *Nausikaa*. But in this respect so far as you are concerned I have always been a joyce crying in the wilderness.

Louis Gillet has written a fine preface to Lucia's alphabet for Chaucer. He wants a chair in *Me* to be founded at Geneva where he can be my commentator. If you reflect that his father-in-law is René Doumic, perpetual secretary of the French Academy, director of the most aristocratic-catholic-reactionary review in France, and a man who has the disposal of milliards not millions you will understand why people in Paris gasp at the hold I seem to have got there.

As the time is short let me know on a sheet of foolscap what other things you need.

Fleiner<sup>1</sup> as he is now rector you ought to work him in.

Swiss wine is going to be taxed 25%!!!

Let me hear by return.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

10 September 1933

[Paris]

Dear Budgen: I enclose £1 for the frame. Karsten's part was Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida* which even Phelps did not give at his famous Sadler's Wells season. A wonderful creation—a parallel part to Cyclops 'I'.

Proofs came, Léon away on holidays. Gilbert with a broken arm, I recovering from breakdown No 4 this year. Trotzdem, S.G. and I have gone through 20 of the galleys but you must arrange to stop here 24 or 36 hours on your way to Ascona. My wife asks me to say that we will be glad to put you up and that it is no bother at all. Apart from corrections I am making a short list of things you ought to put in notes. It reads very well. You will certainly make a great hit with it and get more orders for essays or pictures just as you like. You ought to arrange a show. By the way, hang on to your MS.

Please bring with you or send me Lefanu's book. I want to see something in it. My own copy is in the garde-meuble.

I cannot see anything on p. 47 about the tenor voice. By the way, would anyone lend you a dress suit and shirt? S.<sup>2</sup> is not singing this

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Fritz Fleiner of Zurich University, distinguished authority on international law.

<sup>2</sup> John Sullivan.

To Frank Budgen

SEPTEMBER 1933

week but I should like you to hear him sing Eleazar (the old Jew) in *La Juive* next week. I suppose it is impossible.

Let me know by return about your arrival here. I see S.G. again today and we will get on.

Don't worry about bothering me. That's all right.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

20 December 1933

42 rue Galilée, Paris

Dear Curran: I hope the case of wine I have sent you from Avignon—a dozen of Clos S. Patrice, 1920, rouge—will arrive safely. I told Antoine Estabiet who owns the Clos to prepay the duty. The lees are shaken up in the voyage and the wine should stand about 3 weeks in a tempered room.

I never drink it myself as I dislike red wine but it is really 'wine from the royal pope'.<sup>1</sup> The vineyard is at Châteauneuf du Pape, the oldest in that part of France, and Estabiet who inherited it says that before the sojourn of the popes at Avignon the wine of the country was known as *vin de S. Patrice*. I never met a fellow-islander who had heard of it but I mentioned it to Count O'Kelly, the I.F.S.<sup>2</sup> envoy here, and to Dulanty<sup>3</sup> in London and they said they would get it for dinners etc. There is another S. Patrice below Tours but it is only a *vin de pichet*.

I hope your operation this year was a slight affair as your daughter said, and above all that it was successful.

I would have written to you long ago but I have had two exceptionally trying years also on account of the U.S. suit which, after a 13 years' struggle, I have won. I shall send you the N.Y. edition which gives the judge's ruling almost in full. Thus one half of the English speaking world surrenders. The other half will follow. . . .

<sup>1</sup> From J. C. Mangan's 'My Dark Rosaleen.'

*There's wine from the Royal Pope  
Upon the ocean green;  
And Spanish ale should give you hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!*

<sup>2</sup> Irish Free State.

<sup>3</sup> John Dulanty, Irish High Commissioner in London.

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# 1934

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TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

24 April 1934

42 rue Galilée, Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: We did 2500 kilometres in the Bailly car<sup>1</sup> but I had to conceal from my wife the facts about Borach<sup>2</sup> as we had to pass over the place where he was killed a few days before. I told her in Zurich and then had difficulty in keeping her there as she found the place haunted by him. Every place we used to go [to] he seemed to be there. The old parents are pitiable. The mother found a bundle of photographs of me locked away by him, taken at all ages from two on. I often made the poor fellow laugh, thank goodness, by pretending to be a little bit more sceptical, commonplace and uneducated than I really am. He was a very good son and with him in the car in one of his pockets he had a prayerbook with a bookmark at the page 'Prayer for Parents'. Alas. I became annoyed with him because he did not buy Lucia's book. I suspect his mother put him off it. My wife says she never saw or heard of such motherly love. The strange thing is that his attitude to life, food, drink, flowers, animals, exercise, seemed to me often more catholic and sane than that of heathen people. I suspect he knew not too much about *Ulysses* and far less about *W.I.P.* He just took them on the principle of my country right or wrong—as good a principle as the next in most cases. Lucia disliked the madonna-and-child effect produced by this couple. In twenty years I never found out what his business was (roads in Peru, somebody said) and the old mother when out at tea with my wife used to bring her own broken biscuits in her pocket or rather her handbag. Gesumaria!

Anyway it was he too who urged me always to see Vogt. I saw him many times this visit. R. eye, lens much calcified, at least two operations necessary. Uncertain of result. If successful, as it ought to be, I see quite well as eye only once operated. L. eye, continued improvement of vision, could hasten by operation but prefer to wait. Gave me a new glass to see a trifle better. Come back end September.

<sup>1</sup> On the way to Zurich, via Neuchâtel; Bailly is R. Bailly, French industrialist; he and his wife were friends of the Joyces.

<sup>2</sup> An old Zurich friend.



To Harriet Shaw Weaver

APRIL 1934

I enclose a prospectus of a new fragment which should be out in a fortnight now. Also a thing I wrote in the train partly returning from Zürich. My son and his family sail for U.S. on 19 prox. My wife is very wound up about it as she fears they may stay over there if the \$ falls to 12½ fr as is predicted here. By the way, my daughter-in-law had Cerf (Random House) to lunch on Saturday—he was here for half a day en route for half the world. Up to April 15 33,000 copies<sup>1</sup> had been sold. He says the Irish catholic and puritan prohibitionists are furious. Hence the pressure on the U.S. govt at the eleventh hour to enter an appeal. Now the fat is in the fire again. . . .

TO ROBERT MCALMON

6 May 1934

42 rue Galilée, Paris XVI

Dear McAlmon: Yes, we are still at this address. I got back from Zurich ten days ago and luckily operation no 11 (world's amateur championship) has been staved off till the autumn. I did not receive a copy of the drawing from Hiler but unless it is much heavier in line I shall make nothing of it. I cannot see at all the lines of the sanguine John<sup>2</sup> did of me. My sight is very embarrassing for nobody, for instance, looking at the handwriting of this letter will believe that I do not see like others. It is useless to explain. One must have gone through the hoop oneself.

Probably you did not recognise Budgen because he is now cleanshaven but it surprises me that his painter's eye did not recognise you. You should be on your guard about agents. They are very unsatisfactory except for the handling of commercial 'copy'.

I am glad you like London. I suppose it is better but D.O.R.A.<sup>3</sup> is still to the fore. And she is a B.O.R.E.

TO LUCIA JOYCE

1 June 1934

[In Italian]

42 rue Galilée, Paris

Dear Lucia: Thanks for the tie. It is very pretty. One part of it is a little too thick for the collar I wear but I will get it changed at the *tricoteuse*. Today at last I have been able to send off the book. Slow but sure. All's well that ends well. I will try to arrange for the publication of the alphabet.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of *Ulysses*.

<sup>2</sup> Augustus John.

<sup>3</sup> Defence of the Realm Act.

<sup>4</sup> The special edition of Chaucer's ABC, with initial letters illuminated by Lucia Joyce.

*To Lucia Joyce*

JUNE 1934

summer! The heat clouds my spectacles and I see with difficulty what I write!) But you could hire a machine. At Geneva certainly you would find one.

Something is always lacking in my royal palace. Today is the turn of ink. I send you the programme of the Indian dancer Uday Shankar. If he ever performs at Geneva don't miss going there. He leaves the best of the Russians far behind. I have never seen anything like it. He moves on the stage floor like a semi-divine being. Altogether, believe me, there are still some beautiful things in this poor old world.

I am glad that you are on good terms with that Dutch doctor but does it not seem to you that it would be rude on my part to write to him when I am in correspondence with doctors Forel and Humbert? But if he writes to me first then I could reply to him. (Saint Francis de Sales, protector of writers, pour a little ink into this inkstand!)

Mamma is chattering on the telephone with the lady above who dances the one-step so well and fished my note of a thousand lire out of the lift. The subject of the conversation between them is the lady on the fifth floor who breeds dogs. These 'friends of man' hinder the lady on the fourth floor from meditating like the Buddha. Now they have finished with dogs and are speaking of me.

I see great progress in your last letter but at the same time there is a sad note which we do not like. Why do you always sit at the window? No doubt it makes a pretty picture but a girl walking in the fields also makes a pretty picture.

Write to us oftener. And let's forget money troubles and black thoughts. Ti abbraccio, Father.

TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

1 July 1934

42 rue Galilée, Paris

Dear Giorgio and Helen: Eppur *non* si muove, as he whom this street is called after might have said but didn't. The flat in the Monceau part fell through. The fool of a landlord was out of town and, though I had an oral agreement with the agent, the latter would not let me sign on. Worse luck for him for in the intervening 10 days Nora-Mamma and Mrs Jolas came to the conclusion it was not such a good bargain. Too big, noisy part, not enough light. So I called it off. And now the hunt begins anew.

Young Mr Exton arrived in Paris at 7 a.m. yesterday (30 June). He rang me up and said he had decided to leave in 24 hours. He was lunching with your friend so I asked him to tea. He gave me news of

you both, told me he had written a book under my influence at 17 called *A Spirit in Search of Itself*. He was very sunburnt. I took a taxi and for 2 hours drove him all over Paris or a good part of it and the Bois where they were preparing for the floodlit race by night at Longchamp—a wonderful scene it seems. When we got back the chauffeur asked me if I was a guide of the Maison Cook. . . .

We dine in Fouquet's very frequently, in fact almost always. It has become a chic prize-ring. The other night an advanced lady slapped a perfect gentleman's face on account of another perfect lady's being with him. The well bred diners jumped up on benches and chairs. And the row went on. I refused to have any attention distracted from the business in hand, to wit, a carafe of champagne nature but I could hear a great deal. Again a few nights ago there was a sudden scuffle, blows, fall of plates, shrieks of women etc. Léon was with us. My wife became a little alarmed but I did as before and she is getting used to it. Some people are so-playful.

Also at Fouquet's coming out on last Thursday, a man came up to me. He was Denis MacSwiney (Helen, pronounce this to rhyme with 'queeny' and also Móran not Moràn and Máhony not Mahòny). He asked me to dinner and then I asked him. He was well posted about Giorgio's arrival in N.Y. and about the appeal against me which he thinks the government will lose by a 2 to 1 ruling. He cannot work directly for Giorgio as he is under contract to work only for MacCormack but he asked for Giorgio's address and will call him up in September. He says he will hear him and that MacCormack should too. We got the impression that a retirement of the latter may be contemplated and that he is on the lookout. He made on me the impression of being an uncommonly shrewd Irish country type but capable of a steady loyalty in the case of someone whom he had taken to. He has managed J.M. very well for 25 years and both have made money but apart from that it is easy and refreshing to note that he has a real devotion to his idol.

Be jabbers, children, 'tis very hot this first of Caesar's month! . . .

I am sorry to note that as a result of the sea voyage Giorgio is over a half-foot shorter than when he left since the reporter found him to be of medium height. But shure please the Lord he'll be shootin' up again on the way back and be his owld six foot wan be the time yiz are landed in the French metrollops.

TO LOUIS GILLET

28 Juillet 1934

*Grand Hôtel Britannique, Spa*

Cher Monsieur Gillet: Je vous dois pas une mais plusieurs lettres. D'abord, j'espère que les nouvelles de votre gendre sont maintenant un peu meilleures. Quant à ma fille cela traîne toujours, mais il semble quand même qu'elle va un peu mieux. J'avais tant voulu lui donner la satisfaction de voir son alphabet publié avec le texte de Chaucer et votre préface. J'avais tout arrangé, comme je croyais, il fallait tout simplement livrer les lettrines en Juillet afin de ne pas perdre le marché de Noël. Et voilà que ces idiots d'éditeurs anglais ont perdu les lettrines! Lisez la lettre dont je vous envoie une copie. Que faire? Depuis quatre ou six mois ils me débitent des excuses de mie de pain. Et voilà le beau résultat.

A part ça et votre absence dans le hitlerland (à propos Souppault [*sic*] en était expulsé) et nos diners de Tantalus chez Fouquet et l'état nerveux de ma femme et nos grands soucis, j'étais très occupé parce que . . . parce que nous avons malgré les croassements de tous les prophètes de mal, loué un appartement vide. Donc, mon adresse à Paris, à partir du 1er ou 15 Septembre, sera: 7, rue Edmond Valentin, VII<sup>e</sup> (Tel. Invalides 50.38). Cette rue est le deuxième échelon (en partant du fleuve) entre les avenues Rapp et Bosquet. J'en suis actuellement le locataire, mais les ouvriers travaillent, peintres, électriciens etc. actuellement aussi. Ils en auront pour un bon mois, je crois.

A propos de peinture avez-vous vu le portrait de moi que J. E. Blanche a exposé dernièrement. Je l'ai vu chez l'emballleur la veille de nos départs de Paris et la veille de son départ aussi, avec son créateur, pour le nouveau monde. Hum!

Si j'avais des moutons blancs je les rangerais. Quel dommage parce que c'est un très joli site ici. Vous les connaissez sans doute. Mais où sont les bobelins d'antan? Les promenades sont incomparables. L'air tamisé par les hêtres et les bouleaux, pur et embaumé. Et puis Shakespeare et ses pucks ne sont pas loin. C'est la forêt d'Arden. Et quel bon vin que j'ai bu à Liège! Ma femme fait la cure de l'eau et des bains ici. La langue que parlent ces wallons me plaît beaucoup plus que la langue que parlent la plupart des régions provinciales de France. Elle me semble correcte, ample, nerveuse et clairement prononcée. (Commentaire de M. Gillet en monologue intérieur: Tiens! Gros Jean qui veut en remonter à son curé!) Il y a aussi un hôtel d'Irlande ici. Il a un air je ne sais quoi et sur la fenêtre du salon on lit: Man spreeket hollandjch. C'est le seul hôtel de Spa qui n'étaie pas son menu. Ah non, par

exemple! On n'offre pas ça au regard du ciel. Il n'est pas même imprimé. On le murmure aux oreilles du pensionnaire crispé d'horreur.

Nous comptons visiter la ville de Luxembourg et puis Metz et Nancy. Quel nom mignon! j'espère qu'il y a un joli fleuve là: la Nancy Livia.

Je vous souhaite de bonnes vacances. Où êtes-vous? A Chablis je suppose. Après Août vient Septembre. C'est très bien. Cela me plaît beaucoup. Vive Septembre! Et un ban pour Octobre, Novembre et Décembre!

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

29 July 1934

Grand Hôtel Britannique, Spa

Dear Curran: In the hurry of leaving Paris I locked up your daughter's letter so that I cannot reply to it. She said you might be passing through Paris. I am writing to excuse myself to her and also to you and also to tell you that I have taken a new flat there: 7 rue Edmond Valentin, VII<sup>e</sup> tel: Invalides 50.38. Please let me know about what date you may be in Paris as I should very much like to meet you. I have to thank your daughter also for sending me some shamrock last March and you for the present of your essay on S. Laurence O'Toole and the two plays by Denis Johnstone.<sup>1</sup> I was puzzled some time ago when I saw in the *Irish Times* a notice of one of these *The Old Lady Says No* for the name of the writer was changed. In return I should like to send you a copy of the *édition de luxe* of a fourth fragment from my book which came out in Holland. It has a cover design by my daughter and also an initial and a tail piece by her and is signed. Shall I have it sent to your Dublin address or c/o one of my Paris publishers or, if they be out of town, c/o my lawyer M. Paul Léon?

My wife is making a cure here and we may go for a week or so to Luxembourg. You probably know this picturesque and old-fashioned Spa, mother of so many juvenile daughters. Unfortunately, we are in the midst of a rain wave.

I am glad you got over your operation though I could not make out what it was for. My son Giorgio and his family are spending the summer at Long Beach, near New York. My daughter Lucia as you probably know, had some kind of a nervous breakdown but she is well on the road to recovery, I think. She also did an exquisite series of illuminated alphabet letters for Chaucer's A.B.C., and Louis Gillet wrote a preface for it. I made arrangements through the Albatross Press manager for

<sup>1</sup> The first performance of *The Old Lady Says No* by Denis Johnston (not 'Johnstone') took place on 3 July 1929 at the Dublin Gate Theatre.

To Constantine P. Curran

JULY 1934

this to be brought out by Burns and Oates. They were so slow that I accepted an offer from the *Servire Press* of The Hague.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 September 1934

Carlton Elite Hotel, Zurich

Dear Miss Weaver: Have any notices of Lucia's designs appeared in the press? Messrs Feebler and Fumbler didn't send out any press copies as they sold the whole edition out at once and didn't want to be bothered with more requests. But I made the Dutch publisher send them out a few weeks ago all the same. It took me 9 months to get back the others. But they cannot be out by Xmas. Your doleful comment on my announcement of the English edition of *Ulysses* is comprehensible but apart from the printers Messrs Lane now say they have had to consult so many lawyers, solicitors, bailiffs, R.C's, J.P's etc they feel very strongly I should not ask for the royalty stipulated in the contract. Pinker feels that he feels the same way as they do. And my suggestion that a verbatim reprint of the two U.S. legal decisions in my favour (i.e. 3 judges for, 1 against) should be printed in the English edition is discountenanced by M.S. & Co who cannot see any point in the suggestion as of course it would not have the tiniest weeniast particle of influence on the superb type of British Solon who never never will be etc. etc.

Thanks for the book calling my attention to the excellence of the juice of the grape. The best seller who wrote it<sup>1</sup> never had a more ardent disciple than I. But alas not even scraped carrots can solve the dreadful problem which for years has involved me and now confronts me under a bewildering aspect. . . . I brought Lucia here to be seen by Prof. Naeggeli the best blood specialist in all Europe, they say. Perhaps he can cure her physically. She is not at all anaemic. . . . The poor child is just a poor girl who tried to do too much, to understand too much. Her dependence on me is now absolute and all the affection she repressed for years pours itself out on both of us. Minerva direct me. . . .

FROM PAUL LÉON TO RALPH PINKER

25 September 1934

27, rue Casimir-Périer (VII<sup>e</sup>)

Dear Mr Pinker: I have been so busy since my return that it is only to-day that I am able to answer the letter from your office dated September the 19-th.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Weaver notes: 'He recommended grapes for anaemia which I gathered that Lucia had at the time.'

I am pleased that it was a misunderstanding due I think to the wording of Messrs Lane's letter. When I wrote to you I had also on view an increased royalty for the limited edition their reply seemed to me to suggest not any royalty at all.

However as things stand now I will agree to the royalty according to the contract i.e. 15% for the limited edition too. But I think we can insist on the extra payment for the signatures. You will understand that it is no easy job for Mr Joyce to sign anything and this extra work should be remunerated. The price I quoted 7/6 is not extraordinary and it makes barely £50.— additionally. I hope you will obtain them.

I do not want to boast but confidentially I think I will be able to obtain an appreciation of ULYSSES by the greatest living legal authority in England, an authority with which every British judge will have to count. This will be done as favour for a friend of mine but it will be understood that it will be possible to use it as evidence. If I do get it I will be very pleased. But do not say anything yet to Messrs Lane, as I am not certain yet.

Finally there is another point. From my calculation I dare say that Random House owes us a few hundred dollars which were due 60 days after the 1-st of June. Could you very delicately point the matter out to them? But please be very delicate about it and if possible take the blame—if any—upon yourself. They have been exceedingly nice about the royalty and at my request sent 8.000 in advance a few weeks ago, so I would not like to press them. But if you could mention that going through your books you found the accounts not settled for the end of June, it would seem natural and would not involve either Mr Joyce or myself. The amount due on the sales of 33.200 (which was the figure you mentioned as far as I remember) should be almost 900\$<sup>1</sup> minus whatever expenses there may have been (cable—copies).

Acting on your advice a Mr Vernon Barker (Tower House, Devonshire Place, Eastbourne) has applied for permission to publish for Hungarian circulation in an Anthology *Araby* from *Dubliners*. I think he should apply to the Albatross who have the continental rights. There will not be any difficulty on the part of Mr Joyce. Sincerely yours, Paul Léon.

<sup>1</sup> Thus in original. Perhaps \$9000 was intended, but there seems to have been some confusion here.

TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

16 October 1934

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zurich*

Dear Giorgio and Helen: Thanks for your wire on the 8th. We and Jolas drove to Rapperswil for tea and then round the lake. At night I gave a dinner in the Kronenhalle to the Gideons [*sic*] and Mr and Mrs Rosenbaum. He is a Russo-Swiss lawyer. A 30-year wedding should be called a 'findrinny' one. Findrinny is a kind of white gold mixed with silver. . . .

I was so overjoyed to see that you are now at last doing things on the cheap and having glueplate<sup>1</sup> lunches. After years my teachings and preachings have borne fruit. But the good work is only begun. I am sending you something even better. It is a small cube of Maggi's Allerleigemüslisuppe. You take off the wrapper and let the square-inch cube drop into a ten gallon copper washing pot filled with inexpensive water. Leave it to boil gently for an hour asking the local policeman to have an eye to it and to stir it every five minutes with his truncheon. Then take off your boots and stockings and put some soot over your face and go out carrying a large sack. Then go round to the back door of the convent of S. Vincent de Paul and pull the bell which is marked *Paupers*. When the lay brother opens the door tell him about the Maggi suppe. Address him as Monsignor and he will be so flattered that in half a minute he will be gone and back again with an armful of bits of hard crusty bread left over by the community. Thank him, calling him Your Holiness. Take this bread home and after having washed and scrubbed it well hammer the pieces and drop them into the pot of now roaring soup. Do not forget to thank the policeman and allow him to dip his truncheon in the soup and lick it. Remember to call him Policeman Esquire not Mr Policeman as people who have not been to a University sometimes do. Then wash and dry yourselves and allow the soup to cool. Then take a bowl of it and two spoons and eat it and the bread very slowly, saying: Every little bimbo has a big babbo<sup>2</sup> but no little bimbo has such a good big babbo as our good big babbo. Eat a bowl a day and the potful ought to last till the middle of next month. If you leave before then send out cards to your friends and let them have a spoonful each.

I hope you like N.Y.

My very good handshakings to the three of you and my kind regards to the hospitable host and family.

<sup>1</sup> The word used by Giorgio was probably 'blueplate lunches' and Joyce changes it to 'glueplate'. 'Blueplate' would suggest 'special'.

<sup>2</sup> Colloquial Italian for 'papa' and the name by which Joyce's son and daughter called him and with which he always signed himself in letters to them.



To B. W. HUEBSCH

20 October 1934

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris VII

Dear Huebsch: Many thanks for your prompt reply to my request. I received the two reviews safely. Would it be too much trouble to ask you to send me also 1 copy each of the issues December 1929 and January 1930? I enclose 2\$ which is rather short payment, I am afraid.

The article<sup>1</sup> in the review you sent is a very interesting one, full of misstatements (beginning with the mention of an imaginary birthplace of mine) but its chief interest lies in the fact that the writer by his own account was hidden for several months from the British military police by my cousins in Dublin and afterwards wrote to me requesting a signed copy of *Ulysses* which was sent to him and for which he wrote me a letter of thanks. Later, hearing that I had been in correspondence with the late Otto Kahn over my friend Sullivan the Franco-Irish tenor for whom I was trying to secure a *cachet* at the Metropolitan the writer of the articles wrote to me saying he would like very much to see Otto Kahn's letter. I sent it to him and he returned it saying that it had been a great sensation for him to have it in his hand as he had never thought he would have been privileged to see a letter by Otto Kahn. He then wrote to me asking me to chaperon his wife and his mother-in-law round Paris. *En somme, tout ce qu'il y a de plus irlandais.*

With all good wishes and I hope you like my daughter's book.

To HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

21 October 1934

Carlton Elite Hotel  
Bahnhofstrasse, Zürich

Dear Miss Weaver: On receipt of the news from London I told Léon to break off my contracts with Pinker and Lane as I really could not stand one of those interminable correspondences. What he wrote I don't know but now after some more weeks consultations of process-servers and policewomen Messrs. L. write saying that they will print and publish at once and that nothing on earth will prevent them from publishing what 12 years ago nothing on earth would have induced them to publish.

I trust that the slow but steady advance of our depleted forces in this sector meets with Your Highness's approval.

Léon managed to get leave from the French to come here for 3 days . . . here is a letter from Lucia. . . The little hotel<sup>2</sup> she speaks of

<sup>1</sup> The article (by Michael Lennon, in the *Catholic World*) was very hostile

<sup>2</sup> The Gasthof Hoffnung, Zürich.

in the P.S. is the place where we passed our honeymoon. . . . It seems to me that the attempts made by more than one person to poison her mind against me have failed and that I am in such a position that whether I go or stay I shall be blamed as the culprit. Maybe I am an idiot but I attach the greatest importance to what Lucia says when she is talking about herself. Her intuitions are amazing. The people who have warped her kind and gentle nature are themselves failures and if they smile at her remarks as those of a spoilt bourgeoisie child it is because they are stupid failures into the bargain. My wife and I have seen hundreds of examples of her clairvoyance. Of course I don't mean the juggling variety. But today we had a more than usually striking example. Some weeks ago she asked me to write to my sister Eileen, the one you met in London. I said I would write to my sister Eva to find out. A reply came from the latter dissuading Lucia from the plan of having her aunt Eileen come over here to stay with her. Dr Brunner (in whose sanatorium she is) came here to lunch. I met him after for coffee, told him of the reply and said I thought it would be well to show it to Lucia who even talked of going to Dublin, as it was shown by the reply that her aunt Eileen was not any more in Dublin but (to my great surprise) living at a rather bleak and cheap place on the Wicklow coast, called Bray (pleasant enough in summer) and that the general atmosphere of her family was not suitable. I said I believed the letter would make Lucia less [? discontented] where she was. He agreed. I handed him the letter which I had in my pocket.

A week passed.

Now here is a bit of our conversation with Lucia last Friday. (She had asked me if Eva had replied at our last visit and I said yes and that I had given the letter to Dr Brunner who would give it to her.)

Lucia, turning to me abruptly: So it was all an invention of yours about Eva's letter?

I: No. I always tell you the truth. Did Dr Brunner not give you the letter?

Lucia: No.

I: He forgot it then. I'll ring him up.

Lucia: He is a bit *gaga* like all his psychiatries. Eileen is a bit loony. So am I, they say. I think it would do me good to be with her, keeping house. Not necessarily in Dublin. In Bray, say. It must be very pretty in Bray.

I: Yes. In summer.

After the visit and we had come back to Zurich.

My wife: Lucia must be either lying to us. Dr B. must have given her the letter. Or she does not know what she is saying. How else could she know Eileen is in Bray? Nobody ever spoke to Lucia of Bray. She can scarcely have known that such a place exists.

I: I wonder is it possible she divined it without having seen the letter. B. can hardly be so forgetful as not have thought of it in ten days, however.

This morning on the Telephone.

I: Will you please send me back the letter from my sister I gave you if my daughter has already seen it as I want it myself to reply to?

Dr B.: You didn't give me any letter from your sister. You gave me a copy of prof. Naeggeli's opinion which I did not show her as it would upset her.

I: So she hasn't seen the letter.

Dr B.: Not from me unless you showed it to her or left it here by mistake.

Do you know where it is?

I: No. I thought you had it.

Dr B.: Probably it is in your pocketbook from where you took N's opinion unless you left it out here and she saw it.

I searched my pocket book. No trace of the letter but an hour ago after a long search found it under a pile of correspondence in a drawer in this room in the hotel. . . .

Excuse scrawl. Am writing with a fountain pen, lying on a bed.

*We don't want to write  
But, by Jingo, when we do.*

TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

30 October 1934

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich*

Dear Giorgio and Helen: Thanks for the long letter. We are glad you are enjoying yourselves and seeing so many people. If it is too trying on the nerves what about a game of billiards? Can anything be more tranquil than the village green with two white ducks and a red turkey-cock strutting about? What fun when they butt each other or one falls into one of the little corner ponds and has to be fished out! Antony and

*To Giorgio and Helen Joyce*

OCTOBER 1934

Cleopatra used to play this game according to W. Shakespeare. Don't think I mean skittles. That is only the American form of European billiards.

I have no news to give because we never see anyone except the Giedions once or twice a week. So you had better send us news all the time. We had to buy winter clothing. I bought a cheap fur overcoat in which I look like the man that stands outside the booth of the bearded lady. We lunch in the vegetarian restaurant and usually dine at the Kronenhalle. Today we lunched in Cerutti's, and, shocked at my pigeon's appetite, the girl insisted on my eating a Blutwurst or a Leberwurst. This is about the most exciting thing which has happened to us for some time. . . .

TO GIORGIO AND HELEN JOYCE

28 November 1934

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich*

Dear Oigroig and Neleh: Since everything's upside down I address you thusly. I have just spoken with Mrs E. Jolas of Neuilly s/ Seine who tells me she had such a nice long letter from you and that you have decided that she is to have the privilege of removing all the articles of furniture from the premises occupied by you in borough number given of the city of Paris. She was almost frantic with delight as she babbled over the telephone, breaking into snatches of gipsy music, yodelling, clacking her heels like Argentina and cracking her fingers. It is a perfect godsend for her. Poor Mrs E. Jolas. For months and months she has been going around asking everybody to give her some sort of light work such as snuffing candles or putting salt in the saltcellars, anything. But no one could help her. So she used to lie listlessly in a hammock all day and had begun to think there was no hope left. Now your wonderful letter has arrived and it has made her the happiest woman in all France today. She said to me 'Dearest J. Joyce, won't you give this little girl a great big hand?' and I replied 'Sure thing!'. You know I come of a most musical family and there is nothing I enjoy so much as running up and down six flights of stairs with a cottage piano on my shoulders. The Paris-Orleans line has run an extension up to your door and is placing 2 powerful locomotives and fourteen trucks at your disposal. Mrs E. J and myself will be as gleeful as two spoiled children. She will wear a white pinafore and a big blue sash and I cricket flannels. Have we cold feet about removals? No, sir! Do we put service before self as all good and true rotarians should? You have said it. So we're off at once.

its master of jipony music!  
yodelling, chuckling her back like  
Apehica and cracking the  
kisses. It is a perfect joyous  
for her, poor little E. Jodan. In  
months and months she has  
been going around asking  
everybody to give her some sort of  
light word book or something  
cuddles or something like in the  
patronage, anything. But no.  
one only helps her. So she  
wages to be disappointed in a  
hammock all day and has  
begun to think there was no  
hope left. Now you wonder  
like her, arrived and it has  
made her the happiest  
woman in all France today.  
She said to me "Dance P. Jodan,  
won't you give things like a girl  
a great big hand?" And I  
replied "Just the thing!" You

CARLTON ELITE HOTEL  
ZURICH  
TELEPHONE 36,636

28.1.1936

Dear Jipony and Tedeh.  
Since everything is up and  
down I address you directly.  
I have just spoken with the  
E. Jodan of Zurich & he is  
who tells me she has such a  
nice long letter from you.  
and that you have arrived.  
But she is to have the privilege  
of removing all the articles of  
furniture from the premises  
occupied by you in Borony &  
another corner of the city of  
Paris. She was almost frantic  
with delight in the battles  
over the telephone, breaking

JAMES JOYCE'S HANDWRITING, 1934

Reduced facsimile of letter to Giorgio and Helen Joyce printed on pages 352 and 353

Now I come from a most musical family  
and there is nothing I enjoy so much  
as running up and down six flights of  
stairs with a cottage piano on my  
shoulders. The Paris-Bordeaux line has  
run an extension up to your door and is  
placing 2 prompt locomotives and  
fourteen trucks at your disposal. Mrs  
E. & myself will be in sleep as  
two spirited children. She will wear  
a white pinup and a big blue sack  
and I cricket flannels. Have we cold  
feet about removals? No, sir! so we  
put justice before self as all good and  
true rotarians should? You have said it.  
So we're off at once

Goodbye, Zurich. I must leave you  
though it breaks my heart to think  
that then apart.

Something tells me I am needed  
in Paris & bump the best.  
Bump! I hear the trucks a rumbling  
and I'm punkie for the fray.  
Farewell, adieu for adieu!  
Goodbye, Zurich, ee!

Adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu  
cinema!

offat  
(area uni)

*Goodbye, Zürich, I must leave you  
Though it breaks my head to [illegible]  
Something tells me I am needed  
In Paree to hump the beds.  
Bump! I hear the trunks a tumbling  
And I'm frantic for the fray.  
Farewell, dolce far niente!  
Goodbye, Zürichsee! <sup>1</sup>*

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

17 December 1934

Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich

Dear Miss Weaver: First, a report to G.H.Q. All is quiet on the Western Front. In spite of the pressure of the puritan and Irish Catholic mob in the U.S. the Attorney General would not risk a third legal defeat in the Supreme Court. I won by default and the matter is at an end. Next, please.

It took only 18 years to do this but I presume in spite of McAlmon that *hoc erat in vobis*. . . Lord knows what bungling is ahead. But O the boredom of once again fighting an opponent who never knows when he is beaten and always is. . . But it is of no matter, for (1st) one copy of *Ulysses*, much thumbed, is quite enough to go round the whole I.F.S. (2nd) I confidently expect to be ruined mentally, morally and materially by the 17 March next. S. Patrick's day.

I don't think you can have any idea of what my position is. I am trying to work . . . I am urged to go away but it is very risky. The idea is to efface myself, and also Jung or someone else to get contact with Lucia. I did for 7 months. . . Result, almost irreparable. Lucia has no trust in anyone except me and she thinks nobody else understands a word of what she says. But she also profits by my indulgent character. . .

How act in such a case. On the 25th October last we visited her or did I tell you this before? I will give it in dialogue. Of course it was in Italian.

L. I have been thinking all day of John MacCormack. It is unjust.

<sup>1</sup> Parody of a patriotic song, 'Dolly Gray', of the same vintage as 'The Absent-minded Beggar' referred to in *Ulysses*. The refrain ran:

*Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,  
Though it breaks my heart to go.  
Something tells me I am needed  
In the front to face the foe.  
Hark! I hear the bugles calling  
And I must no longer stay.  
Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,  
Good-bye, Dolly Gray.*

Why is he a count, a millionaire etc.? I thought of writing to the pope.

- I. Be careful of your grammar. He is a learned man.
- L. He's an old dotard. But it is unjust. How long will your country refuse to recognise what you have done.
- I. How long indeed?
- L. I want to reconcile you. It is time for some great person of your country to come forward and hold out a hand to you and to us.
- I. Hear, hear.

On the morning of the 26th at 7 a.m. the hotel page brought me the enclosed cable sent by MacCormack on the 25th. I know him for about 32 years and have never had a line or word from him before by mail, cable or phone. On the 27th appeared in the *Irish Times* a long and not unfriendly article on W.I.P. the first in 20 years I think. . . .

All the few friends we have here leave Zürich on the 21 or 22. We shall not have a soul to join us. Jolly after 30 years. And word comes from U.S. that Giorgio and Helen are not coming back perhaps till summer, perhaps till etc. And to crown all I have yesterday and today the start of a colitic attack. Yet what I am trying to write is the most absurdly comic thing in the book. Eliot is dusting pews in an Anglo-Catholic church round your corner. Ask him to have an A-C mish-mash mass said for the three Joyses.

I believe, hope and am cheered to know that you are extremely well.

TO GIORGIO AND HELEN JOYCE

28 December 1934

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich*

Dear Giorgio and Helen: I have been all the afternoon with Mr Hans Curiel, ex stage director Berlin Opera now Corse Theatre here, trying to get the songs on paper amid noise and rehearsals etc. I hope they are all right. Keep the discord F# A C E against the voice singing G natural in the *middle* of Yellow Ale only and end the last verse of this song with the major chord, singing E (I think, have no grand piano in this bedroom).

Lucia came in and had lunch with us in the hotel on Xmas Day. Of course we had turkey and ham and plum pudding and they drank some champagne which I sipped it being the daytime.<sup>1</sup> Everybody seemed to be struck by her græce and charm. She was all dressed up and powdered and perfumed. Then we went for a drive. On Boxing Day she came in again and we went into a music room in the hotel where she sang a

<sup>1</sup> Joyce made a point of never drinking wine before the evening meal.



great deal mostly all my Irish songs to my Liszt-like accompaniments. She has just sent us 2 presents for New Year, a plant of lilies for her mother and a bundle of virginia cigars for me. If you honour the diamond horseshoe with a visit please send me a programme. I hope you had a merry Xmas and that there is plenty of bicarbonate of soda in New York.

I shall try to get Curiel to put down 2 of my songs *Bid Adieu* and *Take, O Take them Lips Away* (words by Shakespeare). This latter is my own favourite.

The person who sings the Yellow Ale<sup>1</sup> must be a rather elderly or even old man for the 'no right man' at first thinks or pretends to think she is his daughter. The phrase 'no right man' in Anglo-Irish means 'eerie, inhuman'. The Irish fairies (Ir. *fean síde* = men of the hills, they are supposed to be an older race who were driven to live in the hills, inside the hills, by a later comer) are not small and playful like the English ones. They are often tall and dark and usually malignant. The feminine of fairy is *bean síde* = banshee. She is a sinister spirit who follows certain Irish families. My father said she followed his mother's family the O'Connells. She sits on a windowsill combing her hair at 3 a.m. whenever someone of the family is about to die. If the song meant what it says and what 9 out of 10 hearers will think it means (I don't think it) how can the singer know in verse 7 all about the funeral arrangements if he died in verse 6 line 1. The widow is as economical as a lady should be. I take 'they' in verse 6 to be the French 'on' and not [illegible] the Singer and the No-Right Man. I think the singer is a brun and his wife a blondine. Hence the brown and the yellow. And perhaps the whole trouble comes from mixing one's drinks. I think it is Mrs S. who speaks verse 4. And evidently the N.R. Man did not want her full pound of flesh or he had enough of her after 1½ hours.

<sup>1</sup> Some verses of this curious and fascinating folksong were sung by James Stephens in a talk on the BBC programme in the late 'forties. He said that Joyce had taught him this song, which he (Joyce) had learned from his father. In *Envoy* (Dublin) No. 12, November 1950 there was an interesting article by Mr Roger McHugh on the history of this song. It originally appeared in the 1901 Christmas Number of AE's paper, *The Irish Homestead*, under the title of *An Gruagach Uasal* (The Noble Enchanter), with a translation by Lady Gregory. *The Yellow Ale* was, to my mind, the most charming of the dozen or so songs Joyce sang to his friends on privileged occasions.

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# 1935

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TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE  
15 January 1935

*Carlton Elite Hotel, Zürich*

Dear Giorgio and Helen: Please reply as soon as possible to Lucia's letters forwarded yesterday by Dr Baynes. She left the sanatorium yesterday, we hope for good, and is living at Villa Elite (annexe of here) 25 Stockerstrasse, behind the Tonhalle with a nurse-companion. Be sure to do this, *please* and send her photographs and news.

Helen, please go out and buy Cassell's German-English, English-German Dictionary and sit down with Giorgio and study, first of all, the text of Gottfried Keller's poem sequence *Lebendig Begraben* which I forward under separate cover together with the piano score for bass voice by Othmar Schoeck, autographed by the composer. I heard this [?] sung last night by the Bernese bass Fritz Loeffel (the leading bass in this country), bought the score just now and have rung up Prof. Fehr to ask O.S. to sign it for Giorgio. He is a youngish Zurich composer of about 42, principal works are lieder and two big operas *Penthesilea* (book by Kleist) *Don Ranudo* (comic). If I can judge by last night he stands head and shoulders over Stravinsky and Antheil as composer for orchestra and voice anyhow. I did not know Keller wrote this kind of gruesome-satiric semi-pious verse but the effect of it on any audience is tremendous. The singer got 8 or 10 calls. No voice but a bass could carry the text and music. He spares the singer by implanting 2 or 3 stretches of monotone recitative. The whole thing, without a break, lasts 50 minutes. Schoeck is a type rather like Beckett who gets up at 2.30 p.m. his wife says. But I hope to catch him before he falls asleep again. But he can write music all right.

Don't forget to write to Lucia.

TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

5 February 1935

'La Résidence

41 Avenue Pierre 1er de Serbie

Paris

Dear Giorgio and Helen: Thanks for your birthday cable and all messages. Tired after our arrival we could not do as much as usual. At 3 p.m. Gilbert gave a lecture on me at the Sorbonne for the Brit. Institute, with the 2 discs. Nora, Lucia and Eileen were there and they say it went very well. I got cables from Hiler, Cohn, Prince Noridett, Prof Fleiner (rector Z'ch University) Gideons [*sic*], Miss Weaver, Bridges, Ruggieri. Neither Miss Beach nor Miss Monnier sent anything, though the former was at the lecture well to the fore. In the evening we all had dinner at Fouquet's with the Jolases, Gilberts and the Léons. I felt very lonely without you both but at least this time Lucia was there. Everyone found her much better. Don't worry about the blood anomaly in her case. Naeggeli says it will recede of itself. It is most unusual but neither dangerous nor symptomatic. Eileen is staying here for a few weeks and the two get on very well. Miss Weaver has invited Lucia to London and perhaps she may travel back with Eileen. She may also go for a holiday to Ireland in the Spring. The great danger is past anyway but the doctors had nothing to do with that. . . . They could make nothing of her case except to tell me it was terribly funny as McGreevy would say though Lord knows how I did it. I used to act in charade with Digges<sup>1</sup> in Dublin. The Skeffington [Mrs Skeffington], however, is wrong in alluding to me by my Christian name. The only person who ever addressed me so (of my companions or friends) was my poor friend George Clancy (Davin in the *Portrait*). This is carefully pointed out in the book. He was afterward Mayor of Limerick and was dragged out of bed by the Black and Tans in the night and shot in the presence of his wife.

Now about Giorgio. The Irish in America probably know much more about the hindquarters of a hunter than they do about the thorax of a singer. Have you no influential Irish musical friends, people anyway who know that Brahms is a composer and not a breakfast food. Sullivan said Giorgio should start out in bass roles in the French provinces and so get experience and get over his Lampenfieber. Also if he did break down no harm was done. Denis MacSwiney (I spent two whole evenings with him) . . . thought he [Sullivan] was right in this. He said that American audiences have no standard of their own and can only countersign European verdicts. Don't take this as advice. One has to be

<sup>1</sup> Dudley Digges, the actor.

guided by events. Any beginning is better than no beginning. The 'mike' is not the footlights, it is true, but it is an opening, in fact, a great opening. One good effect it must have, viz, Giorgio will have to attend to his *ways*. I am indeed sorry to hear that MacCormack's lovely voice has gone. But he will still be able to hold an audience by his diction. How Giorgio and I used to wrangle about this! By the way, what did you do for my birthday? It is a great shame I didn't get one tenth part of the attention and flattery this year to which I am entitled by act of parliament. A miserable meal at Fouquet's for a poor 1000 frs or so! No high kicking or choruses or cake and candles or people shaking my hand and saying 'We never saw you looking so handsome as you do tonight' while I sit in a corner on the floor with a bottle of Vouvray in each of my four pockets and two cigars in my mouth nodding at all the men and winking at all the women.

Well, Stevie,<sup>1</sup> I hope you'll have a merrier one on the 15th.

I met Gorman here today. . . . He *says* he will go to Ireland in autumn and start again on the book in September. He has a daughter 22 months old. We went to Ferrari's for lunch and who should walk in but my wife. I find it impossible to avoid that woman. She is everywhere.

Last night I took the harem to see *Man of Aran* where I yawned my head off with boredom. I am going to hear a Japanese bass on Thursday. I shall send Giorgio the bass aria from the 3rd act of Rimsky's *Kittege* which Zoporofetz sang so splendidly. As for *La Forza del Destino*! This opera used to make Italians cry with laughter but Herr Franz Werfel discovered it (and incidentally Giuseppe Verdi) and of course all the Deutschers clapped like anything. Then Covent Garden patted its polite mits. And so on. The *prima donna* who sang it in Trieste was called *La Valanga* (The Avalanche). Verdi wrote it for Russia, so you see, in fact Taubulik created the tenor part in S. Petersburg. An Italian bass is rare. I have heard only two or three. I am glad you saw some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. There never was such a collaboration, I suppose. But of course in the end they fell out. The music fits the words like a glove. Has Giorgio tried Schoeck's music?

The interview in *New Yorker* is the usual thing. They will get tired of me soon and move on to Giorgio himself.

<sup>1</sup> Stephen, Joyce's grandson.

TO LUCIA JOYCE

28 March 1935

[In Italian]

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Lucia: I have just received an express letter from which I understand (1) that Eileen<sup>1</sup> has returned to her work and therefore that it is unnecessary for me to send her her salary, (2) that you yourself are in need of money. I will send you some tomorrow. Today the bank is closed.

You are much mistaken if you fancy that there is a close tie between me and any member of my family, masculine, feminine or neuter. Since Eileen's arrival in Ireland I have had only a couple of lines from her and a communication which had neither beginning nor ending to which I have not replied in the manner she wished.

It is not possible to say exactly the hour and the day when Mrs Jolas will appear nor the hour and the day when Giorgio will deign to set foot on the quay of 'la douce France'. Ask me other riddles.

Instead of writing to Mamma the letter I suggested to you to write, you have written a letter which drove her half mad. Doubtless that was your intention.

If you are unhappy and if you want to go elsewhere I will try to arrange everything and to come to your rescue. Mamma's uncle offers to come to Dublin in order to take you to Galway. Afterwards you could perhaps go to the islands of Aran where the air is truly delightful and where there are so many stones to split that it is a real pleasure.

Today my eyes are not very well but it is simply the weather, I think.

Instead of reading sentences about combustible gas and funerals and many other beautiful things I should like to know how much money I should send you every week and to whom to pay it. . . .

Since you ask what I am writing I will send you *Transition* when it comes out. The devil knows what it means.

Enough, as you say yourself.

TO GIORGIO AND HELEN JOYCE

N.D. [?] March 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Helen: As you are probably not yet quite recovered from the shock of having received a letter from my wife, I shall be brief and spare you. This is to wish you many happy returns of your birthday. There is a difference of opinion between my wife and myself as to the date. She

<sup>1</sup> Joyce's sister, with whom Lucia was staying.

*To Giorgio and Helen Joyce*

MARCH 1935

thinks it is the 17 or 19, I that it is the 16. Perhaps like S. Patrick you have two of them:  $8+9=17$ . By the way I see that a cent per cent American with a 2000% Polish mama is to introduce a bill making 17 March a legal holiday over there. I do hope the poor Chinese will not be left out of the next procession. Every good chink should wear the shamrock for Sir Patlick. . . .

Apart from your own lucky existence depressing stories reach me of the state of the national purse. Stephens says Universities which used to pay him 600 and 700 \$ pay now only 15 \$. And Cerf sent over some royalties which were about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of what Léon had been led to reckon on and then there is a *bagatelle* of 40,000 frs owed to Lucia and myself for the *Mime*. . . .

Spring with all her chickens is upon us and before I go down to Léon I must put on a lighter vest. Budgen was here and my wife commissioned him to do a mural for her *salon* of London river (such, *mes enfants*, is the manner in which the able bodied seaman alludes to what me and you call the Thames). We also had a big teaparty here on Sunday and all your portraits were admired by everybody the whole time. . . .

TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

1 April 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear G and H: . . . Stephens was here yesterday with his wife. Like Souppault he gives a very sombre account of things in the U. S. Possibly because they didn't get merry enough. He has been lecturing too. 40 no less. And I suppose Messrs O'Flaherty and O'Malley are also lecturing to the good people over there who are doing their level best to improve themselves.

The other night coming out of Chez Francis my wife found a fine black cat which now is a tenant of the flat. I read your S. Patrick's Day letter to this graceful animal and you should have seen his prolonged smile. It does not greatly surprise me to hear that America causes Giorgio to vomit. But this is a passing phase. And in time you will get to love it. For the moment it is a mistake to expect too much from your curious circle of friends. Every attempt made up to the present to manufacture a silken purse out of a sow's ear has proved a failure. Good . . . who sees a great press story in the Irish son of an Irish father who hopes to sing Irish songs to Irish Americans is not to be blamed if he was not impressed by his voice of Stephen George and tried to mumble out some excuse about lack of music when interpellated by Stephen George's manageress the next day. Why should he be? If Stephen George came

from Italy or France or Germany or one of the Balkan states with a musical name it would be a voice of another colour. Also do not shed too many tears over the fiasco at Mrs Sullivan's. The audience or what was left of it probably thought Father O'Flynn was a fragment of Emporian music unfinished by the late Mr Gregory. But I am curious to know who of your musical friends taught Giorgio to sing this song. He certainly never heard it from me. The music is by Villiers Stanford. But I dislike it and the words, and most of all Father O'Flynn himself, the so called soggarth aroon (ῥαῖσαρτ=sacerdos=priest). But if Giorgio thinks there is no melody in Palmer's music and that my Swiss composer, as you call him, to wit Othmar Schoeck is not a first class composer it is perhaps because he forgot his musical sense in the rue Huysmans in the hurry of departure. . . .

I don't know what war you are writing about. There are so many roving about seeking what they may devour. If there is a European war again (which the Lord forbend) I suppose the U. S. will again come in on the last round with the usual 9½ soldiers, captained by Major Collins, and a tin of Heinz's canned beans. Just to settle up matters. . . .

You complain that my last letter was undated. To make up for this I hereby inform you that this is 1 April—All Fools' Day.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

7 April 1935

*7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris, 7<sup>e</sup>*

Dear Miss Weaver: I should have thanked you before for your kindness and hospitality towards my daughter. I do so now. I am glad to hear that you have returned to London refreshed after a visit. . . . It is kind of you to propose to go to Ireland after you have paid a sick call to Miss Marsden at Liverpool but unless you are interested in the beauty of Dublin Bay I think the trip useless. Please do not telephone to my cousin. Her opinion is not of the slightest importance to me. . . . Your letter expresses great sympathy for my sister. Possibly Lucia, not having been brought up as a slave and having neither Bolshevik nor Hitlerite tendencies, made a very bad impression on you and she certainly does not flatter. . . .

How it is all going to end I don't know. The news from America is also bad, though not of the same kind. Americans apparently can't even pay at present (they don't pay me anyway) so why dishonour oneself by going there.

You expressed great admiration some time ago for the brighteyed young Brit (I am imagining him), my English publisher, who aroused

nothing but sardonic suspicion in my lousy Celtic soul. Well he started printing *Ulysses* 5 months ago and does not appear to have made any headway. Doubtless the poor wretch is doing his best. . . . Today Léon read me over the telephone some article or other which he thinks should be used as propaganda by my publisher, the aforesaid blue-eyed clean-minded son of Albion. Putting my own experience of 30 years together with the fact that the richest and most powerful nation in the world was ignobly ejected from Shaunvekland a few years ago by a half dozen savages armed with crucifixes I remain of the opinion that the one and only argument is the boot.

My wife thanks you for having remembered her birthday. This was more than her daughter did. So I wrote her a letter of reproach. You can imagine it was terribly stern. Instead of running around from one scruff to another (of course I don't mean you) she should be in this house which was set up for her. But you can think in what a state my wife's nerves are after four years of it. And that is the problem, the whole problem and nothing but the problem. . . .

A few days ago I received a note from Miss Monnier asking me 'had I any objection'. I told them to go ahead. Honestly however I dislike the putting up for sale of the first MS of the *Portrait*, about 1000 pages.<sup>1</sup> And what rubbish it is! . . .

My wife talks of going to Ireland to see her mother who is 70 odd. I suppose it is only right. A boy's best friend is his mother and granny you gave me my mammy and that's the grandest thing a granny can do. The last time, however, she went there she left that blissful isle lying on the floor of a railway carriage with her two children (and mine) while the natives were firing at one another through the carriage windows. . . .

Paris is frightfully dear and has become, they say, the ugly duckling of the great capitals. Most of the foreign colony has fled. For the life of me I cannot see how I personally can hang on. Nevertheless it seems that I do.

I daresay this letter sounds rather distracted but for over a year I have been presiding over mothers' meetings (the fathers or husbands have never been there even to make a show) and I have reached a stage of exasperated exhaustion.

Perhaps I shall survive and perhaps the raving madness I write will survive and perhaps it is very funny. One thing is sure, however. *Je suis bien triste*.

<sup>1</sup> The first 518 pages of the MS cannot now be traced. The later pages—page 519 onwards—now in the possession of the Harvard Library, U.S.A., have been published posthumously under the original title of 'Stephen Hero' (New Directions, U.S.A. and Jonathan Cape, London, 1944). See description of this manuscript in *A Bibliography of James Joyce* by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon.



TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

27 April 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7<sup>e</sup>

Dear Helen: I sent off a short letter to Giorgio last night and these few lines are for you. I believe both letters are to go on a boat which takes a couple of weeks to waddle across the sea. But no fast boat is going before the 2 of May, it seems.

I am sorry you are having such a poor time over there. Also that your birthday was such a gloomy affair. Well, well! I am afraid my letters cause glee in the family circle. The letters that reach me from your side cause ghastly smiles to break out over my face. From the wording of your last it is not clear who is on crutches, your father or Giorgio. But I hope that by now they have been laid aside.

I am glad Lucia wrote to Giorgio. If she sent the letter via Hitlerland it was probably because she mislaid your address. Do you realise, dear daughter-in-law, how very difficult it is for a European to remember such an address as 1689 North West 866th Street, floor no 72, room 10,896? We do our poor old world best. But it is *awful* hard.

I am ordered to inform you of the following, though I feel as if I were putting my handsome Grecian head into a large beehive. The expenses for removal of your goods and chattels (don't hit me, please, O please put away that umbrella!) were paid by Mrs Eugene Jolas. So my wife thinks this matter should be cleared up soon.

Ai! Ai! Ai!

In my letter to Giorgio I mention that I had simply sent on F's opinion. Nobody knows anything about rheumatism except that young people are liable to get it. As for the splendour of American hospitals close your eyes for a moment and try to imagine what the Dublin one must be like after 12 sweepstakes. Can you see those golden staircases, the diamond studded doors, the bedspreads of solid African ivory, the curtains of silk from Samarcand? What a wonderful animal is the horse!

I send a copy of *Paris Soir* which may interest you.

I shall write you again in a few days, about the contract and other things as well.

Giorgio asked me to kiss for him certain ladies and gentlemen residents of the hamlet. What dangerous advice for any son to give to his father! But I believe they all wish you well nevertheless.

The cat I had is gone. The story of the episcopalian minister was too much for him. He has become a mohammadan.

To Lucia Joyce

APRIL 1935

TO LUCIA JOYCE

27 April 1935

[In Italian]

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Lucia: I send you enclosed here 2 more pounds sterling. I hope you have received the volumes of Tolstoy. In my opinion *How Much Land Does a Man Need* is the greatest story that the literature of the world knows. I used to like also very much *Masters and Servants* in spite of a little propaganda in it.

I hope you are going more easily now with the eggs although they are the classic food for Easter. I had a letter from Helen. It seems that they all have their troubles. It is not their fault certainly but they have not found that lucky country that was their dream. Two little stories may amuse you. Giorgio has grown a beard and your letter to Giorgio made a pilgrimage first in the much-sung-of land of Germany.

Yes, I read in the papers about the fire in the Square in Dublin. The news did not upset me much. But it seems to me that the lady Anna Livia did not do her duty even if the firemen did theirs. Much smoke and little water. But they will find another edifice in which to continue their noble work for the benefit of the Dublin hospitals and the poor doctors, the poor sisters, the poor sick people and the poor priests, consolers of these latter. Let me weep. And cheers for the race-horse!<sup>1</sup>

And talking of priests, if you subscribe to the library there ask for *The Life of Father Healy*. I knew him and I think that he baptised me or one of my family. He was the parish priest of Little Bray, used to frequent the viceroy's court and was a very witty man.

The angel who regulates the seasons has forgotten that we are on the eve of the month of May for he serves out to us every day cold, damp and cloudy weather.

You speak of two ruffians who visited your bungalow. They were perhaps robbers who attempted some time ago to penetrate into the bungalow to steal the art treasures, cases with gold coins and precious stuffs which doubtless it contained. There are still idealists, apparently, in this cynical and rude world; the tram strike etc enters upon its ninth week. How fortunate for shoemakers. Not all ills hurt.

From shoemakers to leather is only a step. This is why I inform you that Mrs Bailly has also gone to Bray or to the neighbourhood of Bray. I read that the municipal council is building many new houses. By Jove, it is understandable!

<sup>1</sup> *E Bravo cavallo!* A reference to the Irish Sweepstake, whose profits go to the hospitals.

We are fairly well and hope that your health is improving. Do not give way to moments of melancholy. Some day or other everything will change for you. And sooner than you might believe.

Then according to you Curran has disappeared. Perhaps he is simply hidden behind a bush. And you have had tea with Miss Costello. Very good. That name seems Italian but is not so at all. It is a corruption, I think, of two Irish words meaning beautiful foot.

Let us know if you need anything, that is to say, clothes etc for the coming season. The poet Byron wrote two apposite verses:

*The English winter ending in July  
To recommence in August.*

We always look forward to your letters and think a great deal about you, always hoping that your stay over there is doing you good. My greetings to your cousin Boschenka<sup>1</sup> who has written to me a couple of times and to whom I send thanks.

P.S. A certain Ulysses, sitting one day on the shore of the nymph Circe's island, wrote with his stick in the sand. I ask myself whether you did not write those cards with a Japanese umbrella dipped in the azure water of the gulf of Neo-Naples. In any case here are three cards in return for your two. And it is good that the angels bring you this message because angel in Greek signifies messenger.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

1 May 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7<sup>e</sup>

Dear Miss Weaver: I don't know whether this letter will be very legible. This morning in the street I found my sight very hazy. I made the mistake of correcting proofs for about 6 hours the other day, as I did not want to be always victimising the Jolases.

Minor matters first. I cannot or rather Léon cannot collect a penny from the Dutch publisher who owes Lucia and myself 40,000 frs. . . . As to the illustrations for the U.S. edition<sup>2</sup> they are yours for ever and ever. Amen. If they had been signed L.J. instead of H.M.<sup>3</sup> people would have had a different tale to tell. I am only too painfully aware that Lucia has no future but that does not prevent me from seeing the difference between what is beautiful and shapely and what is ugly and shapeless. As usual I am in a minority of one. If I tell people that no tenor voice

<sup>1</sup> Boschenka Schaurek, daughter of Mrs Eileen Joyce Schaurek.

<sup>2</sup> New *de luxe* edition of *Ulysses* published by the Limited Editions Club, New York 1935.

<sup>3</sup> Henri Matisse.

like Sullivan's has been heard in the world for 50 years or that Zaporozetz, the Russian basso, makes Chaliapin sound like a cheap whistle or that nobody has ever written English prose that can be compared with that of a tiresome footling little Anglican parson who afterwards became a prince of the only true church<sup>1</sup> they listen in silence. These names mean nothing to them. And when I have stumbled out of the room no doubt they tap their foreheads and sigh.

And speaking about the bass voice in general and my son in particular he went over to America, we were told, for four months. He has been there now a year. He is at present on crutches. He sang twice over the radio to the natives who love poor old Ireland and insist that, if he is to please them, he must forget all about the unmusical [*sic*] countries of Europe and croon to them about *Mother Machree* and *A Little Bit of Heaven*. He has earned in all 35\$. This amount he could have got in any southern French town for one performance before an audience which, however redolent of garlic, unlike the halfcastes in Covent Garden and the Metropolitan really does know the difference between a B and a bull's foot. They insist that he is from Erin's green isle and must sing that classical aria *Blatherskite*.

I am writing this letter because Léon tells me you were kind enough to ring him up last night for news of me. I sleep like a log, eat like a hog and people say I have *une mine superbe*. But if they could see inside the watch they would use other words. I feel like an animal which has received four thunderous mallet strokes on the top of his skull. Yet in my letters to both my children and my daughter-in-law I keep up a tone of almost gay irresponsibility. . . .

While I am glad in a way that Lucia is out of the dangers of Paris and especially of London, every ring of the doorbell gives me an electric shock as I never know what the postman or telegraph boy is going to bring in. And if it is bad news all the blame will fall on me.

Perhaps I was too hasty in thinking you meant to throw doubt on Lucia's words. . . . She behaves like a fool very often but her mind is as clear and as unsparing as the lightning. She is a fantastic being speaking a curious abbreviated language of her own. I understand it or most of it. Before she went to London she spoke to me about you and what you had done for me. She wanted through herself to establish a final link between the dissolute being who is writing these lines and your honourable self. Then she went on to Ireland with the same idea. Whatever she may have succeeded in doing with you she will do nothing over there. How well I know the eyes with which she will be regarded! Léon

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Newman.

is concerned with what she may do to prejudice my name there. And my wife who personally is probably worth both of her children rolled together and multiplied by three thinks that this is the chief reason for my constant state of alarm. So far as I know myself it is not so.

So long as she was within reach I always felt I could control her—and myself. And in fact I could. But now though I have the faithful support of my wife and Léon's loyal friendship and that of some others here to say nothing of your own patience and sympathy there are moments and hours when I have nothing in my heart but rage and despair, a blind man's rage and despair.

I cannot be such an utter fool as to be inventing all this. But I can no longer control matters. On many sides I hear that I am and have been an evil influence on my children. But what are they doing away from that evil influence? On the other hand what can I honestly ask them to come back to? Paris is like myself a haughty ruin or if you like a decayed reveller. And any time I turn on the radio I hear some British politician mumbling inanities or his German cousin shouting and yelling like a madman. Perhaps Ireland and the U.S. are the safe places. And perhaps this is where the gas is really going to be turned on. Well, so be it. The motto under my coat of arms, however, is *Mors aut honorabilis vita*. . . .

Here there comes the girl with two letters one from Mr Bailly whose wife has also gone to Bray and the other from Lucia which I hesitate to open. So I shall arise and take them both down to Léon, if I can find a cab, that is to say, because this is a socialist holiday. However some descendant of Peter the Great may be prowling around, marauding. If there is anything in Lucia's letter I shall add a postscript.

My eyes are trebly fatigued by now as the writing of this epistle was punctuated by lachrymal stops.

What I would like to know if you are writing to me is whether you liked Lucia or not. She said she was sending me a letter she had from you but of course, scatterbrain, forgot to put it in. . . . I do not like you to mention her in the same breath with my cousin or sister or anybody else. If she should be so mentioned then it is I who am mad.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

15 May 1935

*7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7<sup>e</sup>*

Dear Curran: I was very sorry to hear from my friend Léon of the death of your mother. I remember her as an amiable and friendly woman and I know enough of your filial piety to understand what your grief must be.

To Constantine P. Curran

MAY 1935

You have, I suppose, consolations which I cannot hope to offer you. Nevertheless please accept my sympathy.

There is no reason whatever why you should be surprised at receiving a copy of my daughter's *lettrines*. This is only in fulfilment of a promise I made you in Westmoreland Street some thirty odd years ago now. I also thank you (as does my wife) for your well meant kindness to her and I was much touched by your appreciation of the beauty and delicacy of the little work she has done.

To LUCIA JOYCE

15 May 1935

[In Italian]

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Lucia: I enclose 2 pounds for you. It seems to me that you said I ought to send you money every Wednesday and Saturday. I hope the weather is keeping good at Bray. Here the ice saints<sup>1</sup> are functioning in full vigour. In the paper I sent you the Naylor baths are mentioned. I still remember the impression made on me by my first bathe in the sea there: the damp clothes, the keen air and the smell of the salt water. If you and Giorgio have become proficient in the art of swimming this accomplishment has come to you from some other ancestor. Certainly not from me.

You should make an expedition to Killiney, not far from Bray. The gulf, so they say, has some resemblance to that of Naples, whose pleasant seat is under the protection of your saint.<sup>2</sup>

I hope that the customs did not make so many difficulties this time. Perhaps they thought they were torpedoes. That same medicine was in use amongst the ancient Norwegians. I hope therefore that your conquests will be equal to theirs.

To LUCIA JOYCE

22 May 1935

[In Italian]

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Lucia: Thanks for your letter. I enclose 2 pounds for you. I suppose you received the other money and the medicine. If my prose is difficult to understand by Jove your handwriting is difficult to decipher. Thus we make a pair.

<sup>1</sup> *I santi di ghiaccio*, i.e. 'saints de glace,' popular name for a cold spell that often comes in May.

<sup>2</sup> Saint Lucy.

It is good about the milk, the eggs and the fruit and as regards the grey or beige stockings I hope there is at least one shop in Dublin where they can be bought. . . . I am glad that your stay in the island of saints and sages continues to please you. Why don't you take out a subscription at the local library? So you enjoyed the ride on a jaunting-car as well. This proves that you are a true daughter of Ireland because it makes other people seasick.

It appears that you visited the Kilcroney demesne and then left it. And that is well. Woman is changeable. But altogether it seems to me you are not unhappy. Continue so. Life begins tomorrow, as was said by a certain Guido of Verona, an Italian officer who knew how to read and write.

You are wasting your breath always telling me you are stupid. I don't believe it: and I don't believe it means to say I do *not* believe it.

I am sending you under separate cover an article on Bray which Mamma has found in a London paper. It seems that fun and games prevail on the Irish shores in spite of the clergy. I suppose that when an archbishop bathes he enters the water clothed in all his sacramental robes including mitre and crook. And thenceforth the water is truly blessed. Foxterriers do as much and perhaps more.

TO LUCIA JOYCE

1 June 1935

[In Italian]

*7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris*

Dear Lucia: If ever there should be a competition in brisk correspondence you would not take even second prize. It is now nearly a fortnight since we had word from you nor do I know whether the sums of money have reached you. But I hope so and also that you are well and that all is going for the best in the best of all possible islands. I hope also that the weather is good where you are. Here the calendar says that we are at the first of June. Incredulous as I am I believe instead that it is the 32nd of December.

If ever you are in want of frozen horse-blood or some other delicacy let me know. The resources of this village are not yet exhausted. I am sending you an English paper containing an article on the distracted being who is writing these lines. You will remember that we were one evening at the Lynds' house. And that in the garden there were many people and little lanterns scattered about on the grass. Mr Lynd<sup>1</sup> is from Belfast, a city that every good Dubliner, except myself, despises

<sup>1</sup> Robert Lynd, essayist, who lived in Hampstead.

*To Lucia Joyce*

JUNE 1935

and reviles. From the article two great truths can be learnt. That an English critic can judge of the value or not of a writer simply from having heard a gramophone record. And that he will be convinced of the genius of a writer simply from having listened to a conversation between a knight of the pen and a statesman, both of them well dressed, needless to say. How are the mighty fallen! Othello's dead, as Mr Shakespeare says. I am not, of course, speaking of the father-in-law of Ezra Pound but of another.

TO GIORGIO JOYCE

17 June 1935

[In Italian]

*7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris VII*

Dear Giorgio: Your letter seems to me perfectly fair and reasonable. Keep your independence of spirit. You must not let yourself be influenced by the fact that I, for example, have little or no desire to go there or to stay there. I know nothing of the country which may seem very beautiful to many. I feel that way because I feel that way. But there are 20 million of our compatriots who feel the opposite. Each for himself and God for all.

Both your letters were delivered to me after a violent storm by the French postman still dripping with hail and carrying in his other hand a telegram from Lucia. Then I thought: perhaps if I strain my ears I shall hear the voice of a child who has not yet learned to write. This I did. But the Atlantic Ocean made such an uproar with its clashing winds, its screeching seagulls and its roaring billows that I couldn't hear anything else. How you make me yawn, you Pantofolo Palanto!

As for Lucia, I didn't answer your questions because I did not wish to spoil the prospects of your career. Her present address is: The Heath Bungalow, Meath Road, County Wicklow, Ireland. She is staying with Eileen's two daughters, Boschenka and Nora.

I could cover reams of paper writing to you on this subject but I prefer not to do so. There have been nine or ten months of anxiety but in the opinion of everyone she is infinitely better. So that it seems I have acted for her good.

It is natural however that I should always be in a state of apprehension. But that ginger cat comes towards dawn under my little window to sing his plaintive lament. He is a fine minstrel and much more worth listening to than certain dogs<sup>1</sup> of Italian tenors that we have heard here

<sup>1</sup> 'Dog,' according to Stanislaus Joyce, is a common Italian epithet for a bad singer; there is also of course here a reference to the cat. (Note by Miss Weaver.)



in the last two weeks. And then, if Ulysses wandered about the earth and on the seas in search of a spot where he might stay, what name ought I to give your voice which passes successively through all registers?<sup>1</sup> Ossian, perhaps.

TO GIORGIO JOYCE

25 June 1935

[In Italian]

Paris

Dear Giorgio: As you know, I never reply to requests such as that in the enclosed letter. And yet this seems to be a case where one might make an exception. I am sending it to you and as he is in the same state perhaps you could get in touch with him or perhaps see him. In which case explain to him that I don't see well.

I am not sure which newspaper cuttings I wanted to send you. But either Mamma or the girl appropriates the *Irish Times* sometimes<sup>2</sup> [when] I turn my back. And if it is not she, other obstacles prevent me.

The new photograph of Mamma will be ready tomorrow and will go off on the next boat. She says that she wants you to find her 'blooming'. And here you have Miss Joyce Bloom. And if you have any other 'wishes in bloom' let me know.

How are things going with you now? We hope that the results of the operation are beginning to make themselves felt. Mamma's uncle is visiting Lucia today at Bray and so I hope to have a reliable report soon. Soupault has forgotten to give us the little photograph of Stevie. I shall drop him a line. I hope Colum's friend will prove useful to you. Even if many promises are of the Kathleen Mavourneen kind, as they say in Ireland: that is: it may be for years, etc, don't give up hope.

*Idly lapt in down,*

*'Neath coverlets, for him fame never groweth.<sup>3</sup>*

The other evening we initiated the great week at Fouquet's: ourselves, E.J., M.J., P.L. and L.L.<sup>4</sup> They all begged me to recite something beautiful. I smiled modestly but then began. For a couple of hours

<sup>1</sup> His voice was at one time thought to be tenor, at another baritone, at another bass. (Note by Miss Weaver.)

<sup>2</sup> 'talvolta'. See reference to this in letter of July 1935.

<sup>3</sup> *Seggend in piuma in fama non si vien  
Ne sotto coltri.* (DANTE, *Inferno*.)

<sup>4</sup> These four would be: Eugene and Maria Jolas, Paul and Lucie Léon.

*To Giorgio Joyce*

JUNE 1935

there followed a succession of poems by Yeats. Everybody congratulated me on my extraordinary memory, my clear diction and my charming voice. Someone added: What a pity he is such a fool!

I am not able to extract a penny from that publisher who published *The Mime*. And he owes me and Lucia 40,000 francs!

Our plans for the summer? I don't know yet. Perhaps we shall buy two Tam O'Shanters and make believe to be in Edinburgh. I hate the summer, you hate the summer, he hates the summer.

I wanted to go to Denmark but with whom? If that tragedy had not happened in the Bailly family, perhaps we should already be in the country of Hamlet. It can't be helped.

TO MICHAEL HEALY

28 June 1935

*7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris*

My dear Mr Healy: As regards Lucia I have received a letter from her, two postcards from you and a letter and her telegram from your sister. We had intended to leave for London this morning as I wrote in the letter. At the last moment, however, I was obliged to postpone my London visit. Of this plan and postponement please say nothing to Lucia, if you have not done so. All agree that she is well and strong but her handwriting shows signs of very great nervous agitation, possibly due to the excitement. Will you please tell me more precisely and without paying any attention to what are called laws of polite reserve which are quite [out] of place in this case, why you consider Lucia's daily walks round Dublin so undesirable. She is after all a woman of twenty eight and walking is a good exercise. I should prefer her to walk about Bray just now. As regards the immediate future, the only solution seems to me to continue the Bray sojourn but first I must know the true state of affairs there. . . . Is she living in suitable conditions? Does she receive regularly the four pounds a week I have been sending her since February in two lots and if her board is 25 shillings what does she do with the rest? It would help us very much if a good photograph of her could be taken, I mean half figure so that we could see her appearance. And also what is her weight? If your replies to the first (two) of these questions are unfavourable can a good boarding house be found for her in Bray near her cousins whom she could then see when she wished? It is too long to go into Lucia's case. Rigid surveillance was a complete failure and slack surveillance only a partial success. The plan of allowing her her own way as much as possible using only the force of persuasion has apparently been more successful. Of course if she had a

suitable companion so much the better, but at any rate it is clear that the torpor I feared is a long way off.

I am much obliged by your kindness in the matter and I hope you will not be needlessly detained in Dublin.

With kindest regards from Nora and myself.

TO MICHAEL HEALY

1 July 1935

Paris

My dear Mr Healy: Many thanks indeed for your long letter and card received today. The former I shall reply to at length in the course of the week. On receipt of it I at once arranged for the wife of a friend of ours, Mrs Jolas, an American by birth to go to Dublin and Bray and find out exactly what is going on. She leaves Paris tonight. It is rather expensive but I cannot remain in suspense.

Meanwhile I can only express my or rather our gratitude and beg you to present to the library of the University in Galway the unique volume which goes with this. You saw Lucia in a bad light. She has another side to her. It is a copy of one of my books of verses, reproduced in facsimile of my MS on special paper bound in green silk with gilt lettering and illuminated capitals by Lucia, a title page design and tailpiece also, signed by me. It was published at 1000 francs a copy (about £15) but it ought to be worth much more as years go by for there are only 25 copies in existence and the mould is destroyed. Two other libraries in Europe possess copies, the Bibliothèque Nationale here and the British Museum.

Lucia, if not a daughter, is a granddaughter of Galway and her name is one of its tribal names. The illuminations are extremely beautiful.

TO STUART GILBERT

1 July 1935

Paris

[Letter-card]

*Le bon repos  
Des Espagnoux<sup>1</sup>  
Et les roseaux  
d'Annecy  
Leurrent notre âme*

<sup>1</sup> The name of the villa on the shore of Lake Annecy where I was spending the summer. I had sent Joyce a few stanzas of doggerel lamenting my absence from Paris (on the lines of 'By the waters of Babylon, etc.'), each verse ending:

Remembering thee,

Parce!

*Et nous nous pâmons  
Pour une Paname<sup>1</sup>  
Loin d'ici.*

. . . . .  
*Tirons nos grègues<sup>2</sup>  
Faisons nos mègues  
Prenons le trègue  
Et filons là!  
Too hot to go on . . .*

TO GIORGIO AND HELEN JOYCE

N.D. July, 1935

[In Italian]

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Giorgio: For some time now we have not had any news from you but I hope this silence of yours is due merely to the present season, this stinking, pestilential, paralysing, plebeian, oppressive, dust-laden summer. Much good may it do us.

I enclose a letter from Mamma's uncle which explains itself but doesn't explain the preceding facts. Here they are. Last Tuesday Lucia decided that it was time to change company and to replace Eileen<sup>3</sup> and her daughters by Kathleen.<sup>4</sup> She took the train at Bray, arrived at Dublin, went to the Central Post Office and sent off the enclosed telegram. She paid, turned to go out and ran into Kathleen who, unknown to her, had come from Galway that very morning. I am expecting another letter from Mr Healy either this evening or tomorrow morning. If it arrives in time perhaps I shall enclose it as well. Anyway I am sending you *La Semaine à Paris*, *Irish Free Press*, *Revue Universelle* and *Transition*. I hope this last one won't aggravate your present state of summer stupor. The footnotes (3), (4) and (5) on the last page but one are all mixed up. But I don't suppose you will get there before Christmas. And even the writer of this letter was so heedless the last time he wrote to you that he put 'ogni talvolta' instead of 'ogni qualvolta'.<sup>5</sup> How strange the memory is! To remember that after such a long time.

I am also sending you a photograph of Mamma. I wonder whether Stevie will recognise her. O yes, I sent off the *London Mercury* too. In short, I send, I send AND I send.

<sup>1</sup> Argot for 'Paris'.

<sup>2</sup> Argot for 'Let's pull on our breeches', meaning 'make a move'. *Mègues* and *trègue*, a rhymster's trick, à la *Fargue*, for *malle*s and *train*.

<sup>3</sup> Eileen: Mrs Schaurek, a sister of James Joyce.

<sup>4</sup> Kathleen, a sister of Mrs Joyce.

<sup>5</sup> 'sometimes', 'whenever'.

[Continuation in English]

Dear G/. and H/.: Nothing strange or wonderful has happened since I last had this pleasure. In addition to the usual group we see Sullivan occasionally. Gorman seems to be in bad health. Huebsch called on me yesterday. He talked of inviting us to Sweden. I believe there was the greatest confusion at Longchamp on Sunday, all the sportifs and sportives had copies of *La Semaine*, opening it every two minutes. The mannequins ceased to parade and gathered into excited groups. O, qu'il est chic! Gentil, gentil! Une beauté! O, qu'il est mignon! were heard twittering from their bottlegreen lips. Most touching of all. The crack Irish jockey Steve Donaghue was showing it to the judge when his mount turned and rubbed his nose affectionately up and down the page. The President of the Republic then blew a whistle for silence and told the crowd to go home quietly with their copies as the Grand Prix stakes would be given to me without any race at all. Everybody said: C'est tout-à-fait parfait! C'est le meilleur chameau que nous avons en ce moment. Il le mérite. Qu'il est bon, notre président! Quel temps superbe! Une journée vraiment remarquable! C'est magnifique! Bravo, Jigi! Nom d'un cheval, que nous sommes contents! Un chameau de tout premier ordre! . . .

A rather funny thing happened the other night or rather evening. I came back earlier than usual from Léon's as the girl was going away and I had to pay something we owed. As I was entering the lift a voice said: Bon soir Monsieur Joyce, comment, or perhaps it was only Monsieur, comment allez-vous? In the dim hall I descried a female form under a large white straw hat. As I hesitated her voice said: Vous ne me reconnaissez pas? Thinking it might be the Hon Mrs Fellowes I took off my straw and began the usual: Je demande pardon, Madame. Ma vue est bien basse malheureusement. There was a scream of laughter (No, I added: Avec qui ai-je l'honneur?) laughter from the old lamelegged concierge and . . . Antoinette who had to escort the bonne to the gare. Getting into the lift I said: Mon prochain livre s'appellera: Mes Gaffes. To which the lamelegged concierge replied: Monsieur, si ça est la pire gaffe que vous avez faite ce n'est pas grand'chose. Thereupon, I mounted hydraulically without saying a word to anybody on any subject whatsoever.

TO LUCIA JOYCE  
N.D. (Summer 1935)  
[In Italian]

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Lucia: Thanks for your letter. It seems that things are not going too badly. I prefer to send you the money (here are 2 pounds) by money order, first because the sending of money in any other way is illegal and any Post Office employee has the right to open the envelope and extract the contents and in the second place because in this way I am assured that the money will reach your hands. In any case please acknowledge its receipt.

I have not the faintest idea where Dr Tuohy's<sup>1</sup> house is. You seem to be interested in Celtic antiquities for this man must be at least ninety years old. . . . [Sullivan's] address is 43 or 48 rue Daguerre. Daguerre was the French inventor to make the first photograph which at that time was called daguerrotype.

I am sending you the *Irish Times* which contains an article on Bray. I will get Roberts to send you the medicine in the form you wish from their London branch. Customs are a nuisance in all countries!

For many years past I have wanted you to take lessons on the harp. I hope you have already had a reply to your advertisement. Send a letter to the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

The news from America continues to be ambiguous, to say no more. I have sent you Mrs Bailly's address. Do as you think best. She sends long and enthusiastic letters to her husband singing the praises of her native country. And perhaps she is right.

Write to me on the back of the leaves of the calendar if you like, but why choose the month of December? Winter comes, I know, and the ice-age. But leave me still the illusion of spring.

If your handwriting were as neat and clear as your drawings it would be wonderful. But I have already told you that. For the future I won't insist on it.

Let us know if you need anything, I mean clothing or anything else. The trees you love change their leaves with the passing of the months.

I suppose you have also received the American magazine *Esquire*. Perhaps we shall soon have an English magazine entitled *Boss*. One should always hope.

I am glad that you are better and that the place you have chosen still pleases you. My greetings to your cousins, also to Eileen if you happen to see her.

<sup>1</sup> Dr John Joseph Tuohy, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Member of the Irish Medical Association, was at one time Medical Officer at St Joseph's Asylum for the Male Blind and it seems possible that Joyce may have consulted him at some time about his eyes.

*To Lucia Joyce*

? JULY 1935

down there) he took the visiting card and read: Doct. George Arago, dentist and surgeon, 12 bis avenue MacMahon, Paris, telephone number Etoile 14.01. And the fish took the paper of his friend and wept 3000 tears, 1 for each button and he attempted to read but the light was faint and his eyes veiled poor fish! He did not distinguish well was it Jacky Jakes or Jicky Jones or Jaky Jeames so help me you! And that is why he wrote Rog Neel with all his 30 and more than 30 teeth transparent. . . .

TO MR and MRS CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

31 July 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Curran and Mrs Curran: I shall write you a long letter at the end of this week. These lines are simply to send you our thanks for the ceaseless kindness and patience you have shown to Lucia and, even more than that, for the unerring tact with which you behaved.

I shall keep you informed of what goes on. For more than a year I have been harping on the subject of a glandular disturbance. Nobody seemed to listen, I mean, of the so-called mind doctors—about two score of them in all. The instant I touched her hand at Nyon after a forced separation of some months I knew some change had set in. If all should turn out well, how much greater will be my debt to you than it is and has been since Anno Domini 1904 or thereabouts!

Accept this scribble of thanks and I beg you both to believe in our deep gratitude.

P.S. I did not wait for Ignatius Day to write to you.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

10 August 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Curran: I hear you will go for a holiday on the 17th. Is there any hope of your passing through Paris? If so, tell me the date and I shall be here. I should like very much to meet you. I cannot put into a letter what I want to say. Lucia has had 8 or 9 injections so far. They are unpleasant but the doctor is hopeful of curing her. But though that is the main thing it is not what I want to say. I suppose that if there is any person in Ireland capable of understanding why I am once again in lonely isolation in my view of Lucia . . . that person can be only you. It is terrible to think of a vessel of election as the prey of impulses beyond its control and of natures beneath its comprehension and, fervently

as I desire her cure, I ask myself what then will happen when and if she finally withdraws her regard from the lightning-lit revery of her clairvoyance and turns it upon that battered cabman's face, the world. Our hope is that the gaiety and gentleness that we always remember will once again be her companions, as they were through her happy childhood but then grown into another and warmer youth.

I am enclosing an estimate of the cost of printing Chaucer's A.B.C. poem to the Madonna with her initials. Their reproduction cannot be done except in France. As you know probably the A.B.C. was translated by him from the French of Guillaume de Guillerville, a monk of the Abbaye de Challis. My friend Louis Gillet of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and a son-in-law of René Doumic is at present curator of this Abbaye (now a national monument) and he has written a preface. . . . Bref, could you write a line to your publishers in London, Sheed and Ward, to see if they would take the matter up with the Obelisk Press? The cost would be 12½% less for Chaucer used 23 not 26 letters which means that Lucia's lovely 'U' will not appear. Of course if they would do the whole cost themselves (the work still being executed in Paris) or go halves so much the better for me for to tell you the truth the medical faculty of half Europe has very considerably and very considerably lightened my bag of marbles to the extent of about £5000 in the last 4½ years and see the result. *Un bel niente!* . . .

As you put it that way about the odd pound I owe you still I can say nothing but accept. By the way, it may interest you to know that I had a letter from Giorgio telling me there was a memorial broadcast for A.E. Colum spoke and Giorgio sang. They wanted him to sing 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms' bedad they did so but sure bejapers he wouldn't and begorra he wouldn't sing that fine old memorial service melody *Doran's Ass* for the boys and girls and they all listening and waiting with a tear and a smile.

I hope you are well yourself and Mrs and Miss Curran. You have all shown the greatest kindness to Lucia and my wife and I and her brother are deeply grateful to you.

TO GIORGIO and HELEN JOYCE

13 August 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Both, dear Westwood and dear little Avenue: My wife and I are rather well. We hope you are all very well. We suppose there are many ladies and gentlemen on your beach. There are no ladies and gentlemen at all in this house. Last night we went to see *Michel Strogoff* at the



Chatelet Theatre. As we were too rich to have theatre passes we paid for our stalls. There were a great number of performers on the stage. We applauded very much especially the eight horses. I hope your complexions are progressing as Abyssinian is now the fashionable hue for autumn wear. My wife has bought two very nice new pictures as we are entered for the Ideal Homes Trophy. One is by Mr Budgen and the other by Mynheer Vermeer. One of them is said to be an original but I am not sure which. We had quite a pleasant vacation in Versailles last Friday afternoon. I am very pleased with my lovely new teeth. The other day I was accosted in the street by a Mohammadan man, who said to me: By the moustachios of the poet are you not Mr Morganstunde?<sup>1</sup> Madame Sullivan has just arrived and she has brought with her a very nice picture. It is called *S. John the Baptist* by Signor Leonardo. We should like it very much if you could send us a still life drawing of Broadway at lunch hour. I think printing is such a nice art. On account of the colours, I mean. The other night we went to the opera and heard *Sigurd* by Reyer. We liked parts of it on account of some of the notes. Monsieur Sullivan is singing at present in a theatre which has no roof. It is near Toulouse. I think this is the proper sort of theatre for him, don't you? And after that he is going to Athens. *καλι ήμέρα, κύριε! καλι ήμέρα. κύρια! Τι κανετε? καλα, σας εύχαριστώ!*<sup>2</sup> while stands the Comeandseum Greece shall stand! Ah, dear West and Bathwood and dear little Youngbranch, there is nothing like the classics before breakfast! You did not know? Pshaw! It is of the pshiunplest! As:

—Dear grandeur that was Rome, may I not tempt you to another slice of bacon? You had such a tiny piece!

—Thanks, dear glory that was Greece, your bacon is truly delicious. It is crispness porkonafried!

I hate people who throw jugs at each other for breakfast. It is *so* unnecessary.

Good children, who read this in peace and joy,

Breathe a prayer, drop a tear for

The Crockery Joyce

TO HELEN JOYCE

28 August 1935

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

*Allegretto*

Dear complimentary but most suspicious daughter-in-law. The reason I write in Italian to Giorgio is not to conceal anything from your keen

<sup>1</sup> Allusion to the 'new teeth' and German proverb *Morgen Stunde hat Gold im Munde*.

<sup>2</sup> Modern Greek, meaning 'Good day, sir! Good day, madam! How are you? Well, thank you!'

swift flashing and infallible eye but because when he was introduced to me 30 years ago by Dr Giliberto Sinigaglia I said: Toh! Giorgio! To which he replied: Baaaa Boooo. Our conversation has continued in that tongue.

But it is very nice indeed of you to say I may have that lovely big motor car with a door for every day in the week I would also like a pleasure yacht with a steamstack for every month in the year.

*andante*

We are indeed glad to read that you hope to come here. My wife has made 50 pots of jam, tell Stevie, i.e. plum, raspberry and, of course, greengage. Flats are all over the place. Mrs Jolas has taken a huge 25 room house in Neuilly. Prices are going down steadily.

*colla voce*

May the 17 devils take Muscoloni and the Alibiscindians! Why don't they make Pound commander-in-chief for Bagonghi and elect me Negus of Amblyopia?

*a tempo*

The *Normandie* just got in and turned about so that it leaves me little time to write. If and when you decide to cross and you want anything done here cable me. I am buying a fez and a chibouk. During the 1001 nights of the Imbecidrivelling war you will charm my ears with your tales of your adventures. In turns shall you narrate them and by turns I shall hear, with my feet of accomplishment on the cushion of comfort and the puffer of perplexity in the oracle of stupefaction.

TO LUCIA JOYCE

9 September 1935

[In Italian]

*Hôtel de France, Versailles*

Dear Lucia: We are having tea here with Miss Shapiro, Mrs Bailly's niece. We were at Fontainebleau for one day only but I think I shall follow your advice and treat myself to a week's stay at the seaside, starting perhaps tomorrow week. Mamma and I thank you for your letter and also for the lovely drawing of your hand. You wrote, 'Here you can see how big my hand is'. You should have said, 'how small it is'.

By chance some days ago I wrote to Zurich for the photograph which the young Salzburger took of your hand. This morning it arrived and I enclose it in this letter. Here it is, your beautiful hand. And so I return hand for hand and tit for tat. Both are on the small table. So that's that. Hope you approve?

TO LUCIA JOYCE

15 September 1935

[In Italian]<sup>1</sup>

My dear little daughter: 'Hariosement', as Mamma says, your blessed treatment has come to an end. Now it is simply a question of changing surroundings and air (everything has been settled) and then of allowing time to take its course. You know, all things come to him who waits. A short stay in the country will be the right thing for you.

I think you have stood very bravely all the inconveniences of this endless spell of heat and the continuous imprisonment. But now you must forget all about it. Miss Weaver has been very conscientious and considerate towards you and I am sure you appreciate her sincere and simple kindness. If I have anything to say to you it is not concerning her but concerning your nurses.

Each time I get a letter from you you have another one. Gracious! How greedy you are. Prince Norindett Norodum Doum Doum is entitled to hoist seven umbrellas over his bald head because he is of kingly race. Perhaps you have the ambition of making a collection of seven nurses' caps, because you are the daughter of Apelles, son of Apollo. All right. But I beseech you not to exceed the holy number of seven because all these good females—English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Mulatto, Indo-Chinese, Ethiopian, Red Indian (and whoever knows of more should put more on this list) depend on me personally, except, of course, Miss Weaver's friend.

Mamma was very glad to have your news. You must not imagine it was through negligence that we did not write more often during your stay in London. It was on the doctor's advice and in your own interest. But you must know, dear Lucia, that you never are and never will be absent from our loving thoughts, whether you are with us or separated from us by a little channel or some little mountains.

But now let us all look with confidence and joy towards the future. And, talking of joy, I have two really good pieces of news for you, one of which will give you great personal satisfaction, and the other, joyful surprise. But as this letter will reach you just at the moment when you are about to leave, I will, just for once, be naughty; that is, I will wait to tell you about it until you are well and comfortably installed amidst the peaceful downs of Sussex, a county which, by the way, is not unknown to you. Nothing stirs up the curiosity of a woman like telling

<sup>1</sup> The original Italian version is appended as an example of Joyce's style when writing to his daughter in that language (as he always did).

her half a secret and then being silent. Therefore as good old Rossini sings, 'papataci'<sup>1</sup>: and keep your mouth shut as if it were full of water or, rather, full of the juice of the grape, my favorite cure for all ills. . . .

Enough, old chatterer. For today I am sending just this incoherent letter. Let us hope that your stay in the country will be an agreeable change for you. Our kindest regards to Miss Weaver and also to her friend. I think I once had a glimpse of her on the staircase—maybe I am wrong. If so I apologise. It is amazing how similar all women appear to me in the dusk.

li 15 7mbre 1935. Cara figliola: 'Hariosement' come dice mama la tua benedetta cura è terminata. Ora si tratta semplicemente di cambiare ambiente ed aria (ed è già combinato tutto) eppoi di lasciare tempo al tempo. Come sai, col tempo e colla paglia si maturano le nespole. Una breve villeggiatura in campagna farà il tuo affare.

Secondo me hai resistito molto bene finora malgrado gli inconvenienti di queste interminabili ondate di caldo e la chiusura continua. Ma quella oramai deve essere storia antica per te. La signorina Weaver è stata veramente coscienziosa e premurosa con te e sono sicuro che apprezzi la sua bontà sincera e semplice. Se ho qualcheda da dirti non è a proposito di lei ma delle tue infermiere.

Ogni volta che ricevo una lettera ne hai un'altra! Caspita! Che ghiottona che sei! Il principe Norindett Norodum Doum Doum ha il diritto d'inalberare sette ombrelli sopra la sua zucca essendo di schiatta reale e forse tu ambisci di fare una filza di sette cuffie d'infermiere essendo figlia d'Apelle figlio d'Apollo. Sta bene. Ma ti scongiuro di non oltrepassare la cifra sacra di sette perchè tutte queste brave persone, inglesi, scozzesi, gallesi, irlandesi, mulatte, indocinesi, etiopiche, pelli rosse (e chi più ne ha più ne metta) sono alle mie personali dipendenze, tranne, ben inteso, l'amica della signorina Weaver.

Mama era molto contenta di avere le tue notizie. Non devi pensare che sia per trascuratezza che non ti abbiamo scritto più spesso durante il tuo soggiorno a Londra. È il medico che ci ha consigliato ciò e nel tuo proprio interesse. Ma devi sapere, cara Lucia, che non sei stata mai assente dia nostri pensieri affettuosi e che non lo sarai mia, sii con noi o separata da noi da qualche canaletto o da alcuni monticelli.

Ma ora guardiamo tutti quanti verso l'avvenire e con fiducia e con gioia. E giàchè parlo di gioia ho due buone novelle da dirti, ma proprio buone e che ti daranno una grande soddisfazione personale

<sup>1</sup> This refers to a scene in Rossini's opera *L'Italiana in Algeri* where the Sultan of Algiers is told always to keep silent: to keep his mouth shut as if it were full of water.

To Lucia Joyce

SEPTEMBER 1935

l'una e l'altra una lietissima sorpresa. Ma siccome questa mia ti giungerà proprio al momento quando metti il piede nella staffa per partire farò il malizioso per una volta almeno. Vale a dire mi reserbo di dirtele quando sarai bene e comodamente rincasata laggiù nel mezzo della pace delle dune di Sussex—contea, del resto, che non ti è ignota. Non c'è una cosa che stuzzica [di più] la curiosità di una donna che di dirle la metà di un segreto e poi tacere. Dunque, come canta il Rossini, *papataci*: ed acqua in bocca o piuttosto succo d'uva in bocca che ne faccio sempre la cura. . . .

Basta, ciaccolone! Ti mando queste righe scucite per oggi. Speriamo che la tua sosta in campagna sarà un aggradevole cambiamento e ti prego di salutare la signorina Weaver gentilmente da parte nostra nonchè la sua amica che mi pare di avere intraveduta—o forse mi sbaglio—una volta per la scala. Se mi baglio ch'io sia perdonato. È straordinario come per me nel semibuio le donne si rassomigliano. Ti abbraccio, Babbo.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

18 September 1935

*Savoy Hotel, Fontainebleau*

Dear Curran: I hope you have had and are having a pleasant vacation, though, if I am to judge by last and this year, you seem to have a singular taste in the matter of localities. If there should be a Japanese-United States conflict next year I wonder to what isle in the water for rest you will fly.

I sat for your friend, though at the first sitting I was rather upset on account of something which went against my breath at lunch. I was very glad to receive him both on account of you and of his name.<sup>1</sup> Of course he was nonplussed and humiliated, like all the other painters, when he saw what he had to explain away, trying to find out where the catch was. *A part ça, il est très sympathique* and sends [?] me the enclosed letter from Dublin. It is very kind of him (and of the other friendly conspirator who I take it, is Mr Curran) but, as I try to recall our conversation at Fouquet's I begin to think that my command of the president's English cannot be all that some good people are reported to affirm.

O my goodness, what a long peninsular address you have!<sup>2</sup> And today also is the anniversary of the half-time peace of Campo Formio. Anyhow, I will send this letter express and hope it doesn't follow you

<sup>1</sup> This refers to arrangements made by Mr Curran with the painter Seán O'Sullivan to make some drawings of Joyce. The namesake in question is John Sullivan, the singer.

<sup>2</sup> The address was 'Vindicis di Formia, Prov. de Littoria, presso Gaeta, Italia.'

around if you are shaughrauning like another of your name.<sup>1</sup> Non troppa patria, Sant' Antonio!

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

11 October 1935

Paris

Dear Miss Weaver: The enclosed are for the camera for Lucia, please, if Miss Walker or yourself can go to Reigate.<sup>2</sup> I sent this money weeks ago to Mrs Curran in London but she had left the Euston. No address. . . . I am delighted to hear that Lucia is getting on so well. . . . I would like her to buy a nice fur coat. I wrote to Mrs Budgen who is an expert and can get these things cheaper. Could I have a view of where you are? . . .

Hoping you are well and asking you to wait a little longer for my promised letter.

TO MICHAEL HEALY

21 December 1935

42, rue Galilée, Paris

My dear Mr Healy: The enclosed card, done by Lucia, is to wish you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year. I hope things will go better now after the U.S. decision. It took me about 13 years to bring it off. England will follow, as usual. Ireland scarcely matters as there is a negligible market there for anything of this kind.

I have sent you from Avignon the case of wine: Clos S. Patrice 1920. It is the oldest vineyard there and before the sojourn of the popes at Avignon what is now called *Châteauneuf du Pape* was known as *Vin de S. Patrice*. I never met an Irishman who had heard of it but I got Count O'Kelly, the Irish F.S. envoy here, and Dulanty, the High Commissioner in London, to adopt it as the wine of the legations or offices or whatever they call them. I never drink it myself as it is red and the white wine of the same *clos* is not very good.

The lees are shaken up by the voyage so the bottles should stand a few weeks in a tempered room.

I told Establet to prepay the duty and I hope he will.

Do not let Mr Greany<sup>3</sup> become too affectionate with it if you invite him to taste it as I caught him several times during dinner signalling

<sup>1</sup> 'Conn the Shaughraun' in Boucicault's play (*Shaughraun* = the Rambler).

<sup>2</sup> Lucia had several letters and cards from her father in Italian while staying with Miss Weaver first in London and then at a bungalow in the country near Reigate from August to December 1935. The Joyces took a holiday at Fontainebleau that summer.

<sup>3</sup> A friend of Healy's from the west of Ireland.

*To Michael Healy*

DECEMBER 1935

over my shoulder to an engaging young woman whom he had met in the train. Moreover, he was stopping in a hotel beside the Folies-Bergère—a nice change after the Vatican, I told him.

Well, good health to everybody, including the pope who blessed and the judges who freed my book. . . .

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TO STEPHEN JOYCE  
10 August 1936

*Villers s/Mer*

My dear Stevie: I sent you a little cat filled with sweets a few days ago but perhaps you do not know the story about the cat of Beaugency.

Beaugency is a tiny old town on a bank of the Loire, France's longest river. It is also a very wide river, for France, at least. At Beaugency it is so wide that if you wanted to cross it from one bank to the other you would have to take at least one thousand steps.

Long ago the people of Beaugency, when they wanted to cross it, had to go in a boat for there was no bridge. And they could not make one for themselves or pay anybody else to make one. So what were they to do?

The Devil, who is always reading the newspapers, heard about this sad state of theirs so he dressed himself and came to call on the lord mayor of Beaugency, who was named Monsieur Alfred Byrne. This lord mayor was very fond of dressing himself too. He wore a scarlet robe and always had a great golden chain round his neck even when he was fast asleep in bed with his knees in his mouth.

The devil told the lord mayor what he had read in the newspaper and said he could make a bridge for the people of Beaugency so that they could cross the river as often as they wished. He said he could make as good a bridge as was ever made, and make it in one single night. The lord mayor asked him how much money he wanted for making such a bridge. No money at all, said the Devil, all I ask is that the first person who crosses the bridge shall belong to me. Good, said the lord mayor.

The night came down, all the people in Beaugency went to bed and slept. The morning came. And when they put their heads out of their windows they cried: O Loire, what a fine bridge! For they saw a fine strong stone bridge thrown across the wide river.

All the people ran down to the head of the bridge and looked across it. There was the devil, standing at the other side of the bridge, waiting for the first person who should cross it. But nobody dared to cross it for fear of the devil.



Then there was a sound of bugles—that was a sign for the people to be silent—and the lord mayor M. Alfred Byrne appeared in his great scarlet robe and wearing his heavy golden chain round his neck. He had a bucket of water in one hand and under his arm—the other arm—he carried a cat.

The devil stopped dancing when he saw him from the other side of the bridge and put up his long spyglass. All the people whispered to one another and the cat looked up at the lord mayor because in the town of Beaugency it was allowed that a cat should look at a lord mayor. When he was tired of looking at the lord mayor (because even a cat grows tired of looking at a lord mayor) he began to play with the lord mayor's heavy golden chain.

When the lord mayor came to the head of the bridge every man held his breath and every woman held her tongue. The lord mayor put the cat down on the bridge and, quick as a thought, splash! he emptied the whole bucket of water over it. The cat who was now between the devil and the bucket of water made up his mind quite as quickly and ran with his ears back across the bridge and into the devil's arms.

The devil was as angry as the devil himself.

Messieurs les Balgentiens, he shouted across the bridge, vous n'êtes pas de belles gens du tout! Vous n'êtes que des chats! And he said to the cat: Viens ici, mon petit chat! Tu as peur, mon petit chou-chat? Tu as froid, mon pau petit chou-chat? Viens ici, le diable t'emporte! On va se chauffer tous les deux.

And off he went with the cat.

And since that time the people of that town are called 'les chats de Beaugency'.

But the bridge is there still and there are boys walking and riding and playing upon it.

I hope you will like this story.

Nonno.

P.S. The devil mostly speaks a language of his own called Bellsybabble which he makes up himself as he goes along but when he is very angry he can speak quite bad French very well though some who have heard him say that he has a strong Dublin accent.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

4 October 1936

*7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7*

Dear Curran: If you are now back in Dublin after a pleasant vacation, as I hope you are, and have a little free time I should be glad of your advice on the following.

My wife's uncle, Mr Michael Healy, the only friend I had in Ireland except yourself, died about seven months ago. He had been a staunch and loyal friend of mine for 25 years and I miss him very much. He would have walked round Ireland to do me any service. He died while at mass and as he was a most devout man I suppose he would not have desired better. He had all the first editions of all my books up in an attic (probably he never read them) and a great number of my letters. These, I understand are safe. The curious thing for such a methodical and practical man is he made no will. His last position from which he retired was that of H.M. Inspector of Customs and Receiver of Wrecks (I think the post is so called) at Galway City. Not merely did he leave no will but it seems he has no solicitor. The sole heiress is my wife's mother, a Mrs Barnacle, who has 5 children, 1 son and 4 daughters. She lives with one daughter in Galway City and has scarcely left her fireside for the last 40 years. They have been writing to my wife for several months past asking her to go over there and help them out. Now they think that I am the only person who can help them so I promised to try to do so. My mother-in-law has not the faintest foggiest notion of money. It is quite impossible to make out from her, now entreating, letters whether her brother left her £5000 or £3000 or £300 or £20. All these sums are mentioned in different letters. I know practically nothing about money myself, not even my own, but I am a financial genius compared with my mother-in-law. It seems some part of the money is in 'bonds' or was in 'bonds' in London, and a part in the Munster and Leinster Bank, Galway Branch. The solicitor of this bank is a Mr Concannon of Tuam who apparently has an office at Eyre Square, Galway and he apparently has charge of the estate. Do you know him or anyone who does? I don't want to write to him unless somebody presents me to him, and, in fact, I would prefer to keep out of the affair if I could because my mother-in-law (who has always been a kind of worshipper of mine and thinks I am a miracle-worker) wants now to give all the money to my wife. In a former letter she said she wanted to keep it all so as to have a proper funeral, something rivalling that of the late Queen Victoria, I suppose. Like her son-in-law she is a great spend-thrift. Did you ever hear of such a funny inheritance. I think (so far as I

*To Constantine P. Curran*

OCTOBER 1936

can make head or tail of the letters) that some kind of an effort should be made to find out what her brother really wanted to do with this money, a tombstone, masses, bequests etc. I mean if he was surprised by death surely one ought to find out what he would have done. Or perhaps I am wrong. I hear half the clergy in the city were at his funeral but he did not, it seems, leave anything to their Reverences. This, however, is only an initial point which his sister should be able to solve. She never said anything about it in any letter and I certainly don't want to present the £500,000 to Fr McGillicuddy of the Breeks. Gesumaria! If poor Mr Healy whom I made laugh so often were here he would see the joke himself. But apart from the joke here is a helpless woman with a whole lot of money who turns to me of all people in the world. I said I would write to you and if that failed to my solicitors in London. But they have their hands full with me and if my mother-in-law's problem is also presented to them I am afraid they will both close up the office in the City and join the London Fire Brigade for a rest-cure.

I hope you and your family are well, I am sorry I did not know where you were in Belgium this 'summer'. We passed through and stopped in Liege for some days when going to and coming from Denmark.

TO MRS BARNACLE

15 October 1936

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Mrs Barnacle: I wrote to my friend Mr Curran on Sunday week last I have had no reply yet. I wrote him very fully so perhaps he is making inquiries. As soon as I hear from him I shall write at once. Meanwhile I send a book illustrated by Lucia which I hope you will be glad to have as a proof of your granddaughter's delicate talent. I thank you and Kathleen for your message of congratulation on the publication of *Ulysses* in England after my twenty years' struggle. It is, I may add, the only word of congratulation which has reached me from any Irishman or woman at home or abroad.

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TO THOMAS KEOHLER

23 May 1937

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Keohler: Excuse me for not having acknowledged receipt of *Songs of a Devotee*,<sup>1</sup> inscribed. I do so now with thanks. Yes, I gave your name to the edition of *Transition* as I thought I ought to reciprocate your kindness. I made no other record. That one (a private disc) was made too in very unfavourable circumstances, the B.B.C. officials having made no preparations in the studio, never having heard of me, of course, and regarding it as a family record, I suppose, made for a birthday. The light went out in the middle of it. Nevertheless I did what I could.

I remember Cousins,<sup>2</sup> who wrote the *Racing Lug*. He used to live in Seafront Road in a house called *The Bungalow*. His wife was a Miss Gretta Guilfoyle (or some name beginning with G, I think, and I fancy from one of the northern counties, perhaps Fermanagh). She was fond of music and I sang at a concert given in the garden of her husband's employer's house at Monkstown I think it was called Shanday. He was McCormick of 7 D'Olier Street. I am glad to hear he is well. They were both very friendly to me and tried to help me. . . .

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

28 June 1937

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Curran: First of all many thanks for having acted as *cicerone* to these two visitors. Though both have been back in Paris for some days I have not yet seen either.

It is regrettable from every point of view that I have to trouble you again about my wretched family affairs. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *The Tower Press Booklets* Number 2, published by Maunsel and Co. in 1906.

<sup>2</sup> James Henry Cousins, an authority on Indian art and literature, published (in 1950, in Madras) jointly with his wife an autobiography named *We Two Together*, which includes an account of the Irish Theatre movement and Joyce's milieu in the early days. Two one-act plays by him, *The Sleep of the King* and *The Racing Lug* were given in the Irish National Theatre Society's first programme.

<sup>3</sup> This date is fixed by the reference to S. Médard, the French St Swithin, though his 'day' is different.

But to turn to another aspect, less deplorable though equally enigmatic, of our island life my mother-in-law seems to have relapsed into quiet after her cavalry correspondence of some time ago—concannons to right of her, concurrans<sup>1</sup> to left of her. Her youngest daughter sent us a p.c. saying casually she was getting married the next day. No name, no place. A month after we got a Galway paper with an article heavily scored in black ink about the secretary of a G.A.A.<sup>2</sup> who had been suspended because he left a G.A.A. meeting to go over to a Rugby dance where apparently one of the girls was flowering the wall. This official's name was Sean uasal O Broin. When we had read this several times we said ha ha now we have it. His name is Byrne. Time passed and then one lovely May morning we got a parcel containing a chunk of old but still combative wedding cake for my wife and a silver shoe for me in a letter-packet from Mr and Mrs Griffin. I am wondering what strategical steps my sister-in-law will take eventually to break to us gently the crowning news of her husband's Christian name. These people would be ideal readers for *Work in Progress* but for the fact that they feel they could do so much better themselves if only they would take the trouble of so doing. After 15 years I was still tinkering away at it at 5 a.m. this morning. Once when I was last in Ireland I got a present from them of some fowl. Some weeks after I got a laconic 'p.c.' saying simply 'Did you like the drake?' Anyhow my wife and I get plenty of fun out of them still and Lord knows we haven't much to make merry over.

S. Médard (who has just sent us a shower which means 40 days rain).

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

14 July 1937

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Curran: Don't be alarmed by this bloody letter and the five times [?] France on the envelope.<sup>3</sup> My pen is charged with gore because the work on the proofs of Pts I & III of *W i P* is now so involved that I have to recur to my old habit of coloured inks and pencil and the stamp is intended to help les chômeurs intellectuels. In fact I am treading this winepress all alone though of the Currans there is one with me<sup>4</sup> and as today is S. Bastille I am sending you the twelve apostles; each of whom is named Patrick and is a bottle unto himself. Wine from the royal

<sup>1</sup> Mr Curran's first name was shortened to 'Con' by his friends.

<sup>2</sup> Gaelic Athletic Association.

<sup>3</sup> The envelope had five stamps depicting Anatole France. This letter is in red ink; hence the epithet 'bloody'.

<sup>4</sup> Miss Elizabeth Curran (daughter) was then in Paris.

Pope will cross the ocean green better at present than Spanish ale<sup>1</sup> which is reported to be rather heady.

I was greatly pleased by your kind present but why the date 1935? For years I have been trying to get any of E.H.'s libretti<sup>2</sup> for pantomime. Perhaps you will find one some day. Especially *Turko the Terrible*. My father's old friend R. J. Thornton ('Tom Kernan')<sup>3</sup> used to tell me about Giuglini flying his big kite on Sandymount strand when he was a boy. He went mad some years later. Dubliners put him above Mario even as a tenor. Selskar Gunn (without an 'e') used to come with us to the opera to hear Sullivan. He is the son of Michael Gunn. The brother James was a good friend of my father's and they used to listen at the back of the darkened theatre sometimes when Tietjens and Trebelli<sup>4</sup> were rehearsing. He told me his sister Haidée had drawn his attention to the many allusions to her father and mother ('Bessie Sudlow')<sup>5</sup> in *W. i. P.*

Gorman and Mrs Gorman had dinner with me a few nights ago. I had not met him since his return. I asked him had anybody mentioned Sullivan. No. Or opera. No. Or singing. Not a word. Ichabod.

He said he had a grand time in Eire but at Clongowes it seems the password was 'O, breathe not his name'. Surely this was an excess of prudence on your part. However, I leave it to you, as the man with the hump said to his son.

By way of Clongowes Fr Conmee used to say my letters home were like grocer's lists. *Sono sempre quello*. For I am sending you another £2 & ten 10/- and I would like you to exhaust the amount in the purchase of all the songs available by French, Ashcroft, Wheatley and Vousden<sup>6</sup> and when the £2 ½ is finished let me know and I will remit more. I should like these soon. I know most of them but want them, if possible, in low keys. Who is the Val. Vousden whose name I sometimes see. A grandson? I remember the old man. The last time I saw him was making a patriarchal entry into the Black Maria outside Store Street. He had a long white beard, typifying the wisdom of the morning after.

<sup>1</sup> See note on letter of 20 December 1933 to Mr Curran.

<sup>2</sup> Edwin Hamilton (1849-1919) wrote the libretti of several pantomimes, one of them *Turko the Terrible*, mentioned in *Ulysses*.

<sup>3</sup> Character in *Ulysses*.

<sup>4</sup> Mr Curran writes: 'Tietjens was a superb soprano. Her genius as a singer was equalled by her warm heart and both made her a Dublin idol. She sang first in Dub lin in 1857 . . . and her connection with Dublin lasted 15 years and more.' When Gounod's *Faust* was first performed in Dublin (1863) Trebelli sang Siebel to Tietjens' Marguerite.

<sup>5</sup> Bessie Sudlow, a very popular and charming actress, then Mrs Michael Gunn, played such parts as Lady Teazle and Ariel.

<sup>6</sup> 'Ashcroft and Wheatley,' Mr Curran writes, 'were of the same tribe of singers and songwriters singing in the Dublin musichalls and pantomime as "the Great Macdermott".'

To Constantine P. Curran

JULY 1937

Also at what price can I buy last year's *Dublin Directory* and *Who's Who*. If I order them from here they will charge me full rates which is absurd as old Casey<sup>1</sup> used to say.

Some doctors and people who saw Lucia lately agree that she is much better than 2½ years ago. What a dreadful trial to be laid on any girl's shoulders! I had arranged for her to go out on a motor ride today but there's the rain in bucketfuls! *Pas de chance*! The 26th is her birthday. Will you please send her a message (*not* a present, it's too complicated with the customs). . . . She will be delighted to see that people remember her. I mean just a word from Mrs Curran and yourself. *Merci d'avance*.

I met Gillet for a moment in the vestibule at the opera—the ballets, it was rotten and not good, the English. I had not time to talk to him as he wanted to. He enjoyed his stay greatly and then added: I also saw the president. A look of anguish and distraction came over his operatic countenance (he was to have been a deep bass, trained for the stage) and having said his line he went out into the night.

The money is in another envelope. When are you coming to Paname? I want the exact date if possible.

Raining greetings to A.L.P.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

6 August 1937

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

Dear Curran: Here I am at the other rainbow's end, having passed from the ultrared onward. Many thanks for all safely arrived. I miss V.V.'s *Let it Pass* and P.F.'s *Andy McElroe*.<sup>2</sup> I may send you a further £1 when I look at the catalogue again. I want the music more than the words (those I had already made large use of) as I want to bind the lot into a volume for Giorgio as a keepsake. Everything under the sun can be found in Paris but binders are very rare and they take years to do a little work, Lord knows why. When you come to Paris bring the P.F. book with you and I shall have a look at it here. As for *Who's Who* and *Thom's* I really don't need these at all, certainly not at all urgently. They can wait.

By the way you misread my sanguine scrawl. I did not say I was going to be in Paramé but in Paname—an affectionate nickname for Paris

<sup>1</sup> Joe Casey, Irish patriot whom Joyce met in Paris in 1902.

<sup>2</sup> There were two Val Voudsens. V. V. senior, actor, dancer, singer and mimic, flourished about 1870. V. V. junior is described by Mr Curran as 'a still living enter-tainer of the old school'. Percy French, who died in 1920, was a well-known song-writer. A collection of his songs and poems has been published, with a memoir, by The Talbot Press, Dublin.

something like 'Blighty'. We shall therefore meet on Oct 1 and following days here *if* we do not meet elsewhere on some other date.

My final proposal was to accompany my wife to the Isle of Man from where she would have an hour's sea trip alone. The Rwy Hotel on Holyhead Pier has no terrors for us. We have more than once settled down comfortably in the Hotel Terminus at the point of Calais Pier to the great delight of Alexandre and the rest of the lonely staff waiting until my wife was quite satisfied as to the navigability of that channel which so often has a guffaw up its sleeve. We have stayed there for a week at a time. It is most kind of you to offer to put her up. She has now decided that she could not, at least in her present state, face the two belts of water and that we must get a rest. We were to go to Vittel. Now it seems we may leave on Monday for Le Touquet. For some weeks. Since her return from Ireland in 1922, spring (she went off blithely enough but came back shot up in her nerves) she has never been able to cross water—she will not even trust herself into one of the *bateaux-mouches*. It is a frightful job when we get to the channel on the rare occasion when we go to London and come back. Mr McGee and Mr Guiney of the *Lord Warden* at Dover (two Irishmen, by the way, manager and secretary) have also had the pleasure of our company for several days' stay. Le Touquet, in any case, is *en route* if there should be any urgent need for her presence in Galway. I am trying to finish my wip [Work in Progress] (I work about 16 hours a day, it seems to me) and I am not taking any chances with my fellow-countrymen if I can possibly help it until that is done, at least. And on the map of their island there is marked very legibly for the moment *Hic sunt Lennoes*. But every day in every way I am walking along the streets of Dublin and along the strand. And 'hearing voices'. *Non dico giammai ma non ancora*.

My wife is very grateful to you for all your kindness towards us. Thanks too for the *libretto* and the Chancellor's verses on J.L.T. I remember both of them well. He was a regular firstnighter. I saw Toole play *Paul Pry* and the *Birthplace of Podgers*. He was very old and said to be quite rich—hence the digs in the verses. Tamagno, among tenors, had the same reputation. And so has Lauder. But most of them are still vagabonds at heart. . . .

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

19 August 1937

*Hotel Krone am Rhein, Rheinfelden*

Dear Curran: I hope this reaches you before you leave for I gather that Armand Establet, who has succeeded to his father's vineyard and



useful mantle, sent the case.<sup>1</sup> He doesn't seem to have dédouané perhaps he couldn't but it might come the day after you leave and run up a bill for customs storage uselessly. Maybe someone can attend to this in your absence.

This is not to ask you to see anyone, go anywhere or do anything for me but merely to wish you and your party a pleasant trip. Having heard we were going to Vittel, Le Touquet, Isle of Man and Anglia, you will think it the most natural thing in the world that we are here in Erin-on-the-Rhine. Anna Rhenana runs under my window all night complaining in guttural Schwyz-Duitsch of being pressed into service by me with 500 odd otters [?] as train bearer to a drunken draggletail Dublin drab. Lord help me if I ever come near that warrior-girl Anna Amazonia! . . .

TO FRANK BUDGEN

9 September 1937

*Grand Hôtel, Dieppe*

Dear Budgen: Many thanks.<sup>2</sup> Just what I wanted. Have used a lot of it. The encounter between my father and a tramp (the basis of my book) actually took place at that part of the park. I went to the Br Consulate and with the official consulted Lloyds Reg. for 1935. No trace of that phantom ship.<sup>3</sup> Could you trace her? I hope you noted, by the way, the tayloren's christian name. But one or two questions—I mean till you send back the book marked,<sup>4</sup> which do, but registered to Paul Léon, 27 rue Casimir-Perier, Paris, vii.

What is Devereux's Christian name, also Sturk's?

Her name Lilia or Lillian?

Is Archer (Dangerfield) an Irishman?

In what chapter is Sturk's dream of recognition? This point is a fine one, I think, since he saw the deed in a half dream.

Why does Archer go back to Chapelizod and put his head in the noose?

Yes, I know that sickening thud. But keep on, Bruce, saith the spider. What is the book called? I should subscribe to the Verdant One.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Another case of Châteauneuf, Clos St Patrice.

<sup>2</sup> For *Tit Bits*.

<sup>3</sup> Joyce had been sent a throwaway which runs: 'Dublin Tenders Limited / 3 hour coastal cruise on board / pleasure steamer / JOHN JOYCE / sailing from Victoria Wharf, Dun Laoghaire / (weather and other circumstances permitting).' List of sailing dates and hours follows; the cruises took place from 17 August to 25 August 1937, and the fares were two shillings for adults, sixpence for children. On the back of the copy he gave me Joyce wrote: 'This extraordinary advt reached me from Dublin. I had it copied. *Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?*' (see following Letter.)

<sup>4</sup> Lefanu's *The House by the Churchyard*.

<sup>5</sup> *Tit Bits* which had a bright green cover.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

20 September 1937

Paris

Dear Budgen: Got back and have now seen Léon. He says author's rights in the case of a posthumously published book are retained by the author's heirs till 50 years after his death. If you have any doubts about this I shall write to Benjamin Crémieux, secretary of the P.E.N. Club.

I have used almost all of the information you sent but am waiting to amplify it from the text marked by you so you may return it here registered when you like.

As regards S S J.J. the connection is not so much with Shaun the Post<sup>1</sup> as with my father John Joyce. The boat is not in Ll's Register for '35. It may be in '36 or '37. I had copies made of the advt and sent them to members of the family, among others to my cousin Gretta Yeats in London saying that if my father was employing his postvital hours transporting Dubliners round the bay she could be sure that her two uncles James and Freddy (mentioned in my books) would be among the most reminiscent occupants of the saloon bar. Her husband Cyril Yeats answered me saying that on the day I wrote my cousin she died. I had no idea she was even ill. . . .

Kind greetings to you both and if you come to the 'expo'<sup>2</sup> which is right in front of my halldoor please take it home with you before I visit it with edificidal thoughts.

TO EZRA POUND

12 November 1937

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris

Dear Pound: Perhaps you have had a letter by now from Mrs Dyer. When I spoke with her some days ago she said she would write to you. It seems she has published only 12 of the 22 Purcell sonatas (if that is what they are) but is doing the rest and some music by Bartok. She said she would send you 5 or 6 of them. I am supposed to go to visit her press one of these days and I shall mention the radio. But surely she has thought of this herself. Is any of this music vocal and for a low voice? If so perhaps Giorgio could sing it over the radio. He will broadcast from Poste Parisien on Tuesday next at 7.45 but of course he had to sing what they chose to start with. I shall mention this when I see her. She is a wealthy Australian who has published a large edition of Couperin's music. I tried to interest her in a performance of *Norma* at the old Roman theatre of Orange (the ideal opera for such a theatre)

<sup>1</sup> I.e. his brother Stanislaus.<sup>2</sup> The Paris (1937) 'Exposition'.

with a fellow countrywoman of her own, Marjorie Lawrence (of the Paris opera) in the name part, Sullivan as Pollione and Carducci (you may have met him at my house) to conduct. The plan fell through. I think the part was too hard for la Laurence and in any case Mrs Dyer went to the Antipodes. So that was that.

If you wish me to try anything else for Purcell and yourself I shall do so with great animation.

Could you give me a word of introduction to Gerhart Hauptmann? When I was a boy in Dublin I made a translation (!) of his *Michael Kramer* a play which I still admire greatly. Perhaps he would do me the honour and pleasure of signing it—his text, I mean, in book form not my well meant atrocity which some U.S. buyer obtained by stealth. I suppose, from some admiring relation of mine in an old town.<sup>1</sup> He is, or was, a neighbour of yours and I think you told me you knew him.

<sup>1</sup> Mr John J. Slocum has kindly supplied the following note: 'Not so, mss. disappeared, but John H. Thompson, of Detroit, has the mss. of Joyce's translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, which he purchased at the sale of John Quinn's library.' See also *A Bibliography of James Joyce*, p. 150.

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TO GIORGIO AND HELEN JOYCE

8 March 1938

[Typewritten—not by Joyce]

*Paris*

Dear Helen: There is no end of gossip here but you had better bring over the newest type of vacuum cleaner to gather it all up. I sent you an article by Mrs Giedion in the Zurich *Weltwoche*. It seems they are going to print four others on me and Zurich and on me and music etc. and some people told me I am going to be made an Ehrenburger. Talking of that this may amuse you as you recline on your couch. At a concert in the Tonhalle I met Paul Suter who is publicity chief for the Maggy [*sic*] soup factory at Kempthal for the lat [*sic*] twenty years and sinstead [*sic*] of talking about the music I began to sing a song of souppans. etc. Bref, he told the manager next day at the works who promptly opened his desk and revealed a copy of *Ulysses* which apparently he reads between spoonfuls. We were invited down to visit the works, commodious motor car being placed at our disposal i.e. we two, Paul Suter, Brauchbar and the manager. An excellent lunch put up for us starting with real turtle soup and accompanied by the best swiss white wine and old french claret hanging in cobwebs and old liqueurs. Alas I drank water. The Manager was like a young lady being introduced to the long haired violinist of her dreams. I think they are going to call one of the new soups after my notorious pot-boiler. Then we visited the works, I was very interested and he wrote down in a book the adverse criticism I had to make of their soup à l'oignon after which I had to write him am [*sic*] inscription in his copy of *Ulysses* after which we had a motor drive through the country in the snow and then we went to Winterthur to some kind of a patrician club house called Geduld where a most lordly high tea was set forth the flunkies litterally [*sic*] standing around with the tea urns and the cream ewers in their hands waiting for our arrival. My wife went up to your villa and saw Berthe and Schiap. Both well. The latter after leaping around a lot went to the door and kept looking down the terrace waiting for the others to arrive and making loud howls. 'Tis sweet to hear the

watch dog's honest bark Bay deepmouthed welcome as we near our home.' Words by George Gordon Noel Lord Byron. Music by Rauco Schiaparelli. Mr Gurevitch rang up and says his next concert will be on the 6-th of April dedicated to Gabriele d'Annunzio in music so I suppose he could do Franz in May. I heard a British bass named Harold Williams last night trying to sing Father O'Flynn. God Help us! Tell Giorgio I am so tired of reading articles about d'Annunzio and talking for the last three hours to Nino Frank<sup>1</sup> that I shall have to write him by the next post. Miss Moschos just rang me up having come back from Ivry. They<sup>2</sup> seem to get on very well. A pigeon laid two eggs on the sill of the dining room where we never dine and is hatching them in a flighty way going and coming. I am wondering whether it is always the same bird because sometimes my wife says 'Now he's gone away again' and sometimes she says 'here she is coming back' or perhaps it all means something else. I hope Stevie liked my first lesson on mountains and as for his tastes in food why should they give him the roast beef of old England when what he likes most is Irish stew? Là-dessus je me tais. C'est l'heure de la soupe magique.

TO PAUL RUGGIERO

4 September 1938

[In Italian]

*Hôtel de la Paix, Lausanne*

Dear Ruggiero: Again I have to ask you for your help. How do you begin and end a fairy tale or a little story for children in Greek? To explain the matter to you: in English you begin:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was; and you end like this:

So they put on the kettle and they made tea and they lived happily ever after.

The Germans say 'Es war einmal' and they end 'Und wenn sie nicht gestorben sind, so leben sie noch heute!'

Of course I do not want the Greek translation of these sentences but something typically Greek (with the Italian translation underneath). Each country has its own expressions for this purpose. I have finished my long book. Thanks to the Almighty. How are you and your family? I hope, well. And I hope too that you had a good holiday. We shall be at Zurich by the end of October, I think, but for Heaven's sake don't wait until then to send me your reply.

<sup>1</sup> With whom Joyce collaborated in translating ALP into Italian.

<sup>2</sup> Lucia Joyce and Miss Moschos.

TO LOUIS GILLET

8 Septembre 1938

*Hôtel de la Paix, Lausanne*

Cher ami: Aussitôt rentré ici j'ai téléphoné à mon fils qui se trouve à Montreux. Il m'a dit qu'il a bien reçu la lettre de M. Porché fils et qu'il a répondu il y a plusieurs semaines. Il déjeune avec nous samedi prochain—après-demain—et alors je pourrai vous dire quelque chose de plus précis.

Mon long silence n'est pas dû seulement au travail fou qui m'a accablé depuis bien des mois mais aussi au fait que depuis quelque temps nous nous voyons—ma femme et moi—confrontés par la possibilité d'un autre grave événement dans notre famille comme si la presque tragédie de ma fille ne suffisait pas. De cela je préfère vous parler de vive voix et quand nous serons tous les deux de retour à Paris. Pour le moment je vous prierai de n'en parler à personne. Je ne partage pas le pessimisme qui m'entoure mais peut-être je me trompe.

Quant à ma fille je suis la seule personne qu'elle voit ou qu'elle veut voir. J'y vais tous les dimanches après déjeuner et je reste là jusqu'à la nuit. J'ai eu pas mal de difficultés même pour venir ici pour un court séjour qui n'est pas exactement de repos car notre voyage est un peu en rapport avec l'autre cas auquel j'ai fait allusion. Ma fille croit que je suis à Vernon chez Stuart Gilbert et j'ai dû arranger un espèce de courrier épistolaire. J'ai une série de cartes postales illustrées de Vernon et je lui écris deux ou trois fois par semaine, envoyant les cartes en enveloppes à Gilbert qui les réexpédie à Ivry où elle est. Voilà les circonstances allègres dans lesquelles je termine ma comédie nocturne. Ou au moins ce que certains se plairaient à appeler le purgatoire. O paradiso! comme chantait Sullivan dans l'Africaine.

Il est arrivé un étrange parallèle avec le cas Ulysse-Victor Bérard. Son étude homérique est venue confirmer ma théorie du sémitisme de l'Odyssée quand j'avais déjà écrit trois quarts du livre. Voilà que je trouve ma théorie sur le scandinavisme de mon héros Finn MacCool (le Fingal de Macpherson, père d'Ossian et grand-père d'Oscar) confirmée par les recherches d'un savant allemand, Zimmer, dont j'ignorais l'oeuvre. C'est un jeune étudiant à Paris qui a attiré mon attention à ces études, et c'est curieux de voir, dans le résumé que le Professeur Zimmer de Heidelberg vient de me faire du travail de son père, la hardiesse que j'avais osée en mettant le gros norvégien H C E dans la peau d'un héros mythique purement celtique—ou [illegible]—justifiée par la doctrine tudesque avec chapitre et vers.

Jaloux<sup>1</sup> a diné avec nous l'autre soir et nous avons causé de vous. Il

<sup>1</sup> Edmond Jaloux, famous French author.

*To Louis Gillet*

SEPTEMBER 1938

habite Lussy à 5 kilomètres d'ici. Nous n'avons fait que d'échanger histoires marseillaises contre blagues dublinoises.

Sursum corda!

Mes hommages respectueux à Madame Gillet et j'espère que vous me téléphonerez quand vous rentrerez à Paris car je voudrais vous expliquer un peu plus clairement la raison de notre inquiétude.

To B. W. HUEBSCH

11 September 1938

*Hôtel de la Paix, Lausanne*

Dear Huebsch: I hope this will reach you on your way through London. My friend Edmund Brauchbar is here on his way to Paris where I am also going on tomorrow. I had a talk with him today about his cousins Mr and Mrs Perles who are in London on a tourist's permit which will expire normally in about 4-5 weeks. . . . To apply to you or to Brody of the Rhein-Verlag (my German publisher in Holland) is one thing but my English publishers are not Israelites and I am uncertain as to their sentiments. If you know anyone to whom (I mean in England) a letter from me would be of immediate service to Mr Perles I will write it at once. England is an almost unknown land to me.

Mr Brauchbar, who, by the way, besides maintaining a dozen of refugee relatives in Zurich in his house and also contributing generously to the Swiss Jewish Relief fund suggests that the best plan would be if you could see Mrs Perles in London yourself and then judge of the case. If the latter is in need he, Mr Brauchbar, would place at your disposal a sum of from 300-500 dollars to be personally advanced to him. I shall add his address at foot of this. . . .

To PAUL RUGGIERO

18 November 1938

[In Italian]<sup>1</sup>

*Paris*

Dear Ruggiero: I have found the record. It is called 'Un Rêve' and the house is full of its [illegible]. I also bought one for you and it will be sent

<sup>1</sup> Italian original of above

Parigi, li 18 IXbre 1938

Caro Ruggiero: Ho trovato il disco. Si chiama: Un Rêve, e la casa è piena della sua . . . [illegible]. Ho comprato uno anche per Lei e le sarà spedito mercoledì venturo. Lei ne sarà entusiasta. Ora un'altra cosa. Ho terminato il mio libro. Giovedì prossimo, festa americana di Thanksgiving *Εὐχαριστία* alcuni amici danno una cenetta per me. Vorrei cantare la sua canzone in francese ed anche in greco. Potrebbe Lei farmi avere le parole chiaramente scritte (colla traduzione) a tempo. Grazie ad ogni modo. A proposito le

you next Wednesday. You will be delighted with it. Now there is something else I wanted to tell you. I have finished my book. Next Thursday, on the American Thanksgiving day, *Εὐχαριστία*, some friends are giving a little supper for me. I should like to sing your song in French and also in Greek. Could you let me have the words in time, clearly written out, with a translation? Many thanks at all events. By the way, the words are different in the French text. There is nothing about the sea in it, no laughter and no blonde, but great sadness. My wife cried when she was listening to it. What the deuce is there in music, and above all in singing, that moves us so deeply? Hurray! I have finished this blasted book.

parole sono altre in francese. Non c'entra nè il mare nè il riso nè la bionda; invece è tristissima. Mia moglie ha pianto quando l'ha intesa. Cosa diavolo c'è nella musica, nel canto soprattutto, che ci commuove così? Hip, Hip! Ho finito quel maledetto libro. Una stretta di mano. James Joyce.



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1939

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TO LIVIA SVEVO

4 April 1939

7 rue Edmond Valentin, Paris 7

After April 15, P.V.

34 rue des Vignes, Paris XVI

Dear Signora: Here is all that I have been able to find thus far. We are about to move. What fun! If I find other letters from Schmitz (I must have several), I will send them to you. Thank you for the pamphlet. That man would do well to buy himself a little glue. The products of his press remind me of *Come le foglie* of Giacosa. But the important thing is that Svevo be read and written about.

I never receive any word from my brother. I wrote him twice, but received no answer. I hope he is well.

I hope that you too are well, dear Signora Schmitz. May I venture to wish you peace and happiness on the eve of the Easter holidays? In any case, that is what I do.

TO T. S. ELIOT

N.D. [? April 1939]

34 Rue des Vignes, Paris XVI

Dear Eliot: Thanks for Curtius's letter.

May I ask you to do something for me!

Is there another copy of my *édition de luxe*, unnumbered, available for me? If not may I have a numbered copy? I want to have it by May 4 so am sending this by air mail. Whatever amount may have to be paid I shall remit to the firm by cheque directly. The book and letters should be sent to me direct not to Léon. In fact, the copy is for him.

The other copies all reached me safely. I also received the six copies of the ordinary American edition. With them came a copy of the Viking Press advertisement of the book in their catalogue. It informs the American public that 'the scene of the book is laid in Dublin and Paris'. It will be a disappointment to many that they did not add 'the Riviera and St Moritz'.

With friendly greetings and thanks in advance.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

22 July 1939

*Golf Hôtels, Etretat, Seine-Inférieure*

Dear Curran: We have been moving and my new address is on the back of this. We are not satisfied with the change and may move elsewhere next year. My daughter-in-law has been seriously ill since early this year. She is now convalescent, but it will be some months probably before she is all right again. We came down here for a 4-5 days rest and to see the grandson who is in camp near here. We motor back with Giorgio on Tuesday as I have to be in Paris for Lucia's birthday, the 26th, Wednesday. Curiously enough, Giorgio's is Thursday, the 27th. I hope Mrs Curran and your daughter are both well and that the latter is enjoying or enjoyed her stay in the U.S.A.

As regards F.W. if you pass through Paris on your usual continental holiday bring it with you and ring up Léon or myself (new number Auteuil: 79.01) and if we should be away leave it with the concierge of either of us. I shall inscribe it and send it back registered. I dislike the idea of inscribing a blank sheet to be pasted in. It looks bad.

TO FRANK BUDGEN

End July 1939

[Paris]

Dear Budgen: I sent you 33 clippings yesterday and the typescript with some suggestions which you may reject or not as suits you. I enclose P.O. 2/6. Will you please return the clippings by registered *letter post* so as to reach me by Tuesday, 1 prox, as we plan to leave and I want them back first—not as printed matter. The 6 notices in the [illegible] are 2 by Edmund Wilson and 3 by Paul Rosenfeld (I put them so that you might see the progression) with which is intercalated a letter signed by Faugh-a-Ballaugh-Faugh possibly the last public act of his life. The first instalment of *F. W.* appeared in his *Transatlantic Review* (your 4 old men) and it was he who called it 'Fragment from *Work in Progress*'. I forgot to put in the reference pages etc in suggestions dictated to P.L.<sup>1</sup> At back of this am putting them down anyway. Wilson makes some curious blunders, e.g. that the 4th old man is Ulster. Your article can easily run to 500/1000 words now. The *F.R.*<sup>2</sup> paid me 1 gn a page in 1899—16 pp. I think they will take your article if you write in the way I suggested and say who you are. If that fails I shall suggest another review not the *Quarterly*. A U.S. review is not likely. They have plenty of critics of their own. . . . The part of *F.W.* accepted as easiest

<sup>1</sup> Paul Léon.<sup>2</sup> *Fortnightly Review*.

*To Frank Budgen*

JULY 1939

is section pp. 104 et seq and the most difficult of all [illegible] pp. 260 et seq—yet the technique here is a reproduction of a schoolboy's (and schoolgirl's) old classbook complete with marginalia by the twins, who change sides at half time, footnotes by the girl (who doesn't), a Euclid diagram, funny drawings etc. It was like that in Ur of the Chaldees too, I daresay.

Page 626, line 17 (the word heliotrope appears here again after baffling Glugg in the mime, Isolde's colour too). . . .

If I have left out some please let me know.

P.S. Why do you not work in the verses about the names?

TO FRANK BUDGEN

20 August 1939

*Hotel Schweizerhof, Bern*

Dear Budgen: I return your article and hope the F.R. takes it. A pity you did not develop your ideas about the landscape. You ought to get them down anyway. Linati's [?] article has a paragraph that bears on a page of your article, I thought, so I send it. Perhaps you can puzzle it out from the French. 'Raggi iccasse' is the Italian for X-rays.

These suggestions:

(a) The expression about the [rock?] being all right because the R.C. church is founded on it is not correct. It should be Christian church but the whole phrase should be recast out of the two 'true believer' moulds.

(2) Reread the second paragraph in the hagiographic triptych in Part IV (S. L. O'Toole is only adumbrated). Much more is intended in the colloquy between Berkeley the arch druid and his pidgin speech and Patrick the [?] and his Nippon English. It is also the defence and indictment of the book itself, B's theory of colours and Patrick's practical solution of the problem. Hence the phrase in the preceding Mutt and Jeff banter 'Dies is Dorminus master' = Deus est Dominus noster plus the day is Lord over sleep, i.e. when it days.

(3) As your title begins well the article why not end well with any of the other names given by the Egyptians to their scripture. The Book of the Dead is also the Book of the Chapters of the Coming Forth by Day.

P.S. Among another batch of reviews I got this from London *Daily Herald* 5 August 39 (verbatim):

*Finnegans Wake* by J.J. (F. and F. 25/-).

An Irish stew of verbiage by the author of *Ulysses* with unexpected beauty emerging now and then from the peculiar mixture.

*C'est tout.*

TO MR and MRS STUART GILBERT

6 September 1939

*Hôtel Saint-Christophe, La Baule (L.I.)*

Dear Gilbert and Mrs Gilbert: We hope you are both well and safe. We are here where we came to be near Lucia. I was told and told again that Dr Delmas had rented the hotel Edelweiss here (70 rooms) and park to receive his maison de santé from Ivry and had a fleet of autocars ready to transport sick and staff, and would all be on the road here an hour after the levy in mass<sup>1</sup> was proclaimed. On the strength of these reiterated assurances I left, telling Lucia that I would wait at Beaugency (on the way here) and leave at the same time as she left Ivry and meet her here. The morning after general mobilization I went to the hotel Edelweiss and seeing the ground floor windows at last open asked had the Maison de Santé of Dr Delmas arrived during the night. The caretaker had never heard of any Dr Delmas or Maison de Santé and said the hotel had been rented by the Société des Forges du Nord. Dr Delmas arrived next day. I found him by the merest accident as his wife never even troubled to ring me up to tell me. He told me he was looking for a place but had no means of transport and I could not count on his being able to do anything before 8 or 15 days! He was to return to Paris next day. Through a friend of mine who has a daily priority telephone call to Paris, Dr O'Brien of the Rockefeller Foundation, who 'phoned his secretary in Paris I learned yesterday and now today that there had been several night alarms in Ivry and that the government had evacuated the female patients. At the time of writing I have no idea where my daughter is—this after all my preparations to be near her! . . . I wrote express to Lucia through Mrs Léon who is in Beaugency, but scarcely knew what to say to her who always counts on me. Heaven knows if she even got the letter. . . .

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *levée en masse*, general mobilization.

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# 1940

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TO FRANK BUDGEN

8 February 1940

*Hôtel de la Paix, S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Dear Budgen: Thanks for remembering my birthday. Ruggiero did so too. I hope you are all well. Did you offer your article elsewhere? I have had many more since, Italian, one from Magdeburg, one by a Russian American, a remarkable one and, naturally enough perhaps, a strange symbolical affair from Helsinki—sent about 6 weeks ago—where, as foretold by the prophet, the Finn again wakes. I should not jest. . . . And what about a second edition of your book. Gorman's life of me is out. It is published by Farrar and Reinhardt [*sic*] of N.Y. I hope the Cardiff man paid you for your pictures. There was plenty of snow down here to paint near Vichy where the water comes from.

TO CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

11 February 1940

*Hôtel de la Paix, S. Gérard-le-Puy, (Allier)*

Dear Curran: This is to tell you your photograph appears in Gorman's life of me the first copies of which have now reached Paris and, I suppose, London from New York. The publishers are Farrer and Reinhart.

My daughter-in-law staged a marvellous banquet for my last birthday and read the closing pages on the passing-out of Anna Livia—to a seemingly much affected audience. Alas, if you ever read them you will see they were unconsciously prophetic! I am and have been much afflicted by all this [?]. While I am writing the little golden book with the title and date and names she had made for that day attached to my fountainpen keeps on tinkling. . . .

I have received a number of foreign notices of my book, Italian, Spanish, American. The best is by a Russian American—a professor at Harvard<sup>1</sup>—and the most curious comes from Helsinki where as was predicted, the Finn again wakes.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Harry Levin is doubtless meant—though actually he is a native American.

TO JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY<sup>1</sup>

15 February 1940

*Hotel de la Paix  
S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Dear Mr Sweeney: I thank you and Mrs Sweeney for your kind cables at Xmas and on my birthday. I hope at least that both occasions were duly observed at your end and that when the worthy celebrant Jolas intoned the ritual 'Lots of fun' the prescribed response was full and hearty. Let it so continue. Today is again a birthday, that of my grandson, his eighth. I shall write to Jolas in a day or two. . . . I have also to confirm Mrs Jolas's letter from Paris. In fact, as she told you, I wrote to both my N.Y. publishers over 2 months ago but never had a word in reply! With good wishes to you both.

TO DANIEL BRODY

3 March 1940

*Hôtel de la Paix, S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Dear Mr Brody: Thanks for the cutting from the *Rotterdamscher Courant*. The article which I read with interest, even though unfavourable, is able and intelligently hostile—when it is hostile. If Mr Blijstira ever is my guest—though it does not seem likely for the moment—I shall have to sing to him after dinner not only *Tim Finnegan's Wake* but also *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* to show him that I am a 'goochelaar'<sup>2</sup> also in the flesh, perhaps executing a few steps of a *pas seul* such as that described in the last page of Mr H. Gorman's biography of me. I forgot to tell you that this is now on sale. . . . On the whole it is well documented though in the Zurich chapters poor old Prof. Sigmund Feilbogen is alluded to as an astronomer! An ear trumpet has been mistaken for a telescope!

TO JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

S. Patrick's Day 1940

*Hôtel de la Paix  
S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier, France*

Dear Mr Sweeney: I hope you have received a cable from Mrs Jolas in which she expressed my thanks which I here renew for your very prompt and kind intervention. Both your cables arrived promptly and on the 2nd instant the remittance sent by Cerf on the 1st instant reached the

<sup>1</sup> American art expert, writer, and museum director. From 1935–40 lecturer on fine arts at the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University. Since 1952 Director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.

<sup>2</sup> Dutch for juggler or trickster.

To James Johnson Sweeney

MARCH 1940

Crédit Lyonnais, Paris. It did not reach me till yesterday, through my own bank, Lloyds, Paris. If it had been sent them as I suggested I should have had it a fortnight sooner. However, it has arrived. Nothing however has arrived from Huebsch so far. As you know from Mrs Jolas I wrote to Cerf and to Huebsch asking them to forward my royalties in the speediest manner direct for my account to Lloyds Bank, Paris. These two letters of mine were sent from Paris by the American clipper airmail service about the 7th or 8th December last. Neither was acknowledged or answered. Will you please inform Cerf that I have received his remittance for which I thank him and shall acknowledge it also by subsequent letter?

If you see Jolas will you please tell him that *Prospettive* a Roman review of 15 February has just published the (partial) Italian version I made of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, together with articles on me and on the book by the editor Curzio Malaparte, Carlo Linati and Ettore Settani. The latter writes that its publication 'ha destato un gran subbuglio nel mondo letterario italiano'.<sup>1</sup> He can probably find the review in some Italian bookshop in New York.

I shall let you know when and if Huebsch's remittance reaches me.

TO SELSKAR GUNN

19 March 1940

*Hôtel de la Paix, S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Dear Gunn: It was very kind of Mrs Gunn and yourself to have brought that parcel to Lucia. She wrote me the other day and told me about it. I enclose a cheque (150 frs) and shall be grateful if you can send her something for Easter with the odd 50 francs, I mean apart from the 100 frs I already owe. What she likes best is fruit (not sweets) and gingerbread. We ought to send an egg but the eggs are always filled with sweets. We shall not be there for Easter. . . .

I expect my son here tomorrow and I fear for many reasons that we shall be obliged to transfer Lucia to a *maison départementale* at Moulins. It will be near us here but a great change for her. Those people with whom she has been for nearly five years of her eight years' illness are quite kind to her and understand her. Is Dr O'Brien now there? If he is perhaps he could run out and see her once. He knows her and Dr Delmas already and Lucia would be glad to see him. Remember me to him anyway.

Thanks also for the cutting about Gorman's book. I should like to read the other you speak of. No, I do not receive notices from the U.S.

<sup>1</sup> 'Has started off a great hubbub in the Italian literary world.'

*To Mary Colum*

and I think I told you, I actually had to buy the copy of my biography which I possess. So if you don't want it yourself, please let me see the other critique.

As soon as I have come to some decision I shall let you know. I shall of course write to my daughter for Easter. I have already tried to explain to her something of the whole lamentable affair. I'm afraid the outlook is very bad.

I hope Mrs Gunn and yourself and the aforesaid good doctor and all the Rockefellerians<sup>1</sup> and will pass a pleasant and convivial Easter-tide by the silver sea.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

22 March 1940

*Hôtel de la Paix, S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Dear Miss Weaver: My son reports that no copy of Gorman's biography of me is to be found in Paris bookshops. The publisher did not send me a copy and the one I possess I bought from Brentano's, Paris, six weeks ago. Seemingly, no other copy has come since.

As I very much wish to send a copy to my mother-in-law can you find out whether a copy is to be had in London and send it on to her if you find it? The address is: Mrs Barnacle, 4 Bowling Green, Galway, Ireland.

It will give her great pleasure to have it.

I hope you are well, as usual. . . . My grandson is here and I am trying to have my daughter transferred to a place near here from La Baule. It is not easy at present. I wrote to her trying to explain part of what had happened. She has written agreeing to the transfer which however will be an unpleasant change for her.

With many thanks in advance and kindest regards.

TO MARY COLUM

13 April 1940

*Hôtel Beaujolais, Vichy (Allier)*

Dear Mrs Colum: We are here for a few days but the address at foot will find me till the 15 July when my lease of that unoccupied flat expires. We return to S. Gérard-le-Puy tonight.

It was news to me to hear that Byrne had written a book. I should have been surprised to hear that he had read one. Nevertheless it might be a quite remarkable book and in any case he is a very old friend of mine. If you see him let me know how you find him. I did not think he was very well when I last saw him.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic*. Presumably 'are fit' or some such words are omitted.



To Mary Colum

APRIL 1940

No, I have not seen your review of Gorman's book.<sup>1</sup> I have no copy of it myself. I have been trying to buy one in London or Paris but no bookshop in either city seems to have a copy according to Miss Weaver (London) and Giorgio (Paris). Neither Gorman nor his publishers sent me a copy or informed me of the date of publication or notified me that it was published or sent me any critique of it.<sup>2</sup> I should not even know it was out but for Selskar Gunn who sent me a clipping from the *New Yorker*. I cabled the publishers in November but had no reply.

Also I have not seen any of the reviews you cite of *Finnegans Wake*; the publishers of that book, or rather Mr B. W. Huebsch of the firm, were written to by me on 6 December last. I sent the letter by U.S. Clipper as I send this and as you had better send mail if you write to Europe. I explained to him the very great difficulty one had in getting any money whatsoever out of England, even small monthly interest on War Loans, for the support of my doubly evacuated family and asked him to send out by his quickest possible way to my account at Lloyds Bank, Paris, any royalties due to me. He replied to this letter of mine of 6 December 1939 on the 17 February 1940 replying by long sea mail routes, a letter which reached me on the 11 March. His letter contained an account of sales of my books for the previous half year. *Exiles*, 0, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 0, *Dubliners*, 6. He also enclosed a cheque for the royalties due me on *Finnegans Wake*, viz, 47 \$ 45 (forty seven dollars 45/100). . . .

Whatever happens, thanks for having remembered us at this time, and I hope you will both let us know how you fare.

TO MARY COLUM

[April 1940]

P.S.

[Hôtel Beaujolais, Vichy, Allier]

Dear Mrs Colum: I forgot to send our [Paris] address so am sending this.<sup>3</sup> Even yet I have not received a word from Gorman or his publisher.

I am not sure whether you took Italian at the R.U.I.<sup>4</sup> Anyhow the Italian translation I made of Anna Livia (incomplete) was published in *Prospettive* (15 February 1940, Rome) together with several articles about the book. If there is a good Italian bookshop in New York you might find a copy. It had an amazing sequel. The next number (15

<sup>1</sup> James Joyce (1940).

<sup>2</sup> The effect of war conditions. In 1940 there were great delays in the postal service in France.

<sup>3</sup> 34, rue des Vignes, Paris XVI<sup>e</sup> written on back of this letter-card.

<sup>4</sup> Royal University of Ireland.

March) contains a photograph of the Italian Minister of Education, signor Giuseppe Bottai, apparently sent to the editor by him. It purports to be a photograph taken after a reading of the number devoted to my 'prose'. His Excellency is represented as seated at a table with one hand clasping his forehead, his eyes closed and an expression of exhausted bewilderment on his face. He has written a despairing ejaculation on the side of the photograph. Several years ago when he was governor of Rome he wrote to me inviting me to be a guest of honour at some banquet or function—I forget now what it was. I replied thanking him but did not go. I did not even send the efficient and witty Stephens to replace me as I had done in the case of an invitation to [? Florence] by the mayor some years before. He was not a complete success as he did not know any Italian. However the pained look in the photograph will soon give place to the first of many similar [? smiles].

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

25 April 1940

[Postcard]

*Hôtel Beaujolais, Vichy, Allier*

Dear Miss Weaver: If you can find *Prospettive* in London buy also the issue of 15 March, the one following that which published Anna Livia. It contains a large photograph of the present Minister of Education, M. Giuseppe Bottai, stated to have been taken after his reading of the number containing my production. He has his hand to his forehead and there is an expression of bewilderment on his face. He has written an exclamation of humorous despair at the side. Some years ago when he was governor of Rome he wrote inviting me to be a guest of honour at some banquet or function. I forget what. Anyhow I hope His Excellency's look of pained protest has by now been replaced by a sunny southern smile.

TO HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

18 June 1940

[Postcard]

*Château de la Chapelle, Périguy  
(par Lapalisse), Allier*

Dear Miss Weaver: There is no post, telephone or telegraph working at present here but I hope you will get this some time. And that you are well. We are here (having had to leave Vichy suddenly) except Lucia (whose transfer I postponed abruptly) who is at Pornichet (Loire Inférieure), Hotel des Charmettes, c/o Dr Achille Delmas.

*To Mrs Barnacle*

JUNE 1940

TO MRS BARNACLE

18 June 1940

[Postcard]

*Château de la Chapelle, Périguy  
Allier*

Dear Mrs Barnacle: This is our new address. We, Nora, Giorgio, Stevie and I are well. Lucia is still down at La Baule with her doctor and well also. We hope you all are too.

TO CAROLA GIEDION-WELCKER

28 July 1940

[Postcard]

*Hôtel du Commerce, S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Chère Madame Giedion: Merci bien de votre gentil offre d'hospitalité. D'abord je voudrais savoir pour combien de temps il est valable et si vous avez l'intention d'aller en vacances vous-même. En somme si jamais nous arrivons à Zurich d'être sûr de vous trouver. Mais surtout voudriez-vous téléphoner à la maison de santé à Kilchberg (que nous avons visitée ensemble) pour savoir si l'on accepterait ma fille en pensionnaire et à quel prix minimal. Envoyez-moi un prospectus, ce serait le plus simple. Elle est actuellement à la clinique Les Charmettes, Pornichet, Loire Inférieure, donc en territoire occupé, près de La Baule et malheureusement assez près de S. Nazaire,<sup>1</sup> mais je suppose que les autorités occupantes accorderaient sans difficulté la permission pour le transfert d'une malade si je pourrais l'arranger. Cela dépend. Ce n'est pas possible de faire des plans bien précis.

Merci en tout cas et bien des choses à vous tous.

TO PAUL RUGGIERO

4 August 1940

[In Italian]

*S. Gérard-le-Puy*

Dear Ruggiero: We are planning to go to Zurich all of us together. I have written to the Swiss Legation asking for our permits. Lucia however is in an institution in the occupied zone and if we wished to transfer her to Kilchberg it would be necessary to get permits both from the Germans and the French, as well as one from the Swiss. Are there many people staying in Zurich? Is it possible to get a flat and what is life like there? Another question: is there a French school where German is also taught? As you see, history repeats itself.

<sup>1</sup> A naval base and therefore dangerous.

To James Johnson Sweeney

AUGUST 1940

daughter will need a medical escort (doctor and nurse) across France when and if anybody can travel by road, rail or otherwise anywhere in the country.

P.S. I have arranged with Mr Robert Murphy, acting *chargé d'affaires* of the U.S. Embassy at Vichy for the reception of moneys due to me from the U.S.

TO PAUL RUGGIERO

le 6 Septembre 1940

S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier

Cher ami:<sup>1</sup> J'ai reçu les deux dépêches d'hier et d'avant hier. Après avoir téléphoné deux fois à Lyon j'ai pu causer seulement avec la dactylo de Zumsteg à laquelle j'ai dicté les deux dépêches. Comme il n'a pas télégraphié et comme je vois d'après la lettre de Mme Giedion que l'avocat a eu ses trente deniers je lui ai télégraphié aujourd'hui et à Mme Giedion aussi dans le sens qu'elle et vous désirez. Il faut faire vite car le permis de sortie a été écrit par le ministère il y a déjà *trois* semaines et une fois écoulé il sera très difficile et peut-être pas possible de le faire renouveler. Zumsteg part pour Zurich samedi. Il dit que sa mère, patronne du restaurant Kronenhalle, pourrait vous être utile. Donc il serait bien de la voir.

J'ai reçu aussi une longue lettre du 31 octobre de l'avocat copié sur papier jaune. Je ne comprends point pourquoi il a demandé le permis, ni pourquoi il n'a pas donné le nom de l'avocat à Zurich il y a quatre semaines et pas du tout ce que signifie le 'malentendu' Brauchbar. Il ne m'est pas très clair même maintenant quel est ou quel sera le rôle de l'autre Brauchbar, mon ami à New York. Attendons. Mais si nous attendons trop nous pourrions attendre pour toujours.

Lisez ou montrez cette lettre à Madame Giedion. C'est pourquoi je l'écris en français. Remerciez les Giedions de tout ce qu'ils font pour nous et je suis très content de savoir que le courrier qui doit éventuellement accompagner Lucia dans la Suisse est un de leurs amis.

TO MARIA JOLAS

7 September 1940

Saint-Gérard-le-Puy

Dear Mrs Jolas: Thanks for your letter of 4th just received though by your wire of 6th you are still in France. I hope you got my wire to

<sup>1</sup> Mr Ruggiero made strenuous efforts, in Switzerland, to help Joyce and his family to migrate to that country in autumn 1940.

Banyuls. It seemed useless to write to you as we never knew where you might be. I hope this finds you all safe and sound in Lisbon and about to sail. Léon and his son have gone to Paris. I hear we have all to clear out by the 20th as the landlord wants to overhaul the place. No reply from Dublin. None from Cerf or Huebsch. We got our dole on the passports, partly that is, and I paid Mme Asturis for August. A remittance Kastor wrote he had cabled you for Giorgio has also not come. You ought to feel glad when the good ship moves off. The family is not keen on Helvetia on account of the air alarms etc. Nevertheless I wrote to the clinique near Vallorbe. Thanks for the kind offer in your letter. At the station I literally had no breath to say what I wanted as I was doubled up by my efforts with a trunk or case. You seemed to me to be downcast. Well, if you never did anything else you made scores of children happy for many years. When they turn out to be jacobins, countesses, saints and explorers they will always remember it—'in their soberer moments'. But the Lord knows you did a lot more. I wish you all a smooth sea and a following wind! And remember me to Jolas and any others who may remember me.

Mr Huber is still at work on his trunk in the lobby (it is exactly 148° in the shade today) and the day you left Mrs Huber asked me to lend her *Finnegans Wake* which I did. More anon. If you see Prince Makinsky the name of the book is *Life and Works of G. B. Vico*, on sale at 12 or 14 Troy Street, W.1. price 5/-. Osiris Jones<sup>1</sup> has not yet come forth by day or by night and I am waiting for a copy of that biography to be sent me by Gorman or his publisher. The Irish Legation wired again to Dublin but had no reply. If you are pressed for quarters in Lisbon probably Makinsky will be able to find you something. My friend Byrne's daughter, Phyllis, at the C.G. may also be able to help. She has been there about a year.

Dialogue. 1980. Lilac Doorway U.S.A. Time: Spring.

She: (laying aside a copy of *How to Get Rid of Parasites*) I have been thinking. What *was* the name of that family that was always in trouble over there in Europia?

He: (seizes jug) You're asking me.

She: The man had a wall eye, I think. Was it Wallenstein?

He: (replaces jug) Jucious!

She: Jucious! That was the name. I knew it had something to do with Scotland.

Fait rien. Bon voyage! Merci! Au revoir! Vous avez oublié le pour-boire, Madame. Pour le porteur. Fait rien! . . . Cordially yours.

<sup>1</sup> Refers to a poem by Conrad Aiken: *The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones*.

TO JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

22 September 1940

*Hôtel du Commerce, St Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Dear Mr Sweeney: Thanks for your air-mail letter of a month ago, which I received after about 12 days. You stated that on that date Serf [*sic*] and Hübsch [*sic*] who had received my letters (to which neither has since replied) were trying to cable me funds c/o U.S. Embassy, Vichy (which, by the way will be my address from to-morrow, as, by order of the proprietor of this hotel, the few people who have remained in it, must vacate it in the morning) and hoping to be able to do so, I waited for three weeks, and then cabled Serf who replied that he was still trying and hoping. Nearly another fortnight has now passed, and nothing has arrived. I have been trying for the past three months to obtain all or part of the moneys owed to me in London by the British Government and by my British publishers, but have completely failed. Any money I had in the Bank here has been seized by the French Government as a reprisal against the seizure of French money in England. My daughter is in a maison de santé near a dangerous part of the French coast in occupied territory. I applied to the German authorities for permission for her, a British subject, to leave. This was granted. I then applied to the American Red Cross to arrange for transport. No reply. As there has been no post between the two zones for over two months, I am quite without news, and having no funds, have been unable to pay her pension for the last three months. Her name and address are: Miss Lucia Joyce, Clinique 'Les Charmettes' Pornichet, Loire Inférieure, France and the name of her doctor is: Dr Achille Delmas at the same address and at: 23 rue de la Mairie, Ivry sur Seine, Seine, France. If he is written to by anybody, the letter should be sent in double, that is to both addresses. I wrote through the Vichy Embassy courier to the U.S. Embassy unit which still remains in Paris, asking, as against my signature on note of hand, that the sum of Frs 1500 a month should be regularly paid to Dr Delmas for my daughter, as British subjects, by an arrangement between the British and U.S. governments, are able to draw this monthly dole against their recognisance of the debt, and promise of repayment so long as they are in France. I had no acknowledgment of this letter. This monthly payment would not cover her monthly expenses as the sanatorium fee is Frs 2.700 a month. I am endeavouring to have her removed from where she is to a sanatorium in Switzerland, but, apart from the expenses which include arrears of payment, escort, medical, Pornichet-Paris, and Paris to the line between the zones (at present this is at Chalon-sur Saône) and from

there to Lyons, and from Lyons to Annemasse, also accompanied, and from Annemasse to the Swiss sanatorium, also accompanied by another relay of nurses, the execution of this plan depends on whether or not I obtain permission for her entry into Switzerland. It seems, from your letter that the restrictions on sending money from the U.S. and from England to British subjects apply only when these are resident in France. I have therefore made an application to the Swiss Government for her entry and also for the entry of myself, my wife, my son and my grandson, as we have no means of support here except the dole from the Embassy which might cease any month, and moreover where we are at present—20 kilometres from Vichy, we have absolutely no means of transport the bus service having been suspended for several weeks past, and that of private cars as well. I was informed that the Swiss authorities, when considering the application, would require a guarantee in Switzerland amounting for me and my family, to Frs Swiss 50.000, that is about 700.000 French francs, and that, the legal expenses involved in getting the application through within a month would amount to about 3.000 Francs French. I asked a friend in Zürich to cover the Swiss guarantee, and placed my application in the hands of a Swiss lawyer in Geneva. At the same time, having received German authorisation for my daughter's exit from the occupied zone, I have applied to the French authorities for permission for our exit from the unoccupied zone. I applied also to one or two friends here, Louis Gillet, Fernand Léger (who is going to America himself) and Armand Petitjean to help my request, but without the least success. I am therefore waiting for the French and Swiss decisions on the matter, and also for the arrival of funds from some source. Apparently there is nobody at present in this country who is in a position to render me any assistance of any kind, and our position becomes from week to week more difficult.

I presume that Mrs Jolas will have arrived in New York before this reaches you, and I shall be obliged, if you will send her a copy of this letter, or read it to her over the telephone. I hope she arrived safe and sound with her charges, and found Jolas well. I sent her messages by letter and by telegram to places along her route from here to Lisbon, which I hope she got. She will be able to give you further details or to anybody else who might possibly be interested, though of course conditions have become in every way much more unfavourable since her departure. I have no idea what has happened to my flat containing my books pictures and manuscripts in Paris. I do not know whether there is mail correspondence between New York and Paris. If there is, I should like the matter of my daughter to be taken up at once from your

*To James Johnson Sweeney*

SEPTEMBER 1940

end, as practically nothing can be done from here so far as my experience goes. As regards the mail correspondence between St Gérard-le-Puy and New York, I am posting this letter to-day in the hope that it may go off and reach you.

The address of the U.S. Embassy at Vichy is: 113, Boulevard des Etats-Unis, and the official who seems to be in charge, replacing Mr Robert Murphy, who was replacing Mr William Bullitt, is Mr Woodruff Wallner.

I thank you for the kind promptitude you have shown in trying to help me, and hope that an intervention of yours, or of some friend of yours may be instrumental in bringing quickly to me and my family the assistance of which we stand in such sore need.

P.S. Mrs Jolas told me when leaving that Jolas had written to her urging her to bring back anything and everything relating to the new literary movement here. Possibly the enclosed newspaper clipping<sup>1</sup> may be what he is looking for.

TO PAUL RUGGIERO

le 15 Octobre 1940

*Maison Ponthenier, S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Cher Ruggiero: Voilà 5 semaines que j'ai demandé par le consulat à Lyon l'entrée à Zurich. Hier Mme Giedion écrit qu'il ne sera pas facile de l'avoir. Pourquoi? Est-ce que les vivres et le chauffage manquent à ce point-là, comme l'on prétend ici, ou parce que la ville est pleine d'étrangers déjà. Mais on doit me connaître à Zurich, nom de nom! Autre chose, est-il exact que je recevrai là-bas, si j'y arrive, 1 fr. suisse contre 15 ou 16 français? En tout cas ce ne sera que pour l'arrivée car après je pourrai recevoir mon argent directement de New York, je suppose, chose impossible ici. Je suis en correspondance avec la maison de santé Pré Carré, Corcelles, Chavornay, Vaud, pour ma fille, 8 fr. 50 par jour. Mais tout est en l'air, bien entendu, pendant que je n'ai pas de visa. En somme, envoyez-moi un mot je vous prie. J'espère que vous allez toujours bien et votre famille aussi. Merci d'avance.

<sup>1</sup> The clipping is from *La Tribune Republicaine*, an article dated Vichy, 20 September, stating government regulations and penalties for disobeying them, with regard to the disposal and sale of old paper.



TO PAUL RUGGIERO

le 25 Octobre 1940

[Postcard]

*S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Cher Ruggiero: Les autorités françaises nous ont accordé la libre sortie et nous pourrions partir demain si nous avons le visa suisse d'entrée. Mon avocat est M. Georges Haldenwang, 6 rue du Rhône à Genève. Priez les Giedions de se mettre en rapport *sans retard* avec lui. L'entrée au canton de Vaud m'ira très bien. Mais il faudra me télégraphier aussitôt que le permis sera donné. Mme Giedion fera bien de téléphoner à Genève et aussi à Berne car la durée du permis de sortie est limitée. J'arrangerai mieux le départ et le voyage de ma fille de là-bas puisque j'ai déjà le permis de la part des allemands.

TO LOUIS GILLET

le 3 Novembre 1940

*Maison Ponthenier, St Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Cher Gillet: Oui, le ministère a donné l'ordre depuis déjà le 18 Octobre et nos passeports à nous tous sont timbrés et les malles faites et comme vous le savez, les autorités allemandes donnèrent également le permis de sortie pour ma fille et j'avais tout arrangé pour son transfert à Corcelles dans le Vaud mais—la Suisse ne nous laisse pas entrer. Depuis la fin de Juillet je ne fais que remplir des feuilles et écrire des lettres. Une de mes références à Zurich, étonnée, s'étant rendue au bureau de la Fremdenpolizei, il lui fut dit que je suis . . . juif! (J'ai vécu 5 ou 6 ans à Zurich et tout Zurich me connaît.) Des amis influents sont alors intervenus et mon avocat à Genève m'écrivit hier 'Le cas J.J. est toujours en suspens chez la police fédérale des étrangers.' Charmant, n'est-ce-pas? Nous sommes donc cloués ici; mais je vous ferai savoir ce que nous devenons. . . .

Je lirai avec beaucoup d'intérêt votre papier sur le sieur Finnegan—Earwicker—Persse o'Reilly—Perce-Oreille. Faites-moi envoyer un exemplaire de la revue. . . .

Ayez patience si je ne répons toujours pas tout de suite. Je [vous] remercie bien sincèrement de l'intérêt que vous portez toujours à nos pauvres sorts. . . .

From CAROLA GIEDION-WELCKER

8 Nov. 1940

Cher Monsieur Joyce, Malheureusement le permis n'a pas encore passé la Kantonale Fremdenpolizei. Tellement de gens veulent aller en Suisse, qu'ils ont trop à faire. Il faut avoir une patience surhumaine. Mon mari a arrangé l'affaire financière à la Kreditanstalt avec Rudolphe B.<sup>1</sup> Nous attendons encore des nouvelles de Eugene et Maria Jolas. Mais tout est en ordre pour les autorités ici. . . . Ne perdez pas patience. Nous sommes tous très énervés pour vous et pensons comme c'est agaçant pour vous tous de toujours embêter les autorités là-bas avec votre départ, qui ne se fait que si lentement. Mais ce n'est pas *notre* faute, nous faisons le possible et j'espère que tout finira bien. J'ai dit de tout faire par télégramme quand c'est une fois en ordre. Si vous auriez besoin de quelqu'un à Genève on m'a donné le nom et l'adresse d'un Mr Sean Lester, rue Contamines 9, Genève. On m'a dit qu'il est très aimable et connaît *Ulysses* très bien. Mr Ruggiero est en contact permanent avec moi pour votre affaire. J'ai aussi parlé à Madame Zumsteg, après votre dépêche, mais elle ne peut rien faire pour vous à présent. Elle était au courant par son fils.<sup>2</sup>

Meilleures salutations à vous tous!

C. Giedion-Welcker

To PAUL RUGGIERO

le 10 Novembre 1940

*S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Cher ami: Je vous remercie de tout ce que vous avez fait si bien et si vite. Je viens de recevoir deux lettres express (cela prend de 2 ou 4 jours) de vous et de Mme Giedion. Pour simplifier les choses je réponds à votre adresse en vous priant de lui lire ma lettre au téléphone. Remerciez les Giedion de tout ce qu'ils ont fait et aussi Brauchbar fils. Quant à la procuration je suis prêt à la signer quand vous voudrez et dans le sens que vous m'indiquerez, c'est à dire pour *eux*. Envoyez-la-moi donc si vous croyez que cette affaire va encore traîner. Autrement je la signerai là-bas. Je ne comprends pas bien pourtant qui précisément a envoyé les 6000 dollars de New York ni quand ni comment. Dans une lettre précédente vous me parliez de 4000 \$ qu'avait envoyé Brauchbar

<sup>1</sup> Rudolphe Brauchbar, son of Edmund Brauchbar (who was then in the U.S.A.) to whom James Joyce had given English lessons in Zurich during the first World War and who had remained a friend ever since.

<sup>2</sup> Gustav Zumsteg who had a position in some official bureau at Lyon where permits were dealt with.

Edmond. Ou je me trompe. En tout cas faites-le-moi savoir que je puisse remercier la personne ou les personnes. Quant à l'avocat je partage votre opinion. Je le croyais déjà payé. Madame Giedion m'a écrit il y a une semaine en ce sens. . . .

J'ai prié M. Zumsteg qui partit pour Zurich samedi de vous porter et à Mme Giedion aussi un message verbal de ma part. Je suppose qu'il l'aura fait. J'ai noté l'adresse que Mme Giedion m'a donnée à Genève. Je garderai cette lettre ouverte jusqu'à 6 heures (mardi, 12 nov.), en attendant votre dépêche.

TO CAROLA GIEDION-WELCKER

11 November 1940

*Maison Ponthenier, St Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Chère Madame Giedion-Welcker: J'ai bien reçu votre carte, votre dépêche et votre lettre express. Je répète. Les autorités allemandes donnèrent immédiatement le permis de sortie pour ma fille. Les autorités françaises donnèrent également le permis de sortie pour nous tous. Voilà six semaines que j'ai demandé le permis d'entrer en Suisse. Puisque j'ai l'intention de placer ma fille dans la maison de santé Pré Carré, Corcelles sur Chavornay, Vaud et mon petit-fils dans un collège dans le même canton il nous suffirait d'avoir le permis de séjour pour Lausanne. Mais nous resterions ensemble. La durée de notre permis de sortie est limitée. La légation des Etats-Unis à Berne insiste qu'une fois en Suisse, après avoir fait une déclaration de résidence au consulat américain, je pourrai disposer de l'argent qui m'est dû à New York.

J'ai eu une carte de Lucia ce matin—la première après trois mois. Elle va beaucoup mieux il me semble. J'ai payé déjà 23,500 frs sur les 32,000 que je paie annuellement pour sa pension et je crois pouvoir arranger pour le paiement du reste moyennant un ami à New York contre versement de mon éditeur là-bas. Mais son transfert d'une zone particulièrement dangereuse à Corcelles se ferait beaucoup plus facilement quand et si je serais là. Tout était arrangé pour la fin d'Octobre, mais j'ai dû y renoncer à cause de la non arrivée des papiers de Berne.

Je vous remercie infiniment d'avoir voulu donner des garanties financières pour moi. Je ne comprends pas le silence du fils de mon ami Brauchbar lequel m'avait écrit qu'il avait donné des instructions explicites. Il n'a pas répondu aux lettres que je lui ai envoyées. Je connais son père très bien. Je le connais moins bien. Pourtant il me semblait brave garçon.

Je n'ai jamais écrit tant de lettres de ma vie. J'en ai marre.

Salutations à vous deux et mille fois merci.

To Carola Giedion-Welcker

NOVEMBER 1940

P.S. J'ai écrit un petit mot à Schoeck<sup>1</sup> lui disant que j'ai entendu l'autre soir son oeuvre *Lebendig Begraben* à la radio, et qu'on m'avait défendu, à moi, de fouler le sol de son Zurich où je voulais aller le féliciter. Mes autres références étaient vous autres, Moses Prager (malgré l'incident avec son comptable) et Vogt. Mais je ne veux point à aucun prix que le Professeur Vogt soit dérangé à cause de moi.

To LOUIS GILLET

le 23 Novembre 1940

*Maison Ponthenier, St Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Cher ami: Voilà où nous en sommes.

Les Suisses, ayant finalement découvert que je ne suis pas juif de Judée mais aryen d'Erin ont demandé un dépôt bancaire et une garantie de 500,000 francs français. Cela a été fait. On a versé pour mon compte 200,000 francs chez une banque zurichoise et on a fait une garantie collatérale de 300,000 francs. Les Suisses ont exigé ensuite une déclaration détaillée de ma fortune personnelle. Cela a été fait également et on attend. Je crois pourtant que ces trop braves gens ne seront pas du tout ravis par le caractère trop peu israélite de mon casier financier. Je m'obstine à tenter d'entrer en Suisse parce que étant ici je suis coupé de mes ressources et l'ambassade des U.S.A. nous a averti que nous ne pourrions compter sûrement pour longtemps sur l'aide mensuelle qu'elle nous passe (contre signature) à savoir £8.15.0 par personne . . . pas £15 comme vous avez cru. Le plan pour le transfert de ma fille que je croyais avoir tout arrangé est donc toujours en l'air. Et nous le sommes aussi, ou plutôt assis sur nos malles depuis des mois. . .

To PAUL RUGGIERO

le 26 Novembre 1940

*S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Cher Ruggiero: Hier le 25 à 5 p.m. j'ai reçu votre dépêche qui m'a étonné. En effet mercredi à 12 h. le 20 novembre j'ai confié à M. G. Augsburg (il m'a donné son adresse à Lausanne comme Villa El-Sol, Prilly) qui partait en auto pour Vichy où il devait la mettre à la poste pour gagner du temps une enveloppe cachetée et affranchie express contenant ma déclaration légalisée par le maire d'ici et les deux derniers comptes-vente reçus de mes éditeurs à New York les seules pièces d'appui dont je dispose dans mes conditions actuelles. A 5½ heures je vous ai télégraphié et aussi à M. Augsburg que je supposais rentré à Lausanne le priant de me télégraphier et de téléphoner à

<sup>1</sup> Othmar Schoeck, the Swiss composer and a friend of Joyce.

Mme Giedion et lui expliquant la non-arrivée de ma lettre. Je n'ai pas eu de réponse. Le soir du 20, le même jour, c'est-à-dire, il m'a écrit des bureaux de *Paris-Soir* à Lyon par où il devait passer en rentrant de Vichy en Suisse. M. Augsburg est la personne choisie par la maison de santé Pré-Carré pour rencontrer ma fille à la ligne de démarcation et l'accompagner en Suisse. Il est venu à S. Gérard de son propre gré pour me voir et me parler à ce sujet, étant en France pour 8 ou 10 jours. Je lui ai donné l'adresse de la légation irlandaise où il devait aller pour arranger les choses, en principe au moins, avec le ministre d'Irlande. Dans sa courte lettre de Lyon du 20 il écrit qu'il a parlé à un ami M. Demay au Ministère de l'Intérieur à propos de la prolongation de nos passeports de sortie et que ce dernier m'écrirait le lendemain. Je n'ai pas reçu de lettres de M. Demay. Comme il n'avait rien dans la lettre de Lyon au sujet de ma fille je téléphonai ce matin à la légation d'Irlande à Vichy. On m'a dit que M. Augsburg n'est pas allé à la légation voir le ministre. Peut-être n'a-t-il pas eu le temps? Peut-être a-t-il voulu porter ma lettre lui-même en Suisse? Il a déjeuné ici avec mon fils et avant de partir après une visite de 2 heures il a offert de faire l'impossible pour nous, aussitôt rentré à Lausanne, pour notre entrée, c'est-à-dire pour nous et Lucia. Mais où diable est ma lettre express car vous avez reçu à ce qu'il paraît les autres ou l'autre que j'envoyai par courrier ordinaire un jour ou deux plus tard. J'ai oublié de mettre mon adresse sur le revers de l'enveloppe et elle contient les 2 derniers compte-ventes de mes éditeurs à N.Y. que je ne pourrai pas remplacer.

Voici pourtant une seconde déclaration que j'envoie express. Télégraphiez moi, s.v.p., quand elle arrivera et si elle est trouvée satisfaisante je demanderai la prolongation aussitôt. J'espère que les événements ne compliquent pas notre situation. M. Zumsteg m'a expliqué hier au téléphone l'échange des dépêches Zurich-New York. Vous avez bien fait de répondre comme vous l'avez fait. Un voyage France-U.S.A. pour moi et ma famille, y compris ma fille, est pour le moment hors de question. Nom de nom de nom! Pauvre Ruggiero, Pauvres Giedions et *povero me!*

TO PAUL RUGGIERO

le 1<sup>er</sup> Decembre 1940

[Postcard]

S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier

Cher ami: Merci pour votre dépêche. Les visas sont arrivés à Vichy hier. Giorgio ira là demain lundi aussi pour faire prolonger de quelques jours nos sorties. Ensuite je vous télégraphierai. Si l'on peut je

*To Paul Ruggiero*

DECEMBER 1940

m'arrêterai d'abord une nuit ou deux à Lausanne, hôtel de la Paix, où vous pourrez m'envoyer un message. C'est vraiment trop exaspérant que cela a duré si long que le permis de sortir de Lucia, *donné le 4 août*, a pu être révoqué. Il faut maintenant tout refaire pour elle. Je ne comprends pas trop bien votre télégramme qui parle de 'compte bloqué garantie'. Mais vous m'expliquerez cela. En tout cas merci encore une fois à vous tous.

TO CAROLA GIEDION-WELCKER

6 Decembre 1940. 3 p.m.

*S. Gérard-le-Puy, Allier*

Chère Madame Giedion: Après avoir lu les lettres ci-avec et après en avoir communiqué le contenu à Ruggiero voulez vous bien les envoyer tout de suite à M. Augsburg à Villa El-Sol, Prilly, Lausanne? J'espère que c'est bien son adresse actuelle? J'écirai moi même à M. Lesley aussitôt que je saurai ce que nous deviendrons, lui demandant son appui auprès de la Croix Rouge Américaine là-bas en faveur de Lucia ou quelque autre intervention.

Quant à nous, voici les dernières nouvelles. L'affaire avec l'ambassade des U.S.A. s'est arrangée. On nous a réglé le mois en cours.

J'ai reçu hier la note suivante de M. Demay de l'Intérieur (ministère) aussi de M. Augsburg: 'Décision favorable sera donnée votre demande sauf avis sous-préfet de Lapalisse en ce qui concerne votre fils qui est d'âge mobilisable. Cet avis préfectoral sera très certainement favorable également puisqu'il s'agit d'une simple reconduction. Voir sous-préfet de Lapalisse qui sera prévenu'.

Nous avons téléphoné à la sous-préfecture il y a une heure mais on n'a pas de nouvelles là à notre sujet. Il n'y a qu'à attendre.

D'une façon ou d'une autre aussitôt qu'on saura quelque chose de certain je vous enverrai une dépêche.

P.S. 6 p.m. Pas de nouvelles. Je reçus aussi lundi en réponse à une longue dépêche que j'envoyais à Vichy vendredi un télégramme de Petitjean qui disait: patientez quatre jours bon espoir. Il promet de télégraphier jeudi mais je ne reçus rien. Le visa suisse selon ce que l'on a dit à la légation ne sera pas valable que pour 15 jours.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> James and Nora Joyce, their son and grandson, left for Zurich in the early hours of 14 December 1940.

TO THE MAYOR OF ZURICH

Der 20 Dezember 1940

*Zürich*

Sehr verehrter Herr Stadtpräsident: Bei meiner Ankunft hier vor einigen Tagen erfahre ich, dass Sie so freundlich waren, meinem Eintrittsbewilligungsgesuch bei der Behörde das Gewicht Ihrer einflussreichen Empfehlung hinzufügen, mit dem Resultat, dass ein Niederlassungsvisum in Zürich jetzt mir und meiner Familie bewilligt worden ist. Die Verbindung zwischen mir und Ihrer gastfreundlichen Stadt dehnen sich über eine Reihe von fast vierzig Jahren aus, und in diesen peinlichen Zeiten fühle ich mich sehr geehrt, dass meine Gegenwart hier zum grossen Teil ich an der persönlichen Bürgschaft Zürichs ersten Bürgers schulde.

Dankbar und hochachtungsvoll zeichne ich, sehr verehrter Herr Stadtpräsident, als

Ihr ergebener  
James Joyce<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Upon my arrival here a few days ago I learnt that you were kind enough to add the weight of your influential recommendation to my request to the authorities for an entry permit, with the result that permission to reside in Zurich has now been granted to me and my family. The connection between me and your hospitable city extends over a period of nearly forty years and in these painful times I feel highly honoured that I should owe my presence here in large part to the personal guaranty of Zurich's first citizen.





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